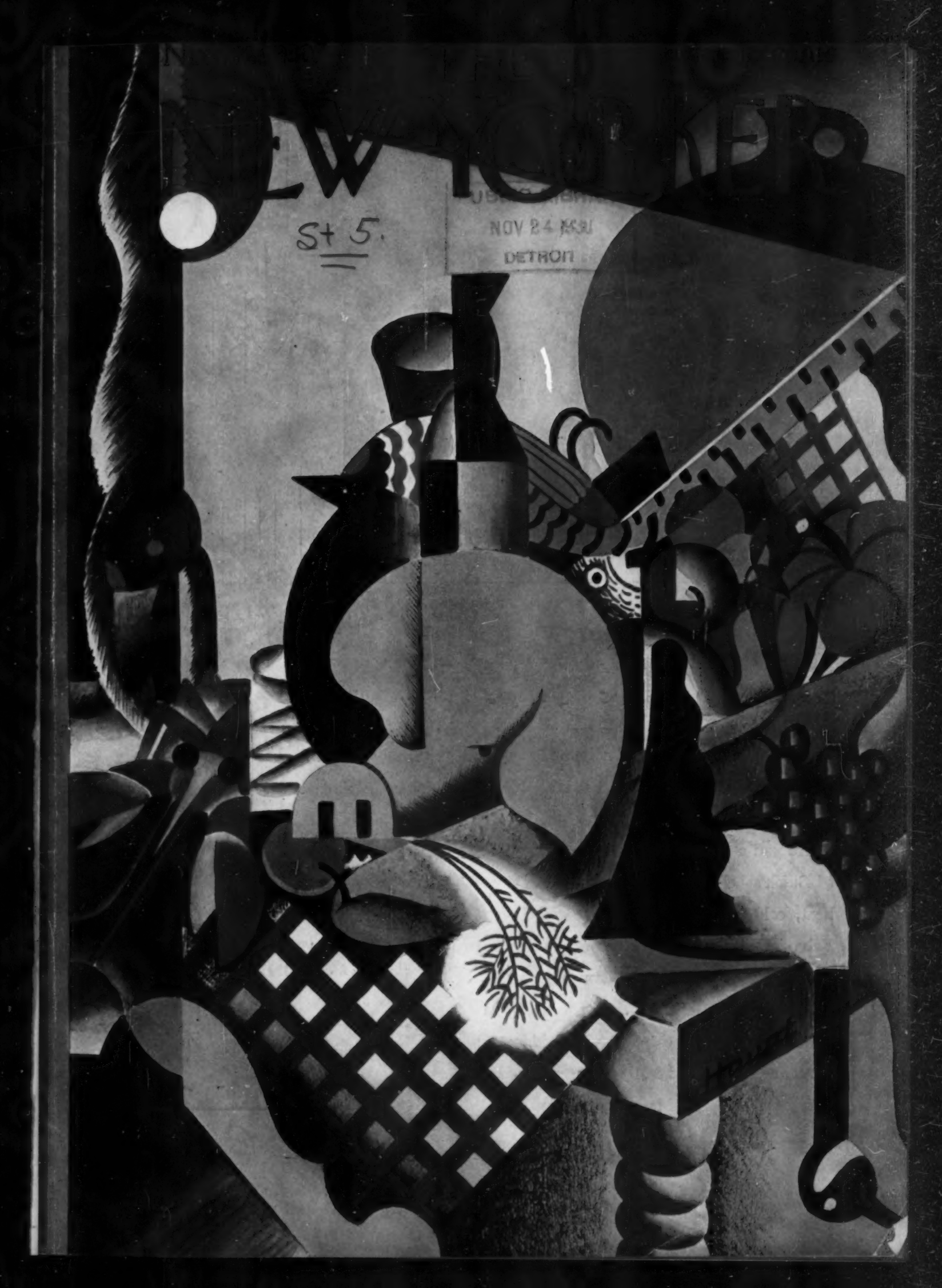

St 5.
NOV 24
DETROIT

R. V.G4 N22,1930-F14,1931

THE EIGHT AS BUICK BUILDS IT

Out of the mad rush in your Buick Eight

What a relief, after a day of noise and crowds and confusion, to escape the mad rush of the city in a new Buick Eight!

There you can relax in the spacious comfort of Buick's body by Fisher, insulated against heat, cold and noise. The powerful Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight engine barely whispers as it whisks you through traffic or speeds you along an open stretch. Even frequent gear-shifting seems a diversion, so smoothly, silently and easily is it accomplished with Buick's Syncro-Mesh transmission.*

Driving your own car in the city can be a real pleasure when the car is the Eight as Buick Builds It. Perhaps that explains why, in representative cities throughout the United States, Buick is the choice of 40 to 60 per cent of all buyers of the 15 cars in Buick's price class.

**An ultra-luxurious feature employed in the three larger series of Buick Eights.*

* * *

The new Buick Straight Eights, in four series and four price ranges, are offered in twenty luxurious models, from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Ref.

REF. STACK 5

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE at 34th STREET + NEW YORK

FINE FURS

Backed by reliability and the highest integrity. By those who know fine quality furs, Altman furs at current prices are immediately recognized as sound buying opportunities.

Black Karacul	$225 to $3000	**COATS**	Ermine . . .	$1250 to $3500
Black Broadtail	$1800 to $4000	**JACKETS**	Mink . . .	$1275 to $3000
Persian Lamb	$450 to $1800	**WRAPS**	Fur Salon + +	Third Floor

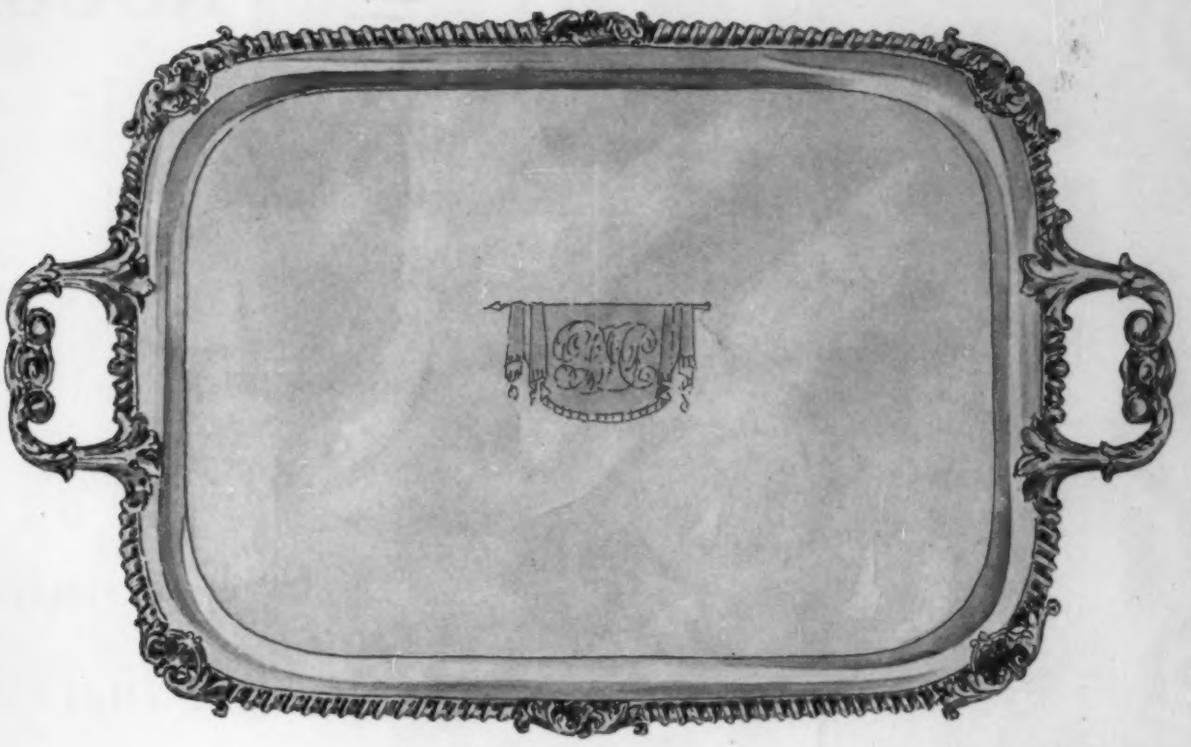
•

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 40, November 22, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

The Wanamaker Silver Court

Is a Magnificent Setting for our Collections, Worthy of a Museum



Antique English Silver ♦ Antique Sheffield Plate
Modern English and American Sterling Silver
English Reproductions of Antique Sheffield Plate
Gorham Silver Plate ♦ Dressing Table Silver
Foreign and American Pewter

Illustrated is an antique Sheffield tray, bearing the mark of that genius, Matthew Boulton. This tray, with its fine simplicity of monogram and shell-and-gadroon border, is $595.

The Silver Court—Street floor, south building

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK
WANAMAKER PLACE — NINTH STREET AT BROADWAY

You cannot feel THIS ROUGE

"The Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks—75c

but~ its becoming color *lasts all day*

Evelyn Herbert sitting for an Angelus color study. It is through these studies of famous beauties that the nine natural Angelus tints have been perfected, including one for you.

THIS wonderful rouge imparts becoming color alone, without residue, without any flaking or drying on the lips. You cannot feel it. With Angelus Rouge Incarnat on lips and cheeks your coloring lasts all day, waterproof and indelible—unfading. Smartest shops in Paris say Angelus is the favorite lip rouge. In America it is used by more famous actresses, society leaders, experts in make-up than any other. Nine natural shades. "Little Red Box"—for lips and cheeks—75c. Lipsticks—$1.00.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"YOU CANNOT FEEL IT"

To Shelve

YET NOT TO SHELVE...YOUR BOOKS

Ever ready for your reaching hand—ever beckoning toward some picaresque story within, these books would add a certain gay air to your room if they hung in these beautifully detailed wall-shelves (one of a pair at the Hampton Shops). *En passant*, these shelves would make a charming Christmas gift, for they are priced most reasonably at $140 each. Many other lovely things suitable for Christmas giving are at the Hampton Shops—painted screens, tables and chairs, lamps, quaint prints and etchings, ivory miniatures and pieces of tole, pewter and brass, porcelain and terra cotta.

Hampton Shops 18 E. 50TH ST. NEW YORK

THE

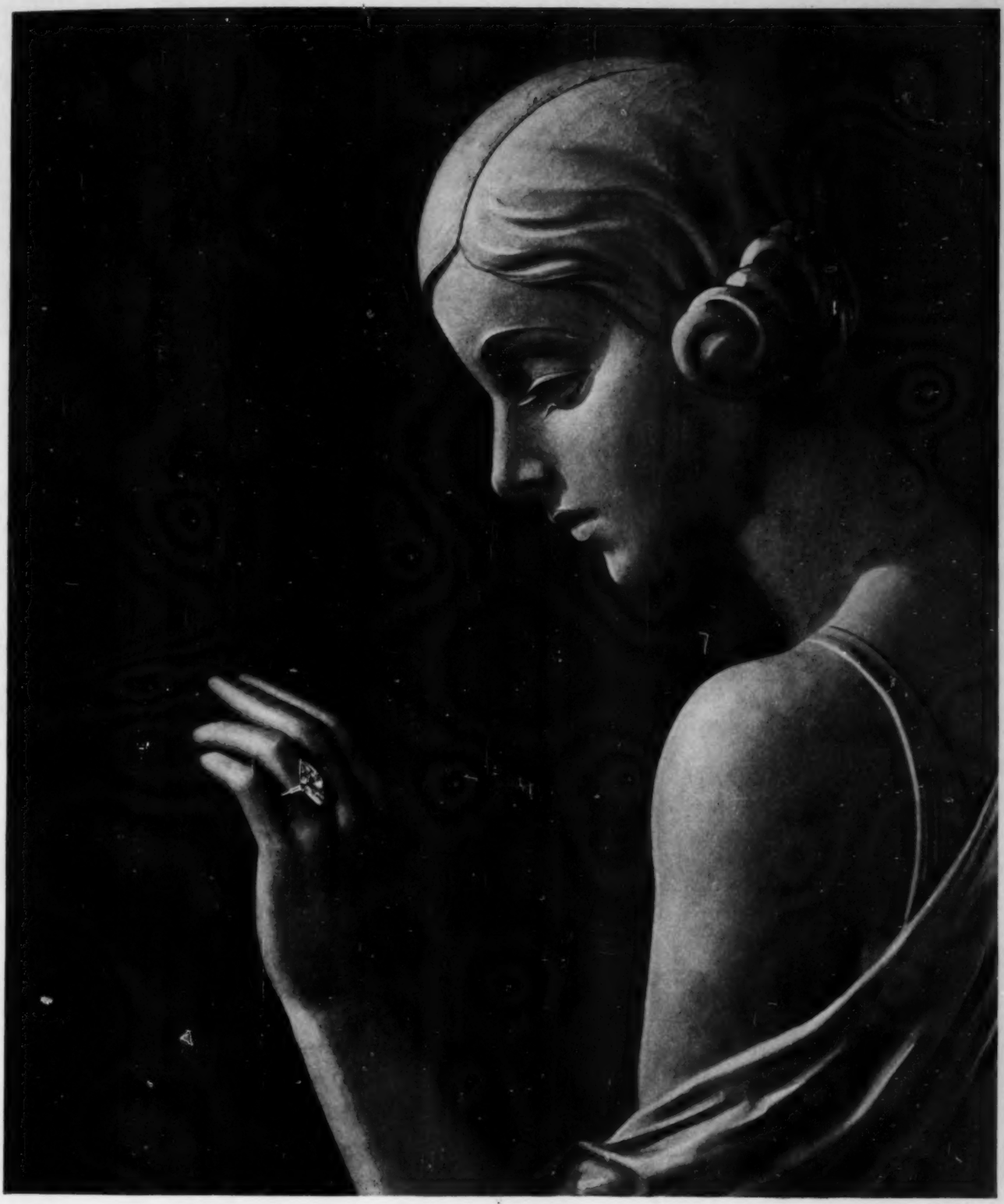
FLEXTOE

IS MADE ONLY BY VAN RAALTE

IN THE MOOD OF ELEGANCE

An exquisite ankle is essential to the new formality. Van Raalte stockings are delicate and subtle of texture. They come in a diversity of shades . . . in the correct tones of the season. Thunder for wear with black . . . Morocco, as dark as bitter chocolate . . . Mole . . . Nutria . . . Mink . . . Baum Marten . . . names that are descriptive and simple to remember. All have the Flextoe foot, Van Raalte's own creation, which, by an ingenious and dainty web-insert at the toe, achieves a sleekness of ankle fit such as you have never known before. Illusion or Lustrous, at your favorite shop. $3.50 to $1.50. "Because you love nice things."

VAN RAALTE



Fabrics fade, fashions change, but the beauty of the jeweled pieces chosen from Udall and Ballou is a continuing joy, a constant enhancement of feminine charm and loveliness.

Udall and Ballou

JEWELERS SINCE 1888

5th Avenue at 57th Street

NEWPORT—PARIS OFFICE, *43 Rue Lafayette*—PALM BEACH

IN ONE CRYSTAL JAR MODERN SCIENCE NOW OFFERS YOU—

an exquisite cleanser . . . freeing each tiny pore of impurities

a wonderful tissue-oil . . . to keep your skin soft, supple, young

a splendid astringent . . . to brace tired tissues to radiant life

IN THE LAST 24 HOURS, JUST WHAT CARE HAVE YOU GIVEN YOUR SKIN? (Be honest, now!) A dab of cold cream? A scrub with a wash-cloth? Probably it's fortunate you can't look down into those choked little pores—deep down where dirt and make-up and waxy traces of yesterday are clogging and actually drying your skin! Of course, the classic excuse we all gave (and it was a pretty good excuse) was—"Too busy!" But that was before Pinaud perfected their marvelous new method. For now—believe it or not—you can give yourself a complete scientific facial *every day*—with nothing but Pinaud's Cream and plenty of clear water. Compounded in this one silken Cream are elements that set to work like a corps of deft experts, the moment you smooth it on. *Sinking deep into the pores . . . gently loosening the tightest-packed impurities and floating them to the surface . . . suppling the tissues with delicate, swiftly-absorbed oils . . . then, as you splash on lots and lots of water, emulsifying and washing away! You can see—even feel—the difference instantly: skin as radiantly-alive as your body after a cold shower . . as soft as the proverbial flower-petal . . . and exquisitely, immaculately CLEAN!*

Don't devote another hour to complicated time-consuming treatments . . . don't let another neglectful day go by, either . . . without trying this new Cream of Pinaud's. It's at practically every good shop in America. Or send 25c and we will mail you a special tube. Pinaud, Dept. Y. 11, 220 E. 21 St., New York

★ Speaking of Business Depressions . . . ★

We've weathered a few during the last eighty years . . . and some were worse than this. They all have one thing in common. They're practically always taken up by the best people. A really first rate Business Depression is almost certain to be invited everywhere that matters during the season.

So we find that even the women who are being fashionably penniless usually manage to buy a dress or two. Maybe they've been accustomed to getting many more than that, but there remains (as any woman will tell you) the absolutely irreducible minimum.

Which brings us to another interesting fact about buying habits during a Business Depression. We've found that women are more than usually inclined to buy "quality" clothes. Not necessarily costly ones. Sometimes quite inexpensive ones. Not "cheap" ones . . . because good things are never cheap though they may be low priced.

Clever women find . . . as you will find if this is your first Depression . . . that the fewer costumes one buys the more necessary it is that each one shall be well made, of good materials and in good taste. Because when one hasn't much money to spend one can't afford to make mistakes.

When times are bad, bad, bad and everyone has fewer dollars, each dollar's worth is more important. Since we have survived so many Bad Times we like to think it is because then, especially, women have found that the dollars they spend at Hollander's make no mistakes since they buy true value.

The customers we've had in Bad Times have given us our eighty years in business . . . and you don't think they were just being charitable, do you?

L. P. HOLLANDER CO.

THREE EAST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

★

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. Return engagement. (49th Street, 49, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Fri., Mon., and Wed. Eves., Nov. 21, 24, and 26.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Nov. 22 and 29; Thanksgiving Day Mat., Nov. 27.) . . . "The Three Sisters," Chekhov's moving play. (Sat. and Fri. Eves., Nov. 22 and 28.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Tues. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 24 and 26.) . . . "A Sunny Morning" and "The Women Have Their Way." (Sat. Eve., Nov. 29.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN—The Theatre Guild's colorful production of Maxwell Anderson's historical drama, involving, as you may suspect, the Earl of Essex. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt do nobly by the two rôles. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—Thirty-six hours in the very full lives of eight or ten hotel guests, making one of the most interesting evenings in town. An excellent cast includes Eugénie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—Zoë Akins' amusing dialogue set in a play about three young ladies who'd rather not work and yet like eating and drinking. (Harris, 42, W.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

LADIES ALL—The hilarious history of a complete amorist in a quandary. Violet Heming and Walter Woolf are in it. (Bijou, 45, W.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman Bel Geddes. The cast is headed by Ernest Truex and Blanche Yurka. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE MAN IN POSSESSION—Isabel Jeans and Leslie Banks in an amusing, if highly unimportant, farce about a sheriff's man who is stationed amid such pleasant surroundings that he stays there. (Booth, 45, W.)

MRS. MOONLIGHT—How it feels to be very old and yet look very young. Edith Barrett is the unfortunate old-young lady, with Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright to trail along with her. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. Mats. Wed. and Thanksgiving Day, 2:40 P.M.)

ON THE SPOT—It may be a satire on our gunmen or it may be one of Edgar Wallace's most serious melodramas but, whatever it is, it is entertaining. With Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong. (Forrest, 49, W.)

ONCE IN A LIFETIME—Hollywood put on the pan in the most delicious cooking of the season. Hugh O'Connell, Jean Dixon, and Mr. G. S. Kaufman are in it. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

ROAR CHINA!—Showing the Chinese (real) being ground down by perfidious white traders. The settings will keep you interested long after the propaganda has begun to pall. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:50 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. Second year on Broadway. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THAT'S GRATITUDE—Mr. Frank Craven in an amusing comedy of his own making dealing with a house guest who overstayed his time, and what thanks did he get? (Golden, 58, E. 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Jane Cowl making good entertainment out of Shakespearean comedy, thereby establishing a record. Performances Nov. 22, 24, 25, and 26. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

UNCLE VANYA—The futility of trying to live in Russia, even in a comedy, with Lillian Gish, Walter Connolly, Osgood Perkins, and Zita Johann acting in the best Chekhov manner. Should be seen. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Life in Greenwich Village, where your friends know where the gin is kept. Some very amusing lines in the old setting of newly-married life. (Masque, 45, W.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29]

WITH MUSIC

BROWN BUDDIES—One of the better Negro revues and one of the best when Bill Robinson is dancing. (Liberty, 42, W.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Displaying, among other things, Mr. Carroll's genius for collecting good comics (Jack Benny, Jimmie Savo, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly) as well as his penchant for collecting dirt. A costly show with beautiful girls. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

FINE AND DANDY—So Joe Cook is in it— (Erlanger, 44, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GIRL CRAZY—Musical comedy that is musical comedy, with a Gershwin score, Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Allen Kearns, and Ethel Merman. (Alvin, 52, W.)

NINA ROSA—A large, well-sung, well-developed musical comedy about Peru, with everything in excellent working order. Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, and Armida, with a Romberg score. (Majestic, 44, W.)

PRINCESS CHARMING—A great, magnificent piece of comic-opera staging. Evelyn Herbert, Victor Moore, George Grossmith, Robert Halliday, and especially Jeanne Aubert. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THERE'S A CROWD—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in what we mean by a revue. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

LA ARGENTINA—Two more recitals by the extraordinary Spanish dancer: Sat. and Thurs. Eves., Nov. 22 and 27, at 8:30. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

ANGNA ENTERS—In her episodes and compositions in dance form: Sun., Nov. 23 through Sun., Nov. 30. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. (Comedy, 41, E.)

VAUDEVILLE—Jack Pearl, Lou Holtz, and the Brox Sisters will be at the Palace Fri., Nov. 21. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Children's Players (a company of adult professional actors) in A. A. Milne's "Make Believe." Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 4. (Princess, 39, E.) . . . The Charlotte Lund Opera Co., in "Cinderella." Fri. Morn., Nov. 28, at 11. (Town Hall, 43, E.) . . . The Juvenile Players in "Pirates of Penzance." Sat. Aft., Nov. 29, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

SCARLET SISTER MARY—Daniel A. Reed's dramatization of Julia Peterkin's novel, with Ethel Barrymore and her daughter, Ethel Barrymore Colt. Opens Tues., Nov. 25. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE—Jane Cowl in a comedy by Benn W. Levy. Performances Nov. 21, 27, 28, and 29, alternating with "Twelfth Night." (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:40 P.M.)

MARSEILLES—Sidney Howard's adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's play, with Alexander Kirkland and Dudley Digges. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:50 P.M.)

SMILES—The new Ziegfeld show, music by Vincent Youmans, with Marilyn Miller, and Fred and Adele Astaire. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET AND LOW—A revue, with James Barton, Fannie Brice, George Jessel, and Moss and Fontana. (46th Street, 46, W. 8:30 P.M.)

TONIGHT OR NEVER—David Belasco's production of a play from the Hungarian of Lili Hatvany, with Helen Gahagan. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs., 2:40 P.M.)

THE VINEGAR TREE—Mary Boland in a comedy by Paul Osborn, staged by Winchell Smith. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress but not obligatory

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Supper dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban décor, Leo Reisman's orchestra, and crooning by Ethel Merman.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—Featuring Emil Coleman's music, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd; songs by Libby Holman and dances by Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

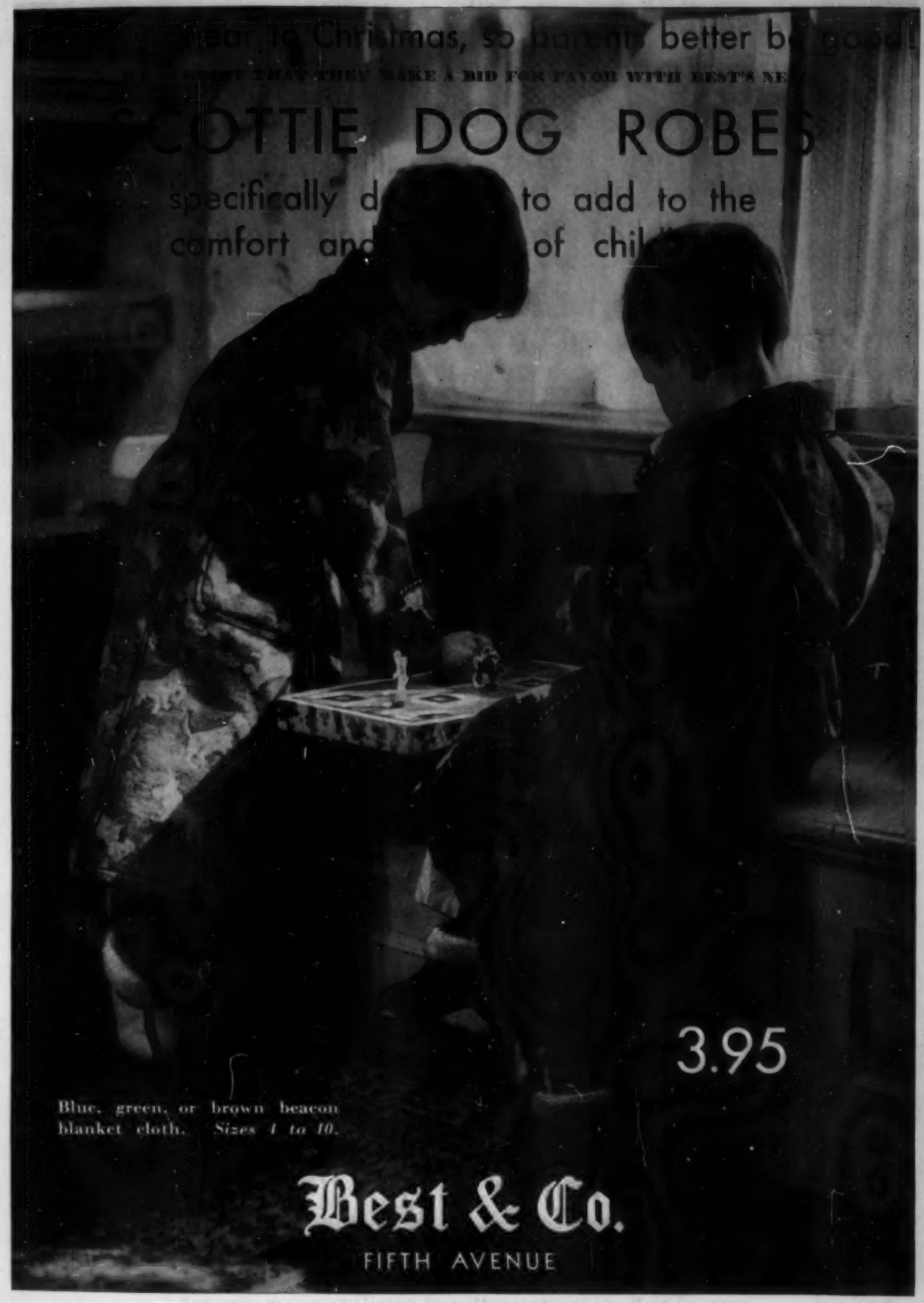
CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—

(Continued on page 12)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	33
A REPORTER AT LARGE	46
THE RACE TRACK	55
BOXING	58
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FOIBLES	60
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS	62
MUSICAL EVENTS	77
FOOTBALL	81
THE CURRENT CINEMA	85
THE ART GALLERIES	89
MOTORS	90
HOCKEY	92
NEW APARTMENTS	94
LONDON LETTER	96
RECENT BOOKS	98
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	102

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, MVANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, MVANT 8200



SUBURBAN STORES AT GARDEN CITY, MAMARONECK, AND EAST ORANGE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 10)

Music by Joe Moss and his orchestra, and entertainment by Miller and Farrell. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Jeanne Aubert, Emile Boreo, Lina Basquette, and the dancing of Cortez and Peggy.*

GRILL NEPTUNE, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 5901)—A striking new room for supper dancing, with the same smart and genial atmosphere as the old Pierre's. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 East 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing in agreeable surroundings.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Some of the more interesting places of this type are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, popular with the stay-out-all-nights. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence and her crowd back from Paris. . . . Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, no curfew, with Texas Guinan presiding. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with no cover charge and a rough but entertaining revue.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Square; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . If you're looking for something Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Uptown: Club Sadko, 100 W. 57. . . . Downtown: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

NOTES—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

AFRICA SPEAKS—Another journey through the wilds, but with some striking surprises. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Wed. through Fri., Nov. 26-28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—The best German war novel made into the best and most savagely terrifying picture of life in the trenches. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 22-25; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—Stirring scenes of prison life, including a riot. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 22-24; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

FEET FIRST—Pretty good Harold Lloyd picture, with another lively skyscraper scene. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

HELL'S ANGELS—Warring airplanes and Zeppelins magnificently presented, the general effect lessened by a mediocre story. You see all the flying if you arrive about 9:20 and leave by 10:30—our advice. (Criterion, B'way at 44; and Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

MONTE CARLO—A lightly turned and brightly tuned little piece, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 25 and 26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

MOROCCO—Passion in the Foreign Legion with Gary Cooper and the lovely Fräulein Dietrich. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9:30 A.M.)

OUTWARD BOUND—Sutton Vane's comedy of the Hereafter, with Leslie Howard and a fine cast. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

TOL'ABLE DAVID—The old picture, of course—revised for the talkies. Without Barthelmess, but definitely good. (Mayfair, B'way at 47; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

ZWEI HERZEN IM 3-4 TAKT—A Viennese operetta (in German) with some of the choicest tunes you will find anywhere. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

NEWS REEL THEATER—Where you can take your fill of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Animal Crackers," with the torrential Marx Brothers; "Laughter," some of the hardships of being rich but good-natured; with Nancy Carroll; "Lincoln," the great story interpreted by D. W. Griffith, and ably acted by Walter Huston; "The Office Wife," the big businessman and his stenographer, realistically enacted by Lewis Stone and Dorothy Mackaill; "Old English," exquisite portrayal of an octogenarian by George Arliss; "Whoopee," an all-color screening of Eddie Cantor's Broadway success, with Mr. Cantor much in evidence.

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29]

ART

AMERICANS—The latest canvases of the group consisting of Dickinson, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

COROT AND DAUMIER—Fine examples from all over the world of two of the greatest artists who have influenced this painting age. Don't miss it: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Nov. 23.

FOUJITA—Paintings and drawings by the Japanese Frenchman: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Fri., Nov. 28.

KUHN—A versatile and changing American: Marie Harriman, 61 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Fri., Nov. 28.

LURÇAT—One of the best of the younger generation of French: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Nov. 29.

MARIN—Fifty recent water colors of New Mexico and New York by a first-line American painter: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SCULPTURE—A comparative show of examples of Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, etc.; and French sculptured portraits from the twelfth to twentieth century: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

BILTMORE MUSICALE—Anna Case, soprano; Claudio Frigerio, baritone; and Ignacy Weissenberg, violinist: Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11.

SCHUBERT MEMORIAL CONCERT—Three young artists, assisted by Rudolph Ganz as conductor: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8:45.

JOSEPH SZIGETI—First chance this year to hear him in recital: Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21.

GERALDINE FARRAR—Whatever she does in this recital, it'll be interesting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 23.

WALTER GIESEKING—This time in all-modern program: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58, Wed. Eve., Nov. 26.

PADEREWSKI—Another opportunity for you: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 29.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:45. . . . Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 28, at 2:30. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Nov. 22, at 11 (Children's Concert—for ages 6 to 12); Sat. Morn., Nov. 29, at 11 (Young People's Concert—for ages 12 to 18).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

SOUSA'S BAND—Sousa conducting: McMillin Theatre, Columbia University, Sat. Aft. and Eve., Nov. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30.

FRIENDS OF MUSIC—Bodanzky conducting: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Nov. 23, at 4.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Nov. 25, at 8:45.

JUILLIARD GRADUATE SCHOOL STRING ORCHESTRA—Stoessel conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 29.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"La Forza del Destino," benefit performance, Fri. Aft., Nov. 21, at 2; "Tristan und Isolde," Fri. Eve., Nov. 21, at 8; "The Girl of the Golden West," Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2; "Madama Butterfly," Sat. Eve., Nov. 22, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:30. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"The Beggar Student," by Millöcker: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Nov. 21 and 22, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Nov. 22, at 2:30.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morn., Nov. 21, at 11, over WEAF and WJZ. . . . Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Nov. 22 and 29, at 9, over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morns., Nov. 22 and 29, at 11, over WABC. . . . Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Nov. 23, at 3:15, over WABC.

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Nov. 23, at 9:30, over WOR.

PHILCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Nov. 25, at 9:30, over WABC.

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Wed. Eve., Nov. 26, at 10, over WABC.

RING LARDNER—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., Nov. 26, at 10:30, over WEAF.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat. Aft., Nov. 22: Harvard vs. Yale, at 1:45, over WEAF and WABC; Fordham vs. Bucknell, at 1:45, over WOR; Navy vs. Maryland, at 2:15, over WJZ. . . . Thanksgiving Day (Thurs., Nov. 27): Columbia vs. Syracuse, at 1:45, over WOR. . . . Sat. Aft. Nov. 29: Army vs. Notre Dame, at 2:15, over WJZ and WABC; Dartmouth vs. Stanford (broadcast from San Francisco), at 4:45, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden (preliminaries start at 8:15): Jimmy McLarnin vs. Billy Petrolle, 10 rounds, Fri. Eve., Nov. 21; Bud Taylor vs. Fidel La Barba, 10 rounds, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28.

FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 22, at 2 P.M.—Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Rutgers, Yankee Stadium. . . . Fordham vs. Bucknell, Polo Grounds.

Thurs., Nov. 27 (Thanksgiving Day) at 2 P.M.—Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . Brown vs. Colgate, Providence. . . . Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Franklin Field, Philadelphia.

Directions to fields: Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 11:45 A.M.; for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M.; for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden; games begin at 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Sun., Nov. 23; Americans vs. Ottawa, Tues., Nov. 25; Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs., Nov. 27.

OTHER EVENTS

DEBATE—"Is Divorce a Social Asset?" Gilbert K. Chesterton will say "No;" Cosmo Hamilton, "Yes:" Mecca Temple, 55, E. of 7 Ave., Sun. Eve., Nov. 23, at 8:30.

PET SHOW—From elephants to canaries. Madison Square Garden, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 21 and 22. Open 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

PUBLIC BALL—Second annual ball of the Newspaper Club: Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 11.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Italian furniture, rare rugs, tapestries, textiles, wrought iron, and other antique Italian furnishings: last two days, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 21 and 22, at 2:15. . . . Nineteenth and twentieth-century etchings (by Bone, Hassam, Pennell, Whistler, and others): Mon. and Tues. Eves., Nov. 24 and 25. . . . The Monell collection of paintings, Gothic furniture, sculpture, stained glass, and Ming plaques: Fri. Eve., Nov. 28, at 8:30.

FADA OFFERS a cause for thanksgiving

★ The New Fada 42—Open Face Lowboy, $159 without tubes

..that the Puritans *never* had

IF YOU haven't watched a Fada snatch musical forward passes from the air, hurled by a distant microphone, you haven't seen the most skillful receiver on this year's screen gridiron.

Thanksgiving is just around the corner. There is time to have this gay performer on hand, to entertain a family suffering from holiday lethargy, gastric ennui or an overdose of stodgy guests.

A new Fada is waiting to be turned loose on the sky-riding programs despatched from a hundred talent-laden studios. Its fourteen features provide a cause for thanksgiving that the Puritans never had...nor, indeed, their radio-owning descendants whose radio is not a Fada.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC.
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

ONLY THE NEW FADAS HAVE *ALL* THESE 14 FEATURES

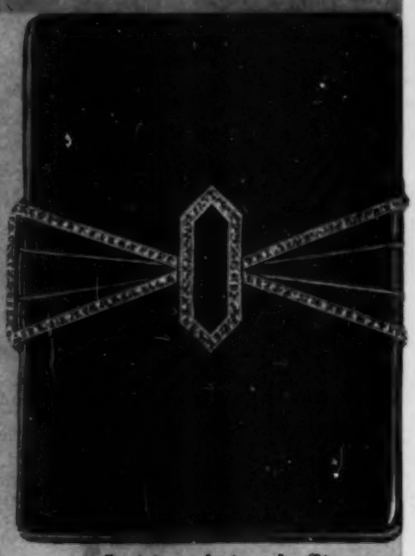
- ★ Noise Filter
- ★ Automatic Volume Control
- ★ Finer Tone
- ★ Flashograph
- ★ Beautiful Cabinets
- ★ Fada Dynamic Speaker
- ★ One Dial...One-Knob Tuning
- ★ Humless Operation
- ★ Automatic Phonograph Connection
- ★ Local Distance Switch
- ★ Pre-selector Tuning
- ★ Complete Shielding
- ★ Two-element Detector
- ★ Nine Tubes—including three screen grid.

Other new Fada models, also available for (DC) direct current or 25-cycle AC operation

FADA Radio

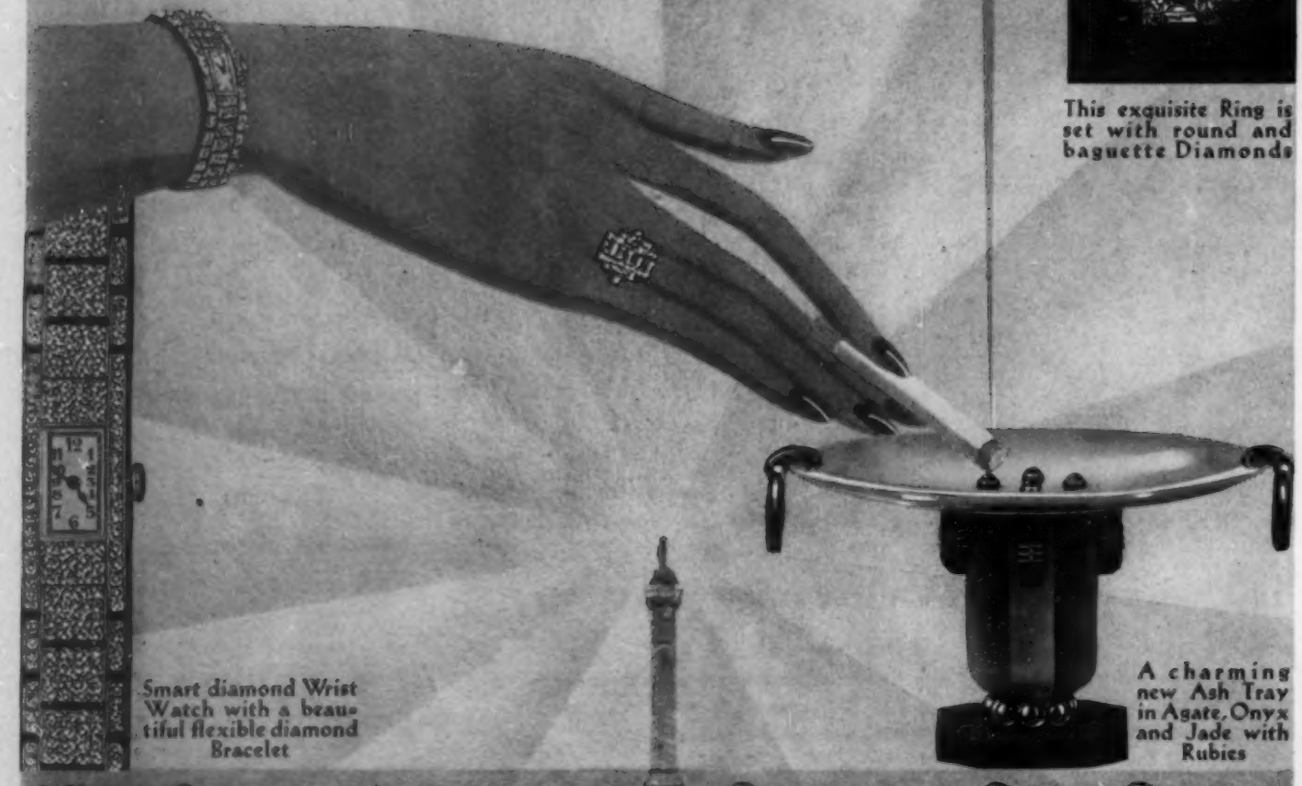
1920 · SINCE BROADCASTING BEGAN · 1930

Pour le Thé!



Parisian designed Cigarette Case in black and red enamel with Diamonds.

This exquisite Ring is set with round and baguette Diamonds



Smart diamond Wrist Watch with a beautiful flexible diamond Bracelet

A charming new Ash Tray in Agate, Onyx and Jade with Rubies

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS INC. GREENLEAF & CROSBY CO. INC.

671 Fifth Avenue—New York

Palm Beach—Royal Poinciana + The Breakers Miami Beach—1000 Lincoln Road

Van Cleef & Arpels Paris Deauville Le Touquet Nice Cannes

BONWIT TELLER

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

PARIS LONDON

"Steppin' Out" Clothes

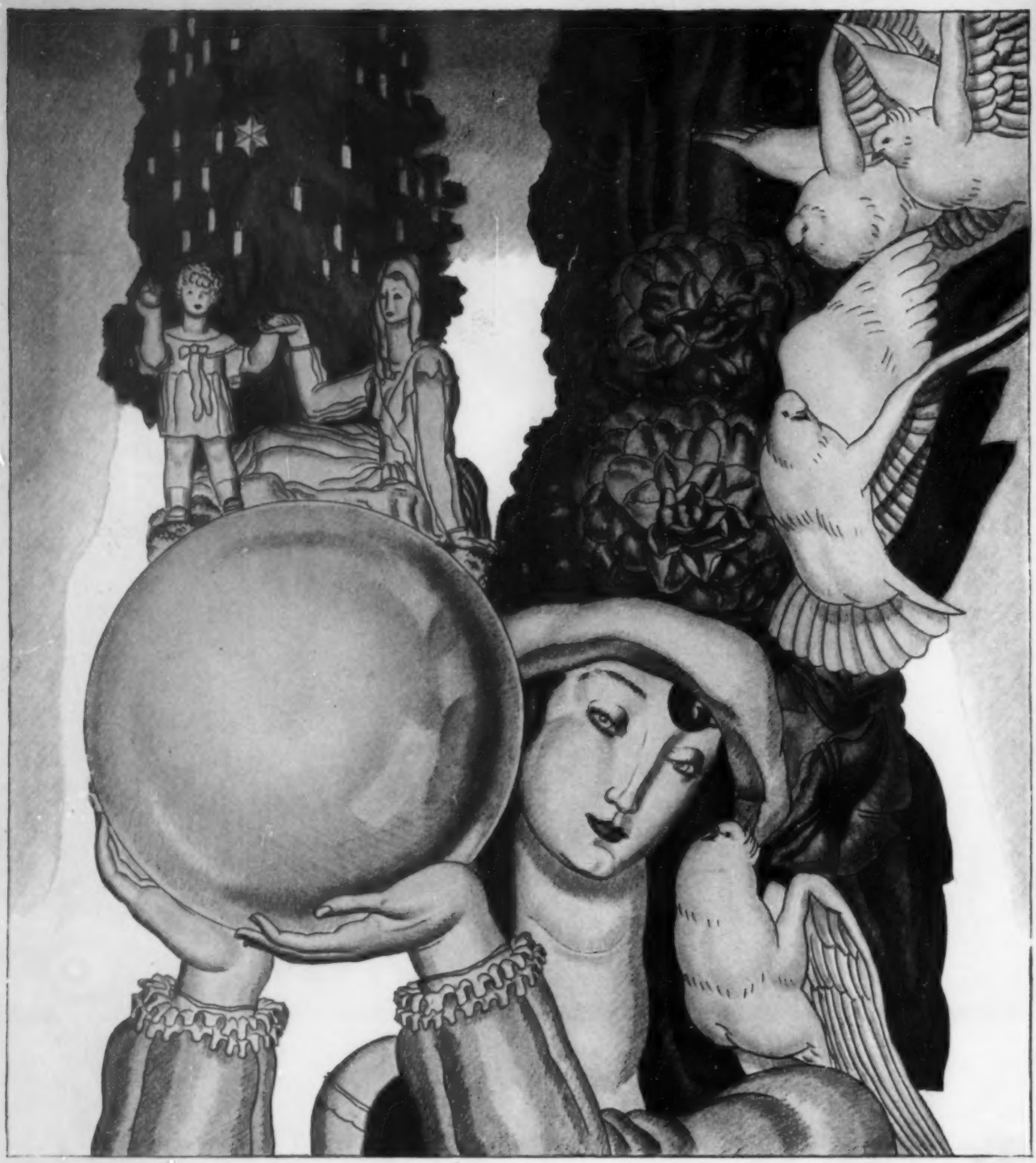
For Debutantes Who have Discovered Our Junior Miss' Fashions on the Seventh Floor

A... Flat crepe gown, backless decolletage, primrose yellow or coral 49.00

B... Transparent velvet wrap with romantic sleeves and white hare fur... black, flame, blue 79.00

C... New square backless decolletage on gown of gros de londre in green or flame 49.00

Junior Miss' Fashions .. Sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 years .. Seventh Floor



The Exclusive Gift . . .

SHOULD be chosen from Saks-Fifth Avenue . . . where gifts from all parts of the world are assembled and an expression of good taste can be made in a gift costing as little as 4.95 . . . or as much as 30,000.00.

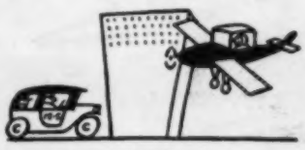
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York Chicago

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A WEEK or two ago the Association for the Advancement of Atheism wrote to the President asking him not to proclaim a thanksgiving day this year. Nobody, said the Society, has anything to be thankful for,



and it would be a hollow gesture. We thought that over carefully, and on taking stock found that we ourself had several items that we are thankful for. To wit: We are thankful for the new Squibb Building, which is whiter and gayer against a wintry sky than any other building we know. We are thankful for improvements being made in aviation, which will enable us to fly through the air before many years, in our own plane—as celestial a privilege to look forward to as any we can imagine. We are thankful for unemployment apples, which remind us, on every corner, of the beautiful orchards of the Yakima Valley, in which we worked before we became a wealthy Easterner. We are thankful for Tamara Geva, with whom we are insanely in love. We are thankful for our iceman, the most genial in the whole borough and who

carries a good grade of ice. We are thankful for the three bird's-nests at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Thankful, too, for Roy H. Palmer, assistant director of the State Income Tax Bureau, our most faithful correspondent, who still hopes for a classified statement of expenses showing separately the amounts expended for rent, equipment, stationery, books, travel. We are thankful that our little dog's eczema is better. We are thankful for hot-and-cold running water, the greatest convenience that has ever been devised through all the ages, dwarfing all other scientific achievements. We are thankful that all our injuries sustained while riding in taxicabs during the past year have been of a minor character. So full, then, are we of gratitude that we are pleased that the President has decreed a day of thanksgiving, against the wishes of the society that wishes to advance atheism—which

hasn't advanced a quarter of an inch since sponges first drew the breath of life.

NOBODY seems to have noticed one good thing about Sinclair Lewis' winning the Nobel Prize—the fact that the prize came to him just about in time to celebrate the complete disappearance of George F. Babbitt. George was a great old scout with a heart of gold, just a big grown-up kid. Only he was always a little uneasy in the presence of the aesthetic, and that sort of thing. To him an artist or a skeptic or a satirist was a diplodocus, remote and funny and harmless. George was perfectly happy in his inferiority (or maybe it was superiority; we never can keep them straight) as long as he remained unaware of it. Then Lewis wrote him up. George read what Lewis wrote, and immediately a habit was set up in him. He read what other people said in the same tenor. He couldn't get enough of it; he got to be like an actress pouncing on the reviews of her first night. All this selfconsciousness got under his skin, changed him. Look at him now, if you can find him: a fellow inordinately cynical about the hypocrisy and delusions in other men's businesses. If you say "Babbitt" he guffaws with you scornfully. He is unhappy if he misses an issue of the *Mercury*. In fact, George himself is now the diplodocus. In some ways it's a pity.

A COUPLE of the remarks made by Mr. Hoover to the convention of advertising men last week were of living interest to us. He praised the ad men for having raised the standard of living and for having kept American industry in a fever of activity. Then he went on to say that incidentally their contribution to periodicals helped "to sustain a great army of authors and artists who could not otherwise join in the standard of living you create."

This is patronage! As a reluctant, somewhat frightened member of the army of authors and artists, we are forced to wonder just to what extent we are supported by advertising men. Who, on a periodical, supports whom? And as a person who has been drawn

kicking and screaming into a standard of living higher than seems necessary, we are forced also to wonder how Mr. Hoover can assume that we are resting, per se, in a bed of roses.

As to the first matter, there is always

DETROIT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Portal 24,
Aisle C,
Row 42,
Seat 13.

• •

a comical and mutual feeling of patronage existing between the advertising members of a publication and the editorial members. They patronize each other. They meet, usually, in the elevator, riding up or down. When this occurs in our own case, we always know instinctively what the advertising men are thinking about us; for although in their occasional public announcements they speak of their "group of talented artists and writers," secretly they believe that the entire editorial function of the magazine could be more ably handled by a couple of subscription clerks. The advertising man who rubs elbows with us in the elevator thinks to himself: "Here is a writer who is enabled to spread his stuff on paper because of our success in signing up Western Motors for a series of full pages." In turn, we find ourself thinking: "Here is an advertising man who is enabled to sign up Western Motors because of the devilishly clever articles which we write occasionally." This reciprocal feeling of patronage is sometimes so strong in the elevator that the elevator-boy can hardly manage the car.

As to the breezy way in which Mr. Hoover assumed, as a matter of course, the advisability of lifting artists and writers up into a standard of living created by manufacturers of electric refrigerators and self-winding clocks, there seems room for doubt. Some artists go all to pieces under decent living conditions, just as some ladies get sick in an airplane. While it is better, presumably, to live in a nice clean apartment than in a dirty old tenement, we are not at all sure that the artistic temperament can keep pace indefinitely with rising standards. The rarified air of a really elegant home may show up a weakness in an artist's heart. Many an artist who has felt the quality of his artistic impulse and expression go steadily down while the standard of his living was going steadily up, has found himself wondering whether he wouldn't work better in a hall-bedroom, on an empty stomach. Mr. Hoover is old enough to realize that even after a home is filled with advertised products, there can still remain great gaps in the human soul.

Sentimental Butcher

A YOUNG bride who lives in a large and fashionable apartment building gave her servants an evening off and undertook to prepare dinner for her husband with her own fair hands. It would be so jolly, she thought. She phoned to a nearby butcher and, since she wasn't so sure of herself, decided on Hamburg steak. "Just one pound," she said; "it's for Mrs. W——." Then, feeling that the order was rather small and unimpressive, she added: "You see there will be only two of us for dinner." The butcher thanked her politely, and fifteen minutes later the steak arrived, neatly pressed into the form of a heart, with the initial "W" artistically arranged on the top in strips of salt pork.

•

WE are informed by a man with several odd quirks that after con-

siderable research he has made an interesting discovery in the telephone book. There are several Kisses: Kiss Harry, Kiss Emil, Kiss Albert, Kiss Joe, and one Kisser, Mr. J. G. Kisser of 140 Liberty Street. Looking further, our informant unearthed the significant fact that Kiss Albert has his place of business right next door to Hug Joseph. They are at 1260 and 1262 Second Avenue, respectively. All these people meet, presumably, at the Loving Restaurant, 840 Ninth Avenue.

Practical Joke

SINCE nobody else has rushed to the side of a lady in distress, we shall. *Somebody* has got to clear up the matter of Helen Hayes and her radio speech, a matter which has come to be referred to in dramatic circles as "the strange case of Helen Hayes." Maybe you weren't tuned in on the right station, but anyway, Miss Hayes was announced and the next minute came floating over the air, in sweet tones, a torrential stream of withering remarks having to do with the vileness of dramatic critics. Miss Hayes did everything but call them names. She attacked their integrity, their discernment, their discretion, their taste. Miss Ethel Barrymore never was so forceful on this subject. Some of the critics were listening in and were appalled and faint. They couldn't understand the metamorphosis of a friendly little actress into a shrew of the air. Several of them undertook to answer her in their columns.

What had happened was that Miss Hayes had foolishly asked her husband, Charles MacArthur, a notorious rogue, to write her speech, and had hurried to the broadcasting station without casting so much as a glance at the manuscript. She was at the microphone, talking merrily along, before she discovered how foully she had been betrayed, and by that time she could do nothing but continue.

The High Place

ONE minute we are comfortably reading the "Idylls of the King" and the next thing we know we are climbing up scaffolding. Last week it was the Empire State Building, to which we were lured from our Tennyson, out of a preposterous desire to climb to a point where we could kiss the Chrysler Building goodbye and report the sensation to our earthbound readers.

It was a pleasant day and the outside of the building was shining in the sun. You've noticed that gleam. It is obtained by the use of "Allegheny metal," an alloy of iron and chrome-nickel tougher than aluminum, lighter than steel, and calculated to glitter seven years without cleaning. Just now it represents the bright face of danger. Inside the building, seven thousand workmen chevy you about. High-voltage coils have to be stepped around. Elevators take you by fits and starts as high as the seventy-eighth floor; from there you have to walk. (These elevators, by the way, will go at a speed of a thousand feet a minute in the completed building, this by special dispensation of the building commission, which has never permitted elevators to go that fast before.)

If we counted right we got to the eighty-first floor, from which point the apple-vendors looked like midgets selling red peppermint hearts. Al Smith recently went that high, looked down, and decided he was high enough. He likes to have walls around him. It had been planned to have Mr. Smith go up to the tiptop of the steelwork, when it is completed around Thanksgiving Day, and put a golden bolt in the last beam, but chances are he won't. Even the steelworkers themselves felt a bit jittery when they got to the eighty-fifth floor, and asked for a bonus. They got it. There have been few accidents on the job. Steel was hoisted up on the inside, a new idea to avoid endangering passersby. The schedule was so carefully timed that a minute or two after a steel beam arrived from Pittsburgh by way of Weehawken, it was on its way up to its appointed place. It represents the fastest job of steel construction on record. The men wanted to celebrate this and asked Al Smith, when he was there, if they could build a hundred-and-twenty-foot brown derby and stick it on top of the mooring mast for a while. He was too modest to allow this.

The mooring mast, the builders say, is no publicity stunt, no ornament to be set on top of the building for beauty's sake. So they say. It will cost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. The topmost room in the building will be in the mooring mast and will hold fifty people easily and staunchly. The roof of it will also hold fifty people and sometime next spring these fifty will be balloon-moorers, for plans are being made to anchor a Zeppelin to the mast next May or June —the ZRS-4, a thousand-footer, now being built by Goodyear. The dirigible will drop a grappling hook to the roof, draw up a mooring line, and then (if all goes well) the moorers will drag the ship down by a winch on the roof. Passengers will exit into the tower through a door in the airship's nose. Anyway, that's the plan. Sightseers can't use the mast; there'll be a glassed-in observation-room for them on the roof of the eighty-fifth floor. The last office floor will be the eightieth—and will be occupied by the Messrs. Smith, Raskob, Pierre du Pont, and Louis G. Kaufman.

The Empire State is sunk in solid rock; three hundred thousand tons were removed and the building will weigh only half of that. Safe, you see. As for the old Waldorf, most of it rests today at the bottom of the ocean. The building was so toughly constructed that it cost nine hundred thousand dollars to tear it down. Usually wreckers pay for the privilege and make money on what they salvage, but much of the Waldorf had to be ruined to knock it loose, and the ruins were towed to sea in barges and dumped.

Custom-Made

A HORSEMAN went into Bartley Brothers & Hall, the saddlers in Warren Street, with a saddle he had ordered there, and said it didn't fit the horse it was made for. The horse had a peculiar lump on his back, or maybe a hump. Bartley Brothers & Hall made several trials at remodelling the saddle to fit, working from photographs and diagrams supplied by the resourceful customer and amplified by his own oral explanations. The saddle was brought back as unsatisfactory several times, however, and Bartley Brothers & Hall got despondent. "We guess we can't do it," they said. The horseman looked sad, for the saddle was for his favorite mount, then brightened suddenly. "Yes you can," he said, and hurried out of

the store, obviously possessed of an idea. A few days later he drove up before Bartley Brothers & Hall in a station wagon containing a large bundle which, when carried into the store and unveiled by two men brought along for the purpose, turned out to be a plaster cast of the horse's back.

Painter

EVERYBODY has heard many stories about Foujita, the Japanese painter.who lives in Paris, and who is here now for a visit while his pictures are on exhibition. You hear that he always wears bright red socks with evening dress; that he owns a great house in Paris and gives swimming parties (or is that Van Dongen?) in a glass-lined pool; that the enamel texture of his pictures is one result of the fact that he paints sitting on the floor, holding the canvas with his bare feet, as Japanese painters used to do. Whether true or not, Foujita always enjoys gossip like this about himself. The more sensational it is, the more he likes it. Often, when things pall a little, he'll smash a window or break some crockery just for the fun of it.

He was born in Tokio, and his father destined him to be a doctor. When he was twelve, however, Foujita decided to change all that. He didn't dare speak to his father personally, so he wrote him a long letter, explaining that what he really wanted was to be a painter. His father was touched and responded with the Japanese equivalent of fifty dollars to buy paints and canvas, and encouraged him from then on, even to the point of sending him to Paris after the Tokio Salon, three years in succession, had refused his work. There he fell in with Picasso and the other French moderns, and though he never became a Cubist, their influence did a lot to loosen up his ideas about painting.

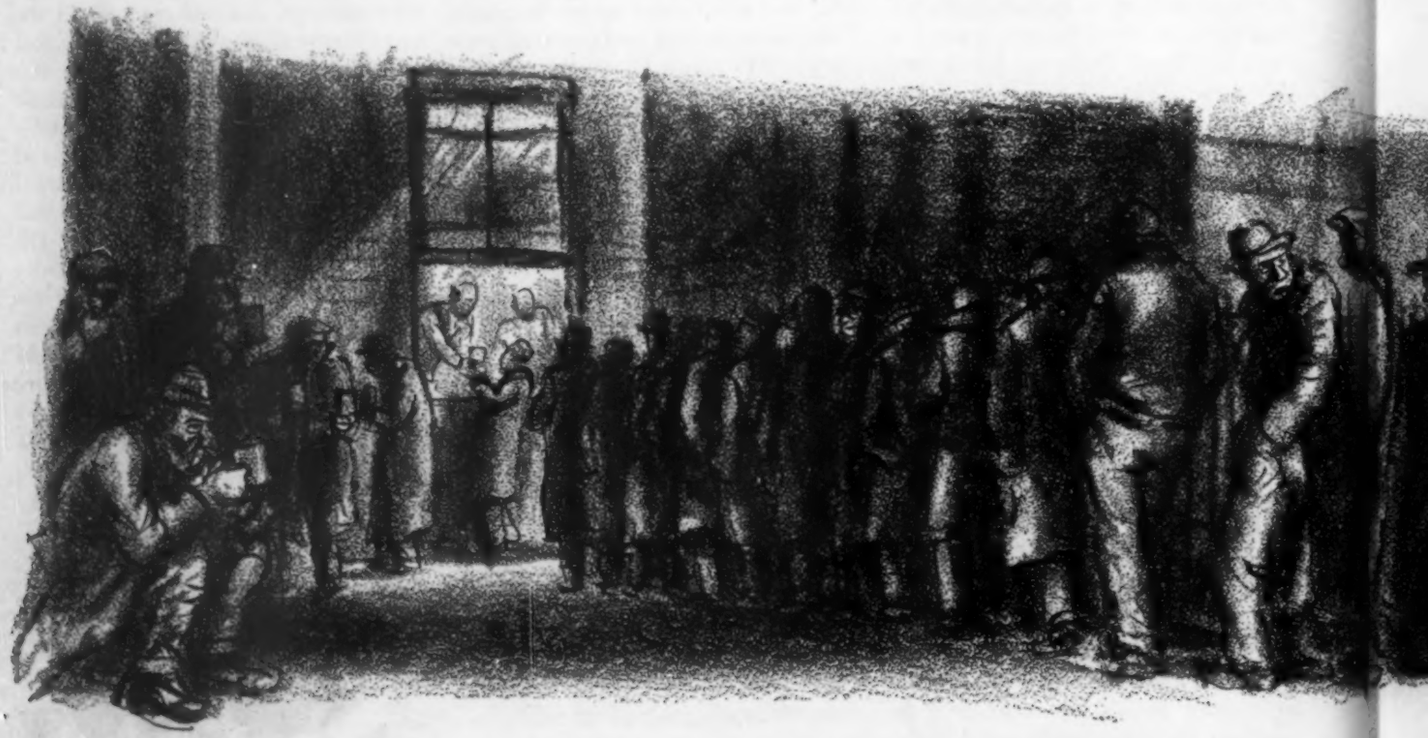
Foujita goes in a little for eccentricities of apparel (he did actually use to wear red socks), likes loud ties, bright plaid flannel shirts, and wears his hair, which used to be jet black but is now graying, Dutch-cut, after the fashion of Japanese dolls. About his painting, though, he is very serious—works mornings and afternoons and occasionally stays up all night working on a canvas he's interested in. His wife, on the other hand, who is French, doesn't care about art at all, never looks at her husband's paintings. That, Foujita says, is one reason they get on well together.

Commentary

ONE of those young men who have found it impossible to stick to anything they have tried since leaving college has been a major concern to his widowed mother and the friends of the family. Recently he decided firmly to reform and buckle down and, to convince everyone that he meant it, announced that he had resolved to become a taxi-driver. According to the city rules, you have to have a license to drive a cab and to get it you have to bring a satisfactorily filled out questionnaire from your previous employer. The former employer in this instance was the head of a well-known bond house for whom the young fellow had worked without success, an old friend of his father's. The youth sought him out, feeling partly sheepish, partly heroic. The older man betrayed no surprise when informed of the turn events had taken, and made no comment, unless his answer to the fourth question on the blank may be considered such. The fourth question is: "Would you recommend the applicant as a fit person to be licensed to drive a public hack?" and the old gentleman's answer was: "Yes, eminently fitted."

Big and Costly

WE'VE been through the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, or as much of it as we could get through at our age. We promised to make the trip a long time ago when we hurt the St. George's feelings by saying the Hotel New Yorker was the second biggest in the world. The St. George



has a hundred and twenty-nine rooms more than the New Yorker, two thousand six hundred and thirty-two in all. We were technically right, however, for at the time we wrote the St. George wasn't quite finished. The Stevens in Chicago is the largest hotel in the world: three thousand rooms.

Our guide reeled off stupendous figures, such as four hundred and eighty million (the candlepower of the largest air beacon in the world). Practically everything the St. George has is the largest in some vast area, usually the world. It has the largest ballroom in the world (capacity, three thousand persons), the largest banquet facilities in the world ("sixteen gorgeous rooms"), and the world's largest collection of sheets and pillow-cases (six hundred and ten thousand and five hundred and sixty thousand respectively). The St. George has seven miles of corridors, sixty-six thousand four hundred and six light bulbs, four hundred and sixty-six private fire-alarm boxes (world's largest fire-alarm system), twenty thousand chairs, and, on the Colorama control, five hundred and forty-six levers, buttons, and toggles.

The Colorama is an electric-lighting device by means of which the largest number of shades and hues in the world are produced in the grand ballroom. Boy, when they get it going it's spectacular! The walls are covered with tier on tier of "flutes and coves" containing yellow, red, blue, and green lights. More than a million watts are used. There can't be anything in Hell like it.

Off the main lobby a wide hallway, whose walls give an effect of blue sea waves, leads to the most costly indoor swimming pool ever built (one million two hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars), "the most beautiful room in the world, the most attractive in history." It's worth seeing, even if you don't swim. White lights, in modernistic fixtures, are reflected from the world's largest areas of mirrors. They are gold mirrors; that is, they reflect the white light so that it looks golden. The illusion created by the inter-reflecting mirror areas is impressive. You seem to see for a hundred miles. It looks like the ocean. It darn near *is* the ocean. The balcony around the pool has room for two million spectators. No, no, two thousand.

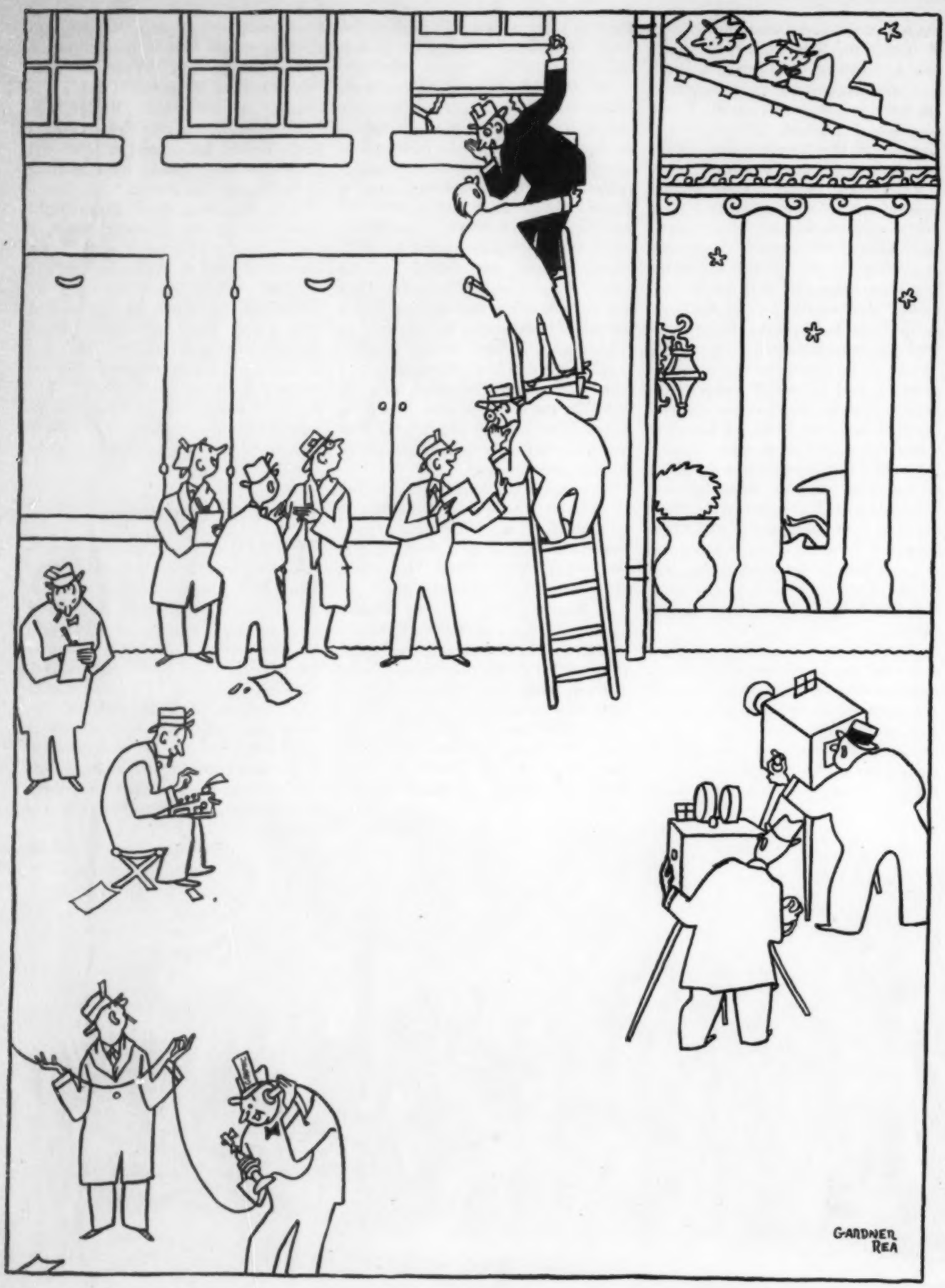
The St. George is four minutes from Wall Street, fifteen from Times Square by subway. A day's registration runs from two hundred to a thousand persons. They come from Manhattan, Milwaukee, Florida, Pernambuco, London, Buenos Aires. Mickey Walker has stayed there, and Mabel W. Willebrandt, and the Brooklyn baseball team. It's a big hotel, but chummy. A social director, busy every minute, organizes hikes, reading circles, ping-pong games, bridge tournaments. The bridge winners two weeks ago were Miss Ella Bernath in Room 10009 and Miss Rose Wormtorth in Room 20009. Sometimes thirty organizations are meeting at one time in the ballrooms, salons, and parlors. When we were there the Peck Memorial Hospital was dancing in the Italian Village, the house guests were taking French lessons in the Lorelei Room, and the National Lead Company fellows were meeting in the Vanity Fair Room.

The Egyptian Roof (turn right when you get out of the elevator or you're in the Chinese Room) has a marvellous view of the harbor and the sky line. From where we stood we could look far down on the modest little Hotel Margaret, where Joseph Pennell, the etcher, lived. He used to say that his view from the Margaret was the finest in the world. The Egyptian Roof of the St. George is fifteen stories or so higher. The view is that much better than the finest in the world.

Al Capone Got Wings

THROUGH our devious connections with the underworld, a story about Al Capone's doings last winter in Miami has finally arrived. One day a large touring car drew up before one of the smart sports shops and from it four men descended. Two of them entered the shop and halted, with a kind of military precision, just inside the door. The other two stopped outside the door with equal precision. By the time the saleslades had been frightened nearly out of their wits a fifth man, Capone himself, walked quickly into the shop, and bought a pair of water-wings.

—THE NEW YORKERS



"It's a boy!"

NOCTURNE IN BEEKMAN PLACE

A GERMAN band stationed itself outside the house yesterday afternoon and started playing "My Wild Irish Rose." It had been a long time since I had heard a real, old German band (the war and all that sort of thing, what?) and I found myself moved. The lilt of the old Bavarian folksong intoxicated me slightly. I fanned the air gently with my forefinger, in tune with the music.

A flood of memories crowded in on me. Ballrooms with crystal chandeliers. Lovely women, saying to me: "So sorry, but this one is taken. And the next. Yes, and the next, too." Perfectly groomed men and women gliding in the waltz, their bodies reflected in the sheen of the polished floor. The fetching pout of a rosy mouth, belying her words: "Oh no, really you didn't step on me very hard."

"I must dance," I cried. "Harold Maffle, cavalier of another day, must have one last dance. Maffle, who fought a hundred duels, to whose judgment on wines even Pierre of old Delmonicos bowed, who was ever ready for a toss at the cards, who loved nothing better than an exchange of sparkling wit with a pretty minx! Maffle, best-dressed man ever seen in the old Hoffman House bar and the despair of Berry Wall. Maffle, who knew a horse and a hound better than any squire on Long Island, and who yet (for he had his human side) was seen one day helping an old lady across Fifth Avenue at the Union League Club—Maffle must have one more dance, his Swan Song."

I went downstairs.

A CHARMING young woman was standing nearby, listening to the music with apparent rapture. A quixotic idea seized me. Approaching her, I clicked the heels, gave the young lady Bow No. 34 (the one that won me Lily Langtry), and said to her:

"I am Harold Maffle. My card. I have not the honor of your acquaintance. I note that you too are enjoying this lovely music. I am wondering if you would take it amiss if, without the formality of an introduction, I asked you for the pleasure of the next dance."

"Right here on the sidewalk?" she asked, regarding me with some interest.

"Right here on the sidewalk. May I?"

I offered her my arm.

We prepared to waltz. But just then the music stopped.

"Never fear," I assured her, with a sly wink. "I know how to take care of these orchestra chaps."

I pressed a five-cent piece on the leader of the band.

"Another waltz, leader. And do your very best."

The grateful musician smiled a broad acknowledgment of the *pourboire* and with a graceful, wide sweep of his bassoon signalled his men. Again we heard the strains of "My Wild Irish Rose."

"You dance divinely," I told my partner. "And now may I be so bold as to ask the name of this charming creature, with the grace of a Pavlowa and the face of a Joyce, whom I hold in my arms? I mean, of course, Peggy Joyce, not James."

"You mean what's my name?" queried my friend.

"Yes. Your name."

"Sadie Boyle."

"What a pretty name. May I make a joke?"

"Sure," said Miss Boyle.

"Well, it's simply this. I thought that if you had fifteen pairs of feet, by the time you got through dancing with me your feet could be called 'Boyle's Thirty Achers.' That's a charming frock you're wearing, Miss Boyle."

"It's Mrs. Haig's."

"Mrs. Haig's?"

"Yeah. Momma does her laundry. She gives Momma all her old clothes and Momma makes them over for me."

"How interesting. I take it your Momma is handy with the needle."

"I'll say she is. She's a bear at the needle."

"A bear. How very interesting. May I ask you an impertinent question?"

"What's 'impertinent'?" queried Miss Boyle.

"Never mind. But how old are you, Miss Boyle?"

"Twelve, goin' on thirteen."

"A lovely age: twelve, goin' on thirteen. I wish I were twelve, goin' on thirteen, Miss Boyle. One has one's illusions at twelve, goin' on thirteen."

"One's what?" asked Miss Boyle.

"Isn't the sidewalk too divine?" I commented, as we glided over the flags.

"It could stand a little wax," said Miss Boyle.

The orchestra finished.

"Another tune, Maestro!" I cried, flinging him a nickel.

The bassoon described a parabola in the air and again we heard the strains of the old melody, "My Wild Irish Rose." *Dear* Chauncey Olcott!

THE Fall River boat progressed majestically up the river toward Hell Gate, distributing toots right and left to the lesser river craft, with a largesse worthy of her dignity.

"Isn't the river beautiful this afternoon?" I said to Miss Boyle. "Those two scows over by Welfare. What grace! What beauty of line!"

An infant in a carriage nearby uttered a peculiar burbling cry.

"Nothing like scowing for sport," I went on. "Do you scow, Miss Boyle?"

She seemed preoccupied.

"You seem preoccupied, Miss Boyle. 'Preoccupied,' " I added hastily, "means thinking of something."

"I'm thinking of Freddy," she admitted.

A rival, eh!

"Who is Freddy?" I demanded, harshly.

"My baby brother. Over there in

the carriage. I'm supposed to mind him."

Freddy here uttered a sharp yelp which indicated that he minded very much not being minded.

"I gotta go," said Miss Boyle. "Excuse me. He'll holler like that right along if I don't."

"What a pity. Then our dance is over?"

"Yes," said Miss Boyle. "It'll be twenty cents. Two dances at ten cents a dance. That's what my sister gets for being a hostess up at Petunialand."

"It was worth it." I gave her Bow No. 64 (the one that won me Lillian Russell). "Nay, it was worth more. It was worth a quarter. Here then *is* a quarter. And in parting may I say that when you dance you are like a rose petal wafted by a summer zephyr?"

"Ah, you men, you men!" she said, laughing lightly and tapping me with her fan. "Flatterers all, flatterers all! Meet me in the conservatory at midnight. I gotta go mind Freddy now."

THE sun was low on the horizon. A taxi over in First Avenue backfired. A starter yoo-hooed to a waiting chauffeur. My German band, having proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Wild Irish Rose is the sweetest flower that grows, that while you may search everywhere, "none" can compare with My Wild Irish Rose, had lapsed into a brooding silence, its members examining the horns of their instruments, turning them upside down and shaking them vigorously in order to eject any foreign matter, or false notes.

I turned to go.

"Thank you, Fritz," I called to the leader.

"My name," he replied, "is Patrick Riley."

I slunk into the house, to my memories. Harold Maffle had waltzed his last waltz. —FRANK SULLIVAN

"You're perfectly safe in liking these things, Mrs. Peabody."

•

THE SWAN OF THE HEART

In the field the harrow
Stands without hands or horses,
Biting the frozen furrow.
In the watercourses
The water is white and slowed.
The lance of the bluejay's cry
Is pointed and barbed with chill.
It is cold, but it has not snowed.
Bitter is the stuff of the sky
That must cross its space and still
Be air, be breath, in the lungs
And a friend of tongues.
Early it is, and yet dark
Under the hanging winter.
The hearth is only a spark
And the water a splinter.
Come down the mountain, come,
You frosty-feathered cloud,
To this small-timbered home,
Blowing, like frozen wool,
The rabbits to their crannies, cowed
And quivering, the pool
To iron, the column of the flue
To thunder. Come and take your due.
We shall not run, for look!
The blood is not a brook
To close upon itself and rear
A tree of clear
Black ice into the body's season.
Nor is the reason,
For its disquiet, subject to your shock
Behind its bony lock.
What, what would your master,
Time, with his schemed disaster,
Say to defeat like yours,
To the summer that endures
Under the rabbit's pelt,
To the woman who can melt
The frozen hand between her sunny thighs?
What to the light, unfrosted, in the eyes,
To the memory and hope that go unarmed,
To the arrow of cold turned back,
the swan of the heart not harmed?

—RAYMOND HOLDEN

THANKSGIVING

A SHORT LIST OF THOSE WHO SHOULD AND DO GIVE FERVENT THANKS AT THIS TIME, AND WHY

The American Public

Dr. Goodman B. Watson of Columbia University recently proved that intelligence is not necessary for happiness.

Pickle-Lovers of the World

Professor Starr of the University of Michigan has developed a pickle that is as shapely and beautiful as it is delicious.

Suspender Manufacturers

Adolphe Menjou bought a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers in his wardrobe, which consists of one hundred suits.

Fish in the Aquarium

Twenty-five thousand gallons of super-fine seawater were brought to them from the vicinity of Cape Cod.

Keeley Institute

The number of patients received for treatment in recent months has broken all records.

Small Boys of Brazil

Nick Carter, Buffalo Bill, and King Brady have been translated into Portuguese, to sell for six cents a copy.

Mothers of America

Dr. Morgan of Northwestern University announced that the father's voice is superior to the mother's in soothing wakeful, sobbing infants.

Lazy Folks in Australia

The morning setting-up exercises from American radio stations reach them at 8:45 P.M., when it is entirely too late to do anything about it.

Cabaret Proprietors

Dr. R. G. Armour, famous neurologist, prescribes cabaret attendance as a medical preventive for nervous disease.

Sensitive Souls

A silent violin has been invented, so constructed that only the player can hear the notes.

Lord's Day Alliance

Judge H. B. Gorham of Providence, Rhode Island, recently ruled that "it is wicked to sell soap on Sunday."

Light Sleepers

Dr. James E. Boyle of Cornell predicts that milk will soon be sold over the counter in powdered form, and that *bottled milk will soon be unknown.*

Red-Headed Girls

A Chicago scientist reports after exhaustive investigations that the red-headed old maid is virtually unknown.

Tailors to the Prince of Wales

His Royal Highness was recently appointed to three branches of the National Defence, necessitating three sets of elaborate new uniforms.

Painters of the Classical School

Dr. William Weygandt, psychiatrist, found that inmates of insane asylums produce paintings that compare favorably with the best in modernistic exhibits.

National Confectioners Association

It is reliably reported that the fat-reducing-diet fad in this country is definitely on the wane.

Husbands of America

The American National Retail Jewelers Association ruled that it is improper for a woman to wear more than one diamond necklace at a time.

Tabloid Newspapers

Frank Fritz of Berlin invented paper that will not burn.

Little Girls of America

The American Institute of Toy Makers is campaigning against the fraudulently labelled "mamma" dolls which emit only a miserable squeak.

Poetry-Lovers

Edgar Guest announced that he will not issue a book of verse this year.

Professional Geographers

The Executive Committee of the Soviets has ruled that no town in Russia may change its name until further notice.

Male Citizens of Le Mars, Iowa

T. M. Zink left seventy-five thousand dollars to found a "womanless" library, which no woman will ever be permitted to enter.

Tourists in the Sahara

The French Government has established cabarets in the oasis villages.

Old Maids of The Hedjaz

An edict of the Royal Council obligates all bachelor males over fifteen to be married within six months.

Harvard Alumni

The college authorities refused Rudy Vallée's offer to "put the school on the map" by plugging "Fair Harvard" over the radio.

Pedestrians of Oxford

The Duke of Marlborough has opened to the public a large park which no automobile will ever be permitted to enter.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

I'D RATHER BE TRITE THAN PRESIDENT

OUR OWN TWO-DOLLAR-A-WORD EDITORIALS

[Copyright by the New York Herald Tribune, if they want to]

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Oct. 18—There are many persons, who now and then come to everyone's attention and yet who fail to impress by their cheap glitter and dash. A smart tongue is no doubt very useful for table conversation, but philosophy, as Emerson points out, is golden. All that glitters is not gold, to be sure, and yet gold has a heavier specific gravity than any other metal except platinum. The United States for long has led in the production of this ore, and anyone who seeks this valuable metal will find it in the profits of philosophy. Benjamin Franklin and Lincoln was each a great philosopher, as was Elbert Hubbard. The philosophy of our forefathers is good enough for us today, and the man who recalls a bit of this age-old philosophy each day, if only for a couple of paragraphs, will find the gold which lies at the end of the rainbow of public service. He will be known as a philosopher.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Oct. 27—Although much has been said pro and equally much has been said con regarding the interrelation of man and woman, the problem of sex still recurs in the lives of many of us. As Carlyle said, everybody talks about sex but nobody ever seems to do anything about it. Sex has existed for a great many years, ever since "male and female created He them," and is employed daily by most of the one hundred and twenty-eight million inhabitants of our great nation. The main difference between a man and a woman lies in his, or her, sex. For example, George Washington, the Father of this nation, was a male, whereas his wife, Martha Washington, was a female. Sex is useful in the propagation and increase of our population, many of whom it furnishes with employment, and who spend upwards of five billions of dollars per annum upon sex or its pursuit. There are those who deem that sex is more important than anything else, while others hold that faith, charity, and patriotism are better. It is an age-old maxim that East is East and West is West, but it is equally true that the problem of sex is one which every man, or woman, must work out for him or herself. It is only by facing the sex problem like a man (or woman) that it can ever be solved.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Oct. 30—Football is a popular college sport, and the interest of the general public in this competition indicates a wholesome national development. Whether we are street urchin or President of the United States, we all go to the big game in the hopes that with a fourth down and three men on the bases, our team will kick the ball over the fence for a goal, so that we can all shout "Hurrah!" in the intoxication of crowd delirium. Although a college is designed primarily to educate the head, rather than the legs, nevertheless the physical side must be developed as well as the mental. The only danger lies in mistaking the head for the legs. The purpose of football is not to win games, but to develop character, integrity, and sportsmanship, and to remember that whether we win or lose, our real luck lies within ourselves. Napoleon following his star, General Lee and Lincoln were all lucky, because they made their own luck. They controlled their destinies. The man who controls his destinies makes his own luck. He is lucky.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 7—Following the abrupt decline at the end of the War of 1812 came a secondary decline of prices and wages that lasted until about 1834. A similar secondary reaction began in the early seventies and lasted until the late nineties. The decline which set in last year has therefore only twenty-two years more to run. There is no cause for alarm. It is only certain people who are out of jobs that are crying "Unemployment." The United States has great natural resources, consisting of knowledge, leadership, skilled workmen, health, ambition, water, and land extending from coast to coast, vast mountains, rivers for commerce and irrigation, wide lakes, islands, projecting peninsulas and capes, not to mention straits, channels, and isthmuses which all combine in harmony to praise the Almighty Power. Our nation is worthy of the best that we can give it. If all those out of work would utilize their purchasing power, there would be enough employment for everyone. Do not sell America short.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 13—It is the duty of all free-thinking citizens of our nation to support the law of the land as long as it is upon the statutes. Whether or not we favor privately the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, nevertheless we should all unite to defend a law of the United States from any traitorous attack which seeks to destroy it. It is only after this law has been removed from the Constitution that we may rightfully question whether it is right to retain it any longer.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., Nov. 27—For one hundred and fifty-four years the President of the United States has set aside the fourth Thursday in November as a day for public celebration of divine goodness. This festival is known as Thanksgiving Day. It originated when our Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts offered devout prayers of gratitude to Providence for their successful harvest of pumpkins and corn, but the causes for thanksgiving this year are more difficult to enumerate. Our local defender, the Enterprise, won over the foreign challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. Dinosaur eggs several millions of years older than those found in Mongolia have been discovered in our own state of Montana. The Charles A. Lindberghs have been blessed with a baby son, the flagpole-sitting record has twice been broken, Bobby Jones has won again at golf, Garbo talks, and Rear-Admiral Byrd has returned safely from the South Pole. These are but a few of the inestimable blessings for which our nation should offer devout prayers of thanksgiving to God and the Republican Party. Ours is a divine heritage.

—COREY FORD

"Geez, here comes the Fire Department!"

OF ALL THINGS

A TREATY of peace has been signed between the Republicans and the Democrats. We trust that the high contracting parties have mutually agreed not to mention each other's scandals.

•

Since the election, Mr. Hoover has been getting much better support from the press. As far as we know, not a single newspaper denounced the President for his praise of advertising.

•

Many Republicans now demand that Chairman Fess be given his unconditional release. Simeon is noble in motive, they say, but his batting average is oh! oh! oh!

•

The Grand Jury has practically given up all hope of finding Justice Crater. We assume that they have looked into the library of the New York Athletic Club.

•

According to the *Wall Street Journal*, this was a banner year for the red-ink industry. Another good buy would be Rose-Tinted Glass, Preferred.

•

Several doctors have made an examination of Zaro Agha, the historical Turk. They say he doesn't look a day over seventy. And probably isn't.

•

There is sure to be renewed agitation this year for the Norris resolution abolishing the lame-duck session of Congress. Our citizens do not crave any new amendments but perhaps this could be substituted for an old one which refused to work.

•

The newly elected Congress may not meet for over a year and its control will depend upon the death rate of its members. We pick the Republicans to win because they have had better nourishment.

•

Gene Tunney, the last we heard, was curled up with a copy of "All's Well That Ends Well."

•

The Will Hays organization announces that most of the important work in the studios is now done by college graduates. This would account for the stark realism of those collegiate things.

•

We are glad to hear rumors that Lindbergh is going to make a tour of South America. He will tell us exactly how many R.P.M. each country has.

•

The new theatre-ticket plan is off to a hopeful start. It may survive, unless, of course, it is recognized by Secretary Stimson.

•

William J. Simmons, who thought up the Ku Klux Klan, has now started the white-supremacy racket. Somebody ought to tell him that there is no nourishment in sucker lists this season.

•

Wickersham's threat to have gangsters flogged has not put an end to crime. If the thugs drive us too far we must line them up and make them play Notre Dame.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"You're wanted on the phone, Miss McCardy."

• •

UNENCUMBERED

Because I move
  In a world of facts
I disapprove
  Of radical acts,

Yet feel the urge
  To be a hellion
In moods that verge
  On black rebellion.

But life's a strain
  When one commences
To drag a train
  Of consequences,

And so, forsaken,
  I have slumbered
That I might waken
  Unencumbered.

—ANGELA CYPHER

PROFILES

ROBIN HOOD, 1930

Abraham Flexner

DR. FLEXNER—he prefers to be called Mr. Flexner—has fleeced innumerable rich men, and expects to continue doing so as long as they will let him. Humanity is, of course, the beneficiary of his depredations and his victims usually begin as accomplices. But they have found, naturally when it is too late, that the kindly, smooth-spoken old doctor has fooled them into relinquishing ells where they had intended donating inches.

The attitude of these victims toward Abraham Flexner may be gleaned from a paragraph in Mr. George Eastman's autobiography. "Flexner," writes the Rochester celluloid king, "is the worst highwayman that ever flitted in and out of Rochester. He put up a job on me and cleaned me out of a thundering lot of my hard-earned savings. I have just heard that he is coming up here in June to speak at the graduating exercises of the 'allied' hospitals. I have been asked to sit on the stage with him, but instead of that I shall probably flee from town for fear he will hypnotize me again."

Fortunately this hypnotic highwayman does not look the part. At the age of sixty-three Abraham Flexner is a lean gentleman with no hair on his head to speak of, but with features that may vaguely be described as spiritual: a very delicate mouth; a fine, long aquiline nose that flowers into spirited nostrils; a large, placid forehead that hints at the quality of the intellect behind it; and eyes whose constant expression is a concern for the welfare of what they behold. The latter, indeed, have, on occasion, exercised the peculiar power with which Coleridge invested the eyes of the Ancient Mariner. But apart from that there is nothing in the visage of the famous educator that could arrest the attention of the most zealous plainclothesman.

YET in the transaction which Mr. Eastman describes in his book, Flexner exhibited the talents of an accomplished sharper. The deal took place in the winter of 1921. Flexner was at the time secretary of the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, and it was the secretary's idea that some of the Rockefeller money might be spent advantageously in establishing honest-to-goodness medical schools of the European type at strategic points in the United States. It is hard to believe that only twenty years ago our medical schools had sunk so low as to require the drastic ministrations of the Rockefeller Foundation, but as far back as 1910 Flexner's book on Medical Education had called attention to this deplorable condition in the United States and Canada.

Because it already possessed a fine university, Rochester was chosen as one of these points. Flexner had no intention of handing the city a medical school on a Rockefeller Foundation platter. That would have been too easy and would have involved the citizens of Rochester not at all. His idea was to make it a fifty-fifty proposition, with some rich, public-spirited Rochesterian and the Rockefeller Foundation on opposite sides. Mr. Eastman was the town's Mæcenas, but Flexner had never met him and knew nothing about his sentiments toward medicine, if he harbored any. The presentation of the idea would require unusual care, because, not knowing his man, Flexner was unable to prepare his attack in advance. The business called for a psychologist, a go-getter, and a hypnotist rolled into one.

Through the president of the University of Rochester, whom he knew, Flexner arranged a meeting with the Kodak man. On the appointed day he arrived at the Eastman house at nine in the morning. Mr. Eastman had breakfasted and was taking his morning music in the form of an organ solo played by his private organist on his private pipe organ. Flexner took a chair and assumed an attitude of rapt attention. At last the organist went away and Flexner began to talk. He talked long and ardently, patiently shedding illumination on the history of medicine in America from the founding of the Johns Hopkins medical school in 1893, the year which marked the real birth of scientific medical research in this country.

Mr. Eastman listened politely but showed no signs of excitement. When the clock struck twelve he suddenly rose and pressed a button in the wall. The butler appeared, and Flexner's heart sank; but Mr. Eastman merely ordered luncheon for two and motioned his guest to continue talking. He talked through lunch and was invited to come and dine that evening, so that he could have a further say. Late that night he stopped for breath. Mr. Eastman desired to know what the medical school his guest had in mind would cost, and upon being told "about ten million dollars," he offered to contribute two and a half million, the difference to be made up by Mr. Rockefeller. Flexner pointed out that that would make the proposed school a Rockefeller rather than a Rochester institution, but Mr. Eastman insisted that two and a half million was all he could afford. Flexner was politely adamant, saying that his host could easily solve the problem merely by selling more Kodaks. But he went back to New York and waited, and, as he expected, he soon received a summons for another conference. This time Mr. Eastman offered three and a half million. He was again turned down. The séance had lasted so long that the scholarly salesman stood in danger of missing his train, in which event he would be obliged to spend the night with his host. This possibility filled Mr. Eastman with apprehension. "If you stayed here overnight," he said, "you would have a mortgage on the house by morning." Flexner, however, caught his train. But it was not long before he was called to Rochester again, this time to receive Mr. Eastman's unconditional surrender and an offer of a job. "You are wasting your time," he was told. "You should come with us and sell Kodaks."

THIS gift of "extraction" first manifested itself, though in quite

"Then, girls, it is decided that we put on this little light opera."

• •

another form, in Abraham Flexner's youth, when he set up in Louisville, his native town, as a teacher of backward children. He had, in a way, come naturally by the art of teaching. His father, a Bohemian Jew, had taught school in Strasbourg before he emigrated to America. But having settled in Louisville and married an immigrant from the Rhineland, the necessity for immediate funds made him turn to the nearest lucrative occupation: the selling of merchandise. Children began to be born to the Flexners in quick succession, and presently there were nine: seven boys and two girls. However, the selling of merchandise on a modest scale was not sufficiently remunerative to enable the elder Flexner to provide his offspring with the kind of education he had himself enjoyed in the old country. He thereupon worked out a system whereby the boys attended school in the mornings and did odd jobs in the afternoons and evenings. As each youth graduated into a paying profession, he contributed toward the education of the younger brothers. In this way Abraham was conducted through the Louisville schools and through Johns Hopkins University, which he left with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The young Flexner had early evolved for himself some theories about education, one of which was that any child may be induced to do anything at all provided he is let alone, a theory which he now had opportunity to test. In his classroom the willful Kentucky youngsters came up against the most curious system of pedagogy: the complete absence of compulsion. They discovered, to their astonishment, that resistance to education had not the slightest effect on their teacher, who seemed disposed to view rebellion with good-natured indifference. Finding no opposition, resistance soon lost its charm. Of course, Flexner's personality, his understanding, his hypnotic power were factors that counted for much, and it was probably the happy coördination of all of these that made his school a success. In fact, so successful was Flexner with refractory children that he soon undertook to prepare normal girls and youths for college at the age of fourteen. His school attracted the attention of President Eliot of Harvard, at whose suggestion he wrote a paper outlining his theories and experiences. At about this time he married Anne Crawford, one

of his pupils, who later attained an eminence of her own by dramatizing "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and by writing "The Marriage Game," and other pleasant and popular dramas.

The fame of the school soon attracted pupils from places as remote as South America and Panama. When the school became an unqualified success and money began to pour in, Abraham and his wife held a family council. "If we don't watch out," said the wise Mrs. Flexner, "we shall become rich. Then where would we be?" "Where, indeed?" her husband echoed, all at once seeing himself as a very prosperous schoolmaster operating an efficient preparatory mill and living on the fat of Louisville. His own experiences in the public and high schools of his native town had convinced him that education in America was still in its infancy, that it was obstructed by a complete misconception of its nature, and that it cried aloud for investigation by someone conversant with its practice in Europe as well as in America. So at the height of his pedagogical success Abraham Flexner dissolved his lucrative classroom and sailed for Europe, there to work and study as long as his money held out.

THE fruit of this pilgrimage was "The American College" (1908), a workmanlike, unbiased exposure of the shortcomings of our educational institutions. It was read with dismay by college presidents, who must have included in their daily prayers a petition that the small volume might not fall into the hands of college trustees and wealthy alumni. The book did fall, however, into the hands of Mr. Henry Pritchett, the president of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, a fearless and sympathetic gentleman. Mr. Pritchett was struck with the truth of the picture and sent for the artist. "Mr. Flexner," he said, "how would you like to make a similar survey of American medical education?" Flexner embraced the idea.

There were at the time a hundred and fifty-five medical schools in the United States and Canada. Flexner visited them all and set down in his book the ability of each to meet the requirements for a decent dissemination of medical knowledge and to offer its students suitable practical experience. The survey brought to light the fact that a majority of these institutions suffered from a lack of the necessary equipment and of a first-rate personnel; that they were overcrowded; and that the entrance qualifications were low enough to attract the student who was out to engage in the easiest profession. So effective was this exposé and, being based on first-hand information, so irrefutable, that half of these schools were forced to close their doors. A like survey of "Medical Education in Europe," published two years later, pointed out by contrast the road American schools must take.

However, a diagnosis of a condition is only half a cure, and it was not until he joined the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation that Flexner found himself in a position to apply the remedy. In 1912 he was invited to become the assistant secretary of the Board, a position which he held for five years, after which he became secretary. He did not forget his medical scheme. In 1919 he outlined to the Board his idea: to concentrate on the building-up in different parts of the country of a half-dozen schools that could be favorably compared in facilities and personnel to the best of European institutions.

Put before John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the plan met with approval, and in answer to the eternal question "How much?" Mr. Flexner named fifty million. In a talk with the financier's lawyer Flexner learned that fifteen million was available at once to set the thing going. Flexner couldn't see it that way. It would be better to do the job as a whole. Some months later he was handed another fifteen, with the comment: "Now you surely can make a start." Again Flexner shook his head. The final installment of the sum was not long in coming.

PLAYING the part of Robin Hood to education has somehow not encroached upon Flexner's many interests, which are Elizabethan in their variety. They include domestic and international politics, art, literature, and music. Nor is his appreciation of the humanities merely a pleasant and bloodless acquiescence. He is, on the contrary, a fierce partisan and a passionate antagonist. In spite of the many

"One Tom Collins, one Old-Fashioned, and plain orangeade—for the little girl, y'know."

"We really wanted a Mexican hairless, but we couldn't afford one."

millions he has found in America for the uses of philanthropy, he takes every opportunity to decry our Janus-faced morality, our herd-like conformity, our lowest-common-denominator amusements, our worship of bulk. Through his intervention charlatanry was driven from the study of medicine, but money-changers and incompetents still inhabit a good many of our Temples. Just now he is applying the whip to American universities in a book that will identify several of our more famous seats of learning as so many ostentatious machines for intellectual standardization.

When, two years ago, he resigned his position as secretary of the Rockefeller General Education Board, he might have called it a day and decided to spend his old age in civilized leisure: the winters in his modest apartment in East Seventy-second Street, the summers at his primitive camp at Magnetawan, Canada. His retirement carried with it a pension of his full salary for the remainder of his life. He had been the recipient of many academic honors; degrees of M.A. from Harvard and A.B. from Johns Hopkins, that of doctor from the Universities of Brussels and Berlin, and LL.D. from Western Reserve. He had lectured in Oxford, was a commander of the Legion of Honor, a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of the Kaiserlich Leopold Deutsche Akademie der Naturforscher. He had been instrumental in founding the Lincoln School in New York, the first modern school to dispense with the study of Latin and Greek.

But when the moment for retirement arrived, he found, perhaps to his secret pleasure, that he had become an institution which could not be suddenly dissolved without discommoding a good many people and a few excellent projects. Daily, for years, he had received distressed individuals, listened to their misfortunes, and pulled the wires of his prestige for their benefit. Always there was some university instructor in broken health for whom he could collect sufficient money to warrant a couple of years' absence from work, or some indigent and talented young author whose future required the broadening influence of a short residence abroad. Better still, it might happen, as it had many times in the past, that he would be visited by some big oil or chain-store man from any point of the compass who would begin the interview with: "Now, Dr. Flexner, I have come to you because I find I have a couple of millions I don't know what to do with."

So instead of shutting up shop, Flexner retained his office and reëngaged his secretary, and in due time there were communications from ambitious instructors and impoverished young authors. And one day Mr. Bamberger, the wealthy department-store owner of Newark, discovered that he could spare five millions and asked for an idea. Thus it came about that at the ripe age of sixty-three Abraham Flexner is beginning to realize one of his noblest dreams: a school for graduate study, a snug harbor for students, a Green Pastures for those who would play with wisdom and learning for their own sakes.

—SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF

• •

WITHOUT ALL DUE RESPECT

Mr. Arthur Brisbane
Considers his country's bane his bane,
He vigorously combats disloyalty,
And deprecates royalty,
And though his speech is somewhat informal,
He is a staunch advocate of the normal.
He can pen an editorial
As noble and succinct as the Lincoln Memorial
And in his column, which is widely syndicated,
The man in the street is vindicated.
Because he thought of putting LITTLE words in BIG letters,
He is now one of our betters.
He can sit for hour after hour
In a tastily gotten-up flat in the Ritz Tower,
Of which he is owner and proprietor
Because he is such a good wrietor.
I wonder if you and I could assume similar attitudes
If we too knew how to pound the multitude with platitudes.

—OGDEN NASH

THE THEATRE

ALL BUT ONE OUT

EXCEPT for "Grand Hotel," there really isn't much that can be said about this week's litter, unless one likes to be vicious. These things just happen. I don't really think that we should say that, simply because they do happen, there is no God and that Life has no meaning. The world isn't as simple as that. We must take the chaff with the wheat, the goats with the sheep, the man with the load of mischief.

But it does seem as if, at our age, we might have been spared a thing like "Made in France." Our civilization can't have incurred sufficient divine wrath to deserve that. Not only was it old, old stuff but it was bad, bad, old, old stuff, and as I sat and realized that Miss Lya de Putti was actually going to accuse each one of the returning legionnaires of being the father of her twins, a great sadness came over me and I buried my head in my hands. . . . When I awoke, the sun was streaming through the window and I realized that I was free, *free*, do you hear?

Miss de Putti is one of the stars of the screen who have promised to come back to the speaking stage for a tantalizing interlude. We now understand a lot of things about success in Hollywood. It is all done with lighting. Fortunately, Miss de Putti's vehicle had black plumes on the four corners, so it is unnecessary to go further into the matter.

MR. EDWARD G. ROBINSON'S appearing in "Mr. Samuel" demonstrates the long-suspected fact that even the best actors know nothing about plays. So long as a script furnishes them with a good, juicy rôle in which they are allowed to have the rest of the cast group about them and say "What a man! What a man!," they think that it must be a gigantic play. Mr. Robinson is a good actor, but he isn't good enough to carry "Mr. Samuel."

An even more mysterious feature

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

Here are the two who are putting new life into the familiar goings-on at the Maxine Elliott. The competent young man on the right is Miss Jane Cowl; her spidery companion, Leon Quartermaine.

of the event was that Winthrop Ames thought the Fleg play worth adapting. A sort of reverse "Old English," it may have been considered one of those "character studies" which would set all New York talking about the "charming old man" and the "lovable eccentric" who thought more of his little grandson, Skeezix, than he did of that big note which was coming due tomorrow. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Mr. Samuel's name has been mentioned since. "Mr. Samuel," aside from being a dull, obvious play, had the depressing effect of showing Mr. Ames as a not very astute adapter and Mr. Robinson as not so good an actor as we had thought him. I wish the whole thing had never happened.

I WILL say this for myself: when I saw that the scenes of "The Tyrant" were laid in "A Hall in the Castle of Solignola," "The Antechamber in the Communal Palace at Assisi," and "The Torture Chamber in the Communal Palace," and that it was written by Raphael Sabatini, I had one of those uncanny hunches which have put the Benchleys where they are today—at home and in bed. And, if you don't think that I was smart, drop in and see it for yourself.

—

THE more young Mr. Preston Sturges continues to write follow-ups to "Strictly Dishonorable," the more we wonder who wrote "Strictly Dishonorable." His comic operetta, "The Well of Romance," was either a much-too-subtle burlesque or it was an incredible piece of old lambrequin. I have given Edgar Wallace credit (undeserved, I am told) for writing "On the Spot" as a satire. Perhaps I should accord the same leeway to Mr. Sturges. But, no matter how you look at it, "On the Spot" is a good show and "The Well of Romance" was a bad one.

AND then, just as we were all about to punch the time-clock and tiptoe out on a very naughty week, who should come galloping up but Mr. Herman Shumlin waving "Grand Hotel"! And no one ever came more in the nick of time, or with better news.

These thirty-six hours in the lives of eight or ten guests in the Grand Hotel, Berlin, are pretty well crowded with excitement of one kind or another, what with love, murder, business deals, robbery, seduction, dancing, telephoning, and running a vacuum cleaner over the lobby floor. Then there is always the chance that someone will get caught in the revolving door. This last is not likely, however, for Mr. Shumlin has directed his large cast with considerable skill, with the result that the scenes in the lobby really approximate lobby activity and not a lot of actors playing "bits."

"Grand Hotel" has been translated into good American idiom by William A. Drake from the German of Vicki Baum, and the many changes of scene are made effectively with no crashing or gasping both as regards scenery and dialogue. In short, an excellent production as to details.

It is difficult to see how the cast could have been improved upon. In Eugénie Leontovich alone there is sufficient fascination and acting power to carry an ordinary show, but Mr. Shumlin has been prodigal and given us that excellent German actor, Siegfried Rumann, together with such native talent as Henry Hull (who still persists in getting better each year), Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe, all of whom are at their very best. This shapes up like a fairly dull review to read (unless possibly for the actors) for, like a local paper's account of an amateur show, everyone seems to have been just peachy, everything corkingly well done, and the entire evening awfully, awfully interesting. But what are you going to do when such happens to have been the case? —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

CAYENNE TO THE JADED

FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET
COUNTRY CLUB

MY DEAR MR. GIBBS:

WILL you join me as my guest at the gala opening of my new Mecca of Merriment next Wednesday, around ten P.M.?

Come to my opening and behold the lifting of the lid from my Pandora-box of surprises! The savage uncensored dances of the jungles of Africa! The titillating tintinnabulating secret excitations of the Congo and the flesh-shuddering, goose-creeping delicious horrors of the Grand Guignol! Continental bizarrerie as will be cayenne to the jaded mental tongue, and pep up stomachs leathered on syntheticism and minds impotentized by banality.

In an atmosphere of the piquant and beautiful, it will be my aim to bring together the monied and mental, both the aristocracy of Park Avenue and of the intellect; to bring back to our time something of the camaraderie and joyance of the Venetian carnivals, of the Florentian fiestas, days when an opulent and colorful aristocracy fraternized with the shining spirits that made the world beautiful through poetry, philosophy, drama, and art!

My opening will mark a gesture to recover—for those qualified to appreciate it or afford it—the spirit of unadulated, unsynthetic, and pristine joy!

Please don't fail me!

Cordially yours,
BELLE LIVINGSTONE

MY DEAR MISS LIVINGSTONE:

IT is one of my regrets that we didn't get around to meeting each other at your party, which had, God knows, all the strange joyance of a ride on a roller-coaster. I am writing now to thank you for asking me, and to describe, since I couldn't tell them to

GIFTS OF SUPREME ACCEPTANCE

LES PARFUMS

Coty

A delightful "Small" Gift—small, but important. One Ounce Flacon of Perfume in coloured Shark-skin effect box. $3.75

YOU may be throwing in a motor car or a fur coat, by way of a Christmas remembrance, but in any case, a flacon of Coty Perfume has the intimate personal touch that nothing else quite conveys. They are specially presented in exquisite Gift Ensembles featuring each of the famous Coty odeurs.

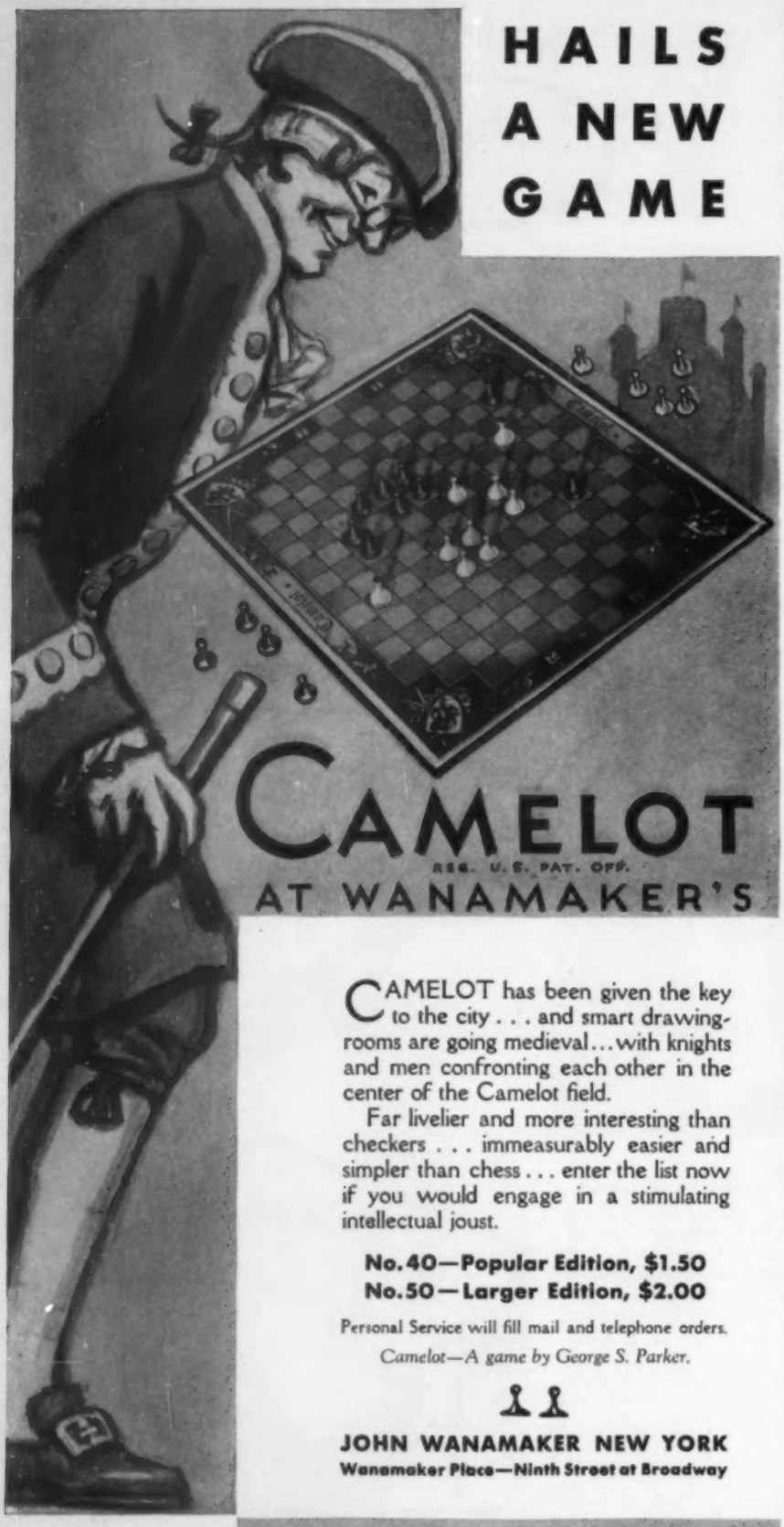
L'AIMANT
LA JACEE
L'ORIGAN
"PARIS,,
EMERAUDE
CHYPRE

Obelisque — An exquisite cut-crystal Flacon, designed for the coming year but making an early debut for the holiday season. $5.00. A charming presentation in any one of the famous Coty fragrances

CHYPRE
L'ORIGAN
LA JACEE
"PARIS,,
EMERAUDE

De Luxe Flacons Coloured Leather Cases. $7.50

FATHER KNICKERBOCKER HAILS A NEW GAME



CAMELOT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
AT WANAMAKER'S

CAMELOT has been given the key to the city . . . and smart drawing-rooms are going medieval . . . with knights and men confronting each other in the center of the Camelot field.

Far livelier and more interesting than checkers . . . immeasurably easier and simpler than chess . . . enter the list now if you would engage in a stimulating intellectual joust.

No. 40—Popular Edition, $1.50
No. 50—Larger Edition, $2.00

Personal Service will fill mail and telephone orders.

Camelot—A game by George S. Parker.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK
Wanamaker Place—Ninth Street at Broadway

you in person, some of my experiences among the monied and mental.

We came in with quite a lot of other people—mostly the monied group, I gathered—and met the young lady at the desk. There was rather a pause here because I'd lost that little card you sent me. To be quite frank with you, I hadn't really lost it. Earlier in the week it didn't seem likely that I'd be able to get up to your fiesta, or rassle, since I had planned to take my aunt, an elderly lady, almost entirely impotentized by banality, to see Miss Jane Cowl in "Twelfth Night." With this in mind I gave my card to a Mr. Pell who turned up later in the evening, also as Mr. Gibbs, a circumstance which seems to have occasioned a certain amount of hilarity. However, my aunt got sick, so I decided to drop in at your place, card or no card. I gave my name to the young lady.

"I am Mr. Wolcott Gibbs," I said. She picked up a book that couldn't have had more than forty or fifty thousand names in it, and turned to the "G"s.

"Mr. Who?" she said.

She finally concluded that I must be a Mr. Wilko Gitts who was listed there, and after a somewhat irrational argument in which she maintained that nobody could possibly have such a name and I replied that at any rate I hadn't, she let me in. My friends had rather less trouble, doubtless because they hadn't been invited in the first place.

THIS over, we checked our hats and coats and passed into what I suppose would be called the Grand Ballroom. Here, with a camaraderie distinctly Florentian, monied ladies danced with mental gentlemen, and, I suppose, the other way around. Other shining spirits reclined on canopied divans around the walls. As an ardent follower of the rotogravure sections of the press, some of these people were familiar to me. There was, however, a subtler aristocracy present. It is a comment on the way I live, monastically, that the conversation of this last group was almost entirely incomprehensible to me. A gentleman, prone on the divan next to mine, observed that he had just put the bee on some acquaintance for a grand, and there was a lady, unmistakably a mental type, who said "For a dime, I'd hang one on that punk's eye."

Pleasant and mysterious as all this was, we only stayed briefly in the ballroom on account of the arrival of a large and voluble group who drove us from our divan by the rather ingenious

"For this trouble.. nothing excels yeast,"

The X-ray shows poison-breeding wastes that accumulate when intestines are sluggish. Fresh yeast keeps intestines clean.

.. Explains this FAMOUS VIENNA PHYSICIAN

DR. ALBERT W. BAUER

... brilliant specialist of the Vienna General Hospital, is an outstanding young leader of European medical thought. Dr. Bauer has written many articles on intestinal disorders, on which he is an authority.

Read what Dr. Bauer says about "*Intestinal Fatigue*" and the simple food that corrects it!

THINK of being able to correct a lifelong health affliction with a simple food!

Think of being able to stop taking ever-increasing doses of weakening cathartics and laxative pills.

That is exactly what you can do —by the simple fresh yeast method that famous doctors advise!

Just read what the noted Austrian hospital authority, Dr. Albert W. Bauer, says about it.

"To correct constipation permanently," he says, "there is nothing better than yeast, which stimulates the digestive processes, decreases putrefaction and helps prevent a whole series of ailments.

"Yeast," he explains, "has a general tonic effect on the system."

The reason physicians recommend fresh yeast is that it actually "tones up" the "tired" intestinal muscles. Poison-breeding body wastes are softened and gently expelled. Healthier digestion naturally results. Keener appetite, a clearer skin and fresh new energy are yours.

Won't you try it? Just eat 3 cakes of *Fleischmann's* fresh Yeast every day—a cake before each meal, or between meals, and at bedtime. Eat it plain or in water (hot or cold), or any way you like.

Go to any grocery, restaurant or soda fountain now, and get a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast. Every cake is rich in three vitamins indispensable to health—B, G and D. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York.

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Read what Heads of World-famous Clinics say:

PROF. DR. GUSTAV SINGER, of Vienna, noted hospital authority and physician to European royalty, declares: "Yeast is the best way to keep the intestines free from poisons. It counteracts a run-down condition of health."

DR. GEORGES FAROY, Physician of the Hospitals of Paris, explains: "Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It stimulates normal intestinal action and aids the digestion. It is valuable for people who are under par."

"I was badly run-down," *writes* Paul Page, *Worcester, Mass.* "My elimination was poor. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast, which my doctor thought would help me. It brought back normal intestinal action and appetite."

Miss Barbara A. Evans *of San Francisco* demonstrates how she eats yeast for health. "My digestion was very poor," she writes. "I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast and in a short time felt ever so much better."

LENORE ULRIC, starring in "Pagan Lady," brings back to Broadway her talent of slumberous fire. This brilliant star is one of the countless actresses devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Naturally I give my skin the greatest care. Lux Toilet Soap has the most soothing effect on it, and leaves it radiantly refreshed and smooth."

MARION HARRIS, the charming English star, so delightful in "The Second Little Show," says: "I have always considered smooth skin woman's greatest charm. Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine in beautiful condition."

★ Where beauty and intelligence go hand in hand

Complexions are kept alluring this smartly simple way . . .

LIKE the ever-glamorous ladies of the theatre, an increasing number of women in the arts, in business, in the home, have found out a very important thing. Loveliness is largely a matter of intelligent complexion care!

Years ago the famous stars discovered a simple, *sure* way to keep skin glowing—Lux Toilet Soap!

Now practically every important actress on the stage and screen is devoted to this very white soap. In fact, *at their request*, it is found in theatre dressing rooms all over the country. Discerning women everywhere are following their example.

They like Lux Toilet Soap's charming fragrance, its instant satin lather and, above all, its soothing effect on the skin. Their intelligence delights, too, in the fact that here is a soap made just as costly French soaps are made . . . a soap every bit as caressing and luxurious . . . for only ten cents.

You, too, will appreciate this simple, gratifyingly inexpensive complexion care. Start using Lux Toilet Soap today. Buy several cakes—you'll find you will want them!

GINGER ROGERS, irrepressible in "Girl Crazy," says of this white soap: "Lux Toilet Soap makes caring for the skin so wonderfully easy. Since I began using it, my skin looks better than it ever did before."

BRENDA DAHLEN, alluring in "The Ninth Guest," says: "We on the stage must give our skin regular, intelligent care. I find Lux Toilet Soap a delightful means of always keeping the skin clear and smooth."

NELL O'DAY, so delightful in "Fine and Dandy," says: "I liked Lux Toilet Soap the first time I used it because it lathered so freely, even in hard water, and because it was so delicately white and fragrant."

★ Lux Toilet Soap 10¢

I wonder often what the vintners buy
One-half so precious as the stuff they sell

Six experts who have been at it for 210 years

Six experts of international reputation are responsible for the selection and blending of Vintners Concentrated Grapes. In the aggregate, they have been engaged in this work for two hundred and ten years here and abroad. Now that we have had twelve years of Prohibition, it is doubtful if such a group of trained palates could ever be assembled elsewhere in the United States.

When these men agree on any blend, you may be sure the resulting type will be true to European standards. They have perfected cuvees of

CHAMPAGNE · SPARKLING
BURGUNDY · BURGUNDY · CLARET
SAUTERNE · CHABLIS *and* RHINE

grapes for home use.

The discovery of "selective fermentation," its development by eminent bacteriologists, and a new, patented process have so shortened the time and simplified the procedure that you may now stock your cellars legally with varieties of unquestioned quality, properly finished, bottled, corked, capped, and labeled by trained finishers.

"Vintners" is served in the finest homes by hosts of discriminating taste who would never serve an inferior cuvee.

No sales or deliveries will be made except in conformity with all Federal and State Prohibition Laws. A bond of complete satisfaction accompanies each sale, guaranteeing the refund of your purchase price if you are not satisfied.

We invite correspondence and shall be glad to answer all questions.

Vintners
CONCENTRATED GRAPES

Produced by VINEYARDISTS, Inc.,
Grape growers since 1835
Penn Yan, N. Y.
in the heart of the champagne district

ALEX. D. SHAW & CO., *National Distributors*

Importers	15 Moore Street	*Phone Bowling*
Since 1881	New York City	*Green 8070*

device of giving the waitress five dollars to say that it was reserved.

At this point a definite suggestion of nightmare began to invest my evening. The stairs leading from your ballroom to the main soda fountain were crowded—I beg your pardon—thronged with an opulent and colorful aristocracy. Gentlemen, of course, in tails, and ladies décolleté to a degree calculated to pep up anybody, however leathered their stomachs, however impotentized their minds. Suddenly, splitting this elegant assemblage, running down the stairs, yipping like hounds, came twenty small black men and women in straw skirts. Some of these stupefying creatures wore painted masks, others had horns. Only the straw skirts were invariable. As I watched, one of my companions, never a fellow of conspicuously robust mental balance, reached in his pocket and brought out his cigarette-lighter.

"What are you going to do with that?" I asked, because there was something I didn't quite like in his eye.

"Burn their pants off," he said simply, and he would have done it too if I hadn't stopped him.

SHAKEN, then, we went on into the main soda fountain (the black marble one with the four clerks, not the small fountain downstairs which is red and gold and only has two clerks), where a determined young woman with red hair sold us each a book of ten tickets, good for ten sodas, for ten dollars. This room too was thronged with the fashionable and the intelligent, all of whom, so vast is the social organism in this city, seemed to be unknown to each other. Here, again, I was given evidence of the increasing disintegration of my friend's mind. There is a man in New York—I shall have to digress a little to make all this clear to you—one of those who make the world more beautiful through poetry, philosophy, drama, and art;

But you must act at once!

Too bad you missed out on "ONCE IN A LIFETIME"—which PLAYCHOICE members saw in the best seats—at box office prices.

But there's no earthly reason why you should not be with us in time for our great second Play-Of-The-Month . . .
"GRAND HOTEL"—

"Brilliantly directed, sensitively acted by an excellent cast, written with clairvoyant understanding of the great fabric of metropolitan life, "Grand Hotel" is one of the season's finest achievements."
N. Y. Times

New PLAYCHOICE members can enjoy six such outstanding plays this season (one a month) including "GRAND HOTEL"—if they act at once. Better phone or write at once for particulars. *Remember . . . best seats at approximately box office prices.*

PLAYCHOICE INC.

John Krimsky, President
Phone—Longacre 2822
Address—33 West 42nd St.

"Joe, my dear, a show with *you* seems so much more thrilling."

"Oh, I don't . . . ."

"Now halt that blush, old jemmy. It's not your elegant appeal that does it. It's the jaunty seats you always manage to shovel up. If Bob and Wally and the rest would only learn that Bascom address . . . ."

And branches at The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy Plaza, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Astor and St. Regis.

THEATRE TICKETS, BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Elegance in all things

Through all the changes of fashion and fancy, one woman remains eternal... she whose passion is for elegance. The perfumes that Guerlain drew from the flowers for some far-off queen or duchess are gone with the spun gold that lay so lightly on their shoulders. But the quality of elegance is still the Lord of Moods . . . and the woman who adores elegance still commands it from Guerlain. For who can deny the power and the beauty of Shalimar?... Who can deny the douceur of L'Heure Bleue... or the strange modern charm of Liu? Who knows, and knowing resists, the powder of Guerlain . . . touched with the fragrance of Shalimar? And who, feeling the lipstick of Guerlain on her lips, smooth, indelible as fate, does not partake of elegance and beauty? For elegance is beauty and to augment it is an art... an art that has no master equal to Guerlain.

Shalimar is $12.50 *and* $25 ..... *Liu is* $30 ..... *and L'Heure Bleue is* $5 *and* $15.

Guerlain parfumeur Paris

Here's That Remarkable New Edition of the Toastmaster

NO WAITING! • NO WATCHING! • NO TURNING! • NO BURNING!

Works Automatically . . . Won't Burn Toast!

HERE'S that remarkable new edition of the Toastmaster. An utterly new model of the famous toaster that "Pops Up The Toast."

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast!

It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display both in 1 and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

285-R

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster That Pops Up The Toast

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

A Division of
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

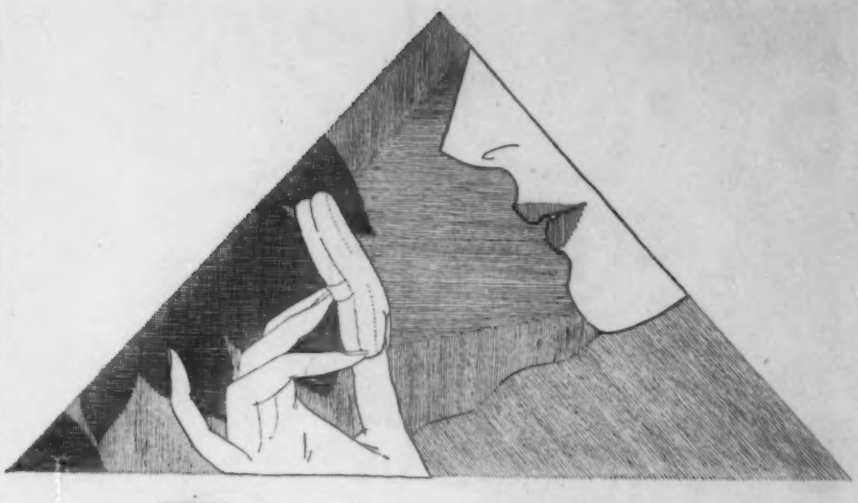
who appears to possess the remarkable faculty of being in two places at once. For instance, I have left him sitting at a soda fountain in East Fifty-third Street and taken a taxi to a somewhat similar establishment in West Fifty-second, only to find this same shining spirit sitting in a corner with an unmistakable air of having been there for a long time. Frankly this quality in the man—let us call him Mr. Lloyd Thomas—has occasionally made me a little nervous, but I have always convinced myself that the thing had some rational explanation. He had perhaps some dark and secret knowledge of the New York subway system which permitted him to be whisked from place to place while less dexterous souls were hopelessly involved in the surface traffic. It was, then, only with a vague, an unformulated distaste that I noticed him sitting in a corner of *your* soda fountain. My friend, too, had previously noticed and commented on Mr. Thomas' peculiarity. Less phlegmatic than I am, however, its effect on him had been more serious, and that night it reached a disastrous culmination. For a time he stood with his back to the fountain, staring with gathering wildness at the silent figure in the corner; then, suddenly, before I could stop him, he strode across the room, and sat down at Thomas' table.

"I'll bet you ten dollars," he said in a high, angry voice, "that right this minute you're sitting in the corner down at Mario's."

Mr. Thomas, apparently convinced that he had to do with a lunatic, said nothing, just sat there, and after a minute my friend got up and came back to the fountain.

"It's just what I thought," he told me gloomily. "They've simply got him painted on the wall."

I TOOK him out of the soda fountain because people were beginning to stare, and we wandered aimlessly along the hall, looking in at some of the innumerable doors which lined it. Once we found ourselves looking down from a balcony into the Grand Ballroom, which had by this time been darkened and where the twenty little Negroes were engaged in what you have so felicitously described as "the secret excitations of the Congo." This exhibit being scarcely calculated to compose my poor friend's mind, we wandered on, once into rather a large ping-pong court, and several times into smaller rooms where the mental and monied had gathered in scenes of al-



To prevent that powdered look use a powder that blends

THIS NEW BEIGE POWDER ACTUALLY BECOMES PART OF THE SKIN

The eagerly sought natural finish can not be achieved with powder chosen haphazardly or simply because of habit. Certain powders cause streaks; others spottiness—but Primrose Beige is so perfect a shade and so fine in texture that it actually becomes part of the skin. It clings, and remains on the face for hours—a precious boon to women who don't like to be forever reaching for the powder puff. To learn the advantages of this luxurious $3 powder, you need only buy a dollar's worth, for it is now available in $1 size.

At all better class drug and department stores, in boxes, $1 and $3. Primrose House Salon, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRIMROSE HOUSE

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

◆

"IT'S A Gift"

...the way Sunkist Junior takes *all* the juice out of oranges and lemons—

—*most* of the work out of this daily (and nightly) process—

—and *much* of the worry out of Christmas giving!

You can give Sunkist Junior to close friends or distant relatives with equal assurance that you've batted 1.000 in your choice. *Everyone* uses orange or lemon juice these days—in some form or other. (Thus, if you're figuring it on a dollars and cents basis, Sunkist Junior at $14.95 is far cheaper than other household appliances—because it's used much oftener.)

And whether it's a quick order for a glass or a gallon—it's all the same to Sunkist Junior. A snap of the switch and it's ready to extract everything drinkable from oranges, lemons and grapefruit—without effort or muss. Juice electrically extracted is actually *better*. It's "aerated", and all the healthful pulp is finely shredded.

Sunkist Junior stands 10 inches high from rubber feet to tip of alabaster glass bowl. Only two, instantly removable parts to be rinsed under running water. Guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange to withstand the heaviest sieges of home work.

Put Sunkist Junior in numerous places on your Christmas list and be thanked for a Santa Claus who gives wisely and well.

$14.95

at department, electrical and hardware stores everywhere. If your dealer is sold out or cannot supply you, send coupon immediately with money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) and a Sunkist Junior will be sent to reach you before Christmas.

Sunkist Jr.

ELECTRIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

MAIL COUPON TO NEAREST ADDRESS

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Div. 2211-A
900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Or, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed is money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Send Sunkist Junior.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

most overpowering camaraderie. At last we came to a door and opened it and found ourselves in the middle of a field, as bright as noon, as green as arsenic. Here and there about the field were golfers in evening clothes, but disturbing as this was, it was something else which finally drove us down the stairs, into the checkroom, and out into Fifty-eighth Street. Through this field a brook ran and in this brook there swam, majestically, a large and solemn colony of live eels.

AS I have said, Miss Livingstone, we left then. We have never been back, nor, indeed, has either of us mentioned our experience since. Never, that is, with the exception of one remark my friend made as we got into the taxicab.

"It's all just a set," he said fiercely, as if he were afraid I might argue with him. "Like the movies. They'll have it all down by tomorrow morning. Forget that for a minute and you go crazy."

Piquantly, beautifully yours,
WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

SONG FOR HEROES

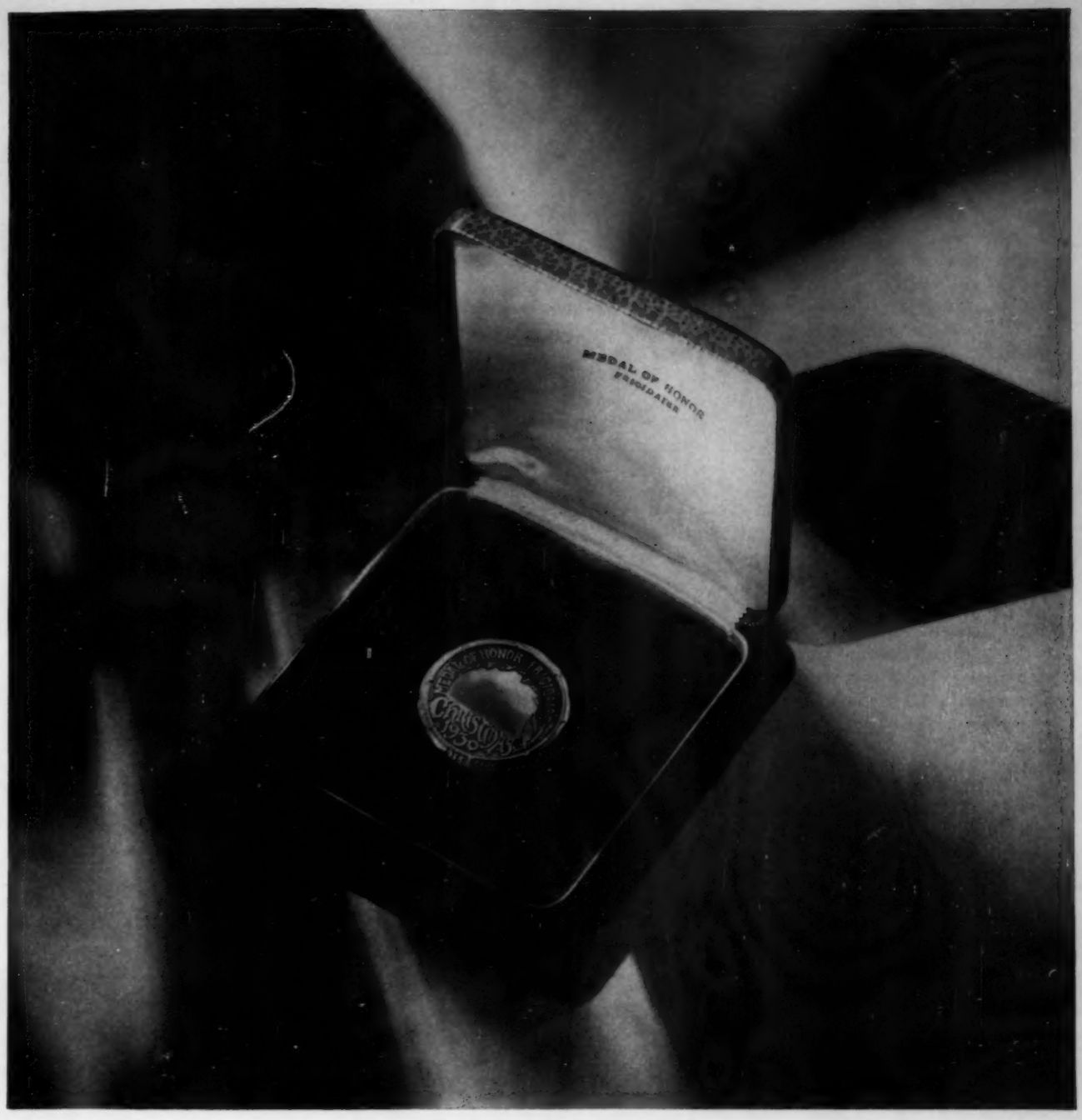
Captain O'Hare was a mariner brave;
He refused to abandon his ship;
A hero, he sleeps in a watery grave—
And his widow is now Mrs. Bipp,
Haw! Haw!
His widow is now Mrs. Bipp!

Henri Dupont was a fearless young ace;
Five thousand feet up he was hit;
Each year on his grave pretty flowers we place—
And his widow is now Mrs. Schmitt,
Haw! Haw!
His widow is now Mrs. Schmitt!

Corporal Dunn was a volunteer bold;
He plunged in the deadliest fray;
A bayonet thrust laid him out stony cold—
And his widow is now Mrs. Gray,
Haw! Haw!
His widow is now Mrs. Gray!

But Peter McGuck was a cowardly sneak,
Like a hound he remained home in fear;
When fishing one day he fell into the creek—
And his widow is now Mrs. Greer,
Haw! Haw! Haw!
Mrs. William O'Houlihan Greer!

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



It has ever been the privilege of Frigidaire to serve a distinguished clientele. » » » At this Yuletide season, it seems fitting that Frigidaire should merit consideration as an enduring symbol of your affection. » » » We respectfully solicit inquiries regarding delivery of the "Medal of Honor" Frigidaire before Christmas.

Frigidaire

THIRTY-NINE WEST FORTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK

A REPORTER AT LARGE

POUR LE SPORT

ALTOGETHER aside from their dispensation of justice, the law courts of our land perform another hugely interesting function: they are the great givers of the lowdown on human emotions and human enterprises. Clandestine love or banking, adventure or salesmanship or government, the tricks of all the trades come blinking out to view in that interminable, grinding process of question and answer, question and answer. To get what he wants, the pot calls the kettle black when a jury is listening. And if it were not for the almost stupefying dullness of courtrooms, the illusion market in our handsome land would even now be down in the melancholy reaches with wheat and copper and rails.

These meditations are called up by no less illuminating an incident than the late Tunney-Mara affair. In that *cause célèbre*, superficially a contest to determine the rightful owner of half a million disputed dollars, the Supreme Court played Zola to the sports racket and gave us a story that might be called "The Making of a Champion"—a tale rich in the naïve double-cross, the bland deception, and the earthy dollar-grubbing of the prize-ring. As this is written, the Court is making ready for a sequel to the original work, with Tunney vs. Boo Boo Hoff its theme. But the motif was announced, in all its grand simplicity, in the first story. As, perpend:

THE late winter of 1925 found Tunney in an enviable situation. The former Greenwich Village shipping clerk, champion of the A.E.F., and lumberjack had beaten the principal challengers for the heavyweight championship, and only Dempsey stood between him and the Ultima Thule of fisticuffs. He felt that he could beat Dempsey if he were given certain advantages, but the difficulties confronting him were great.

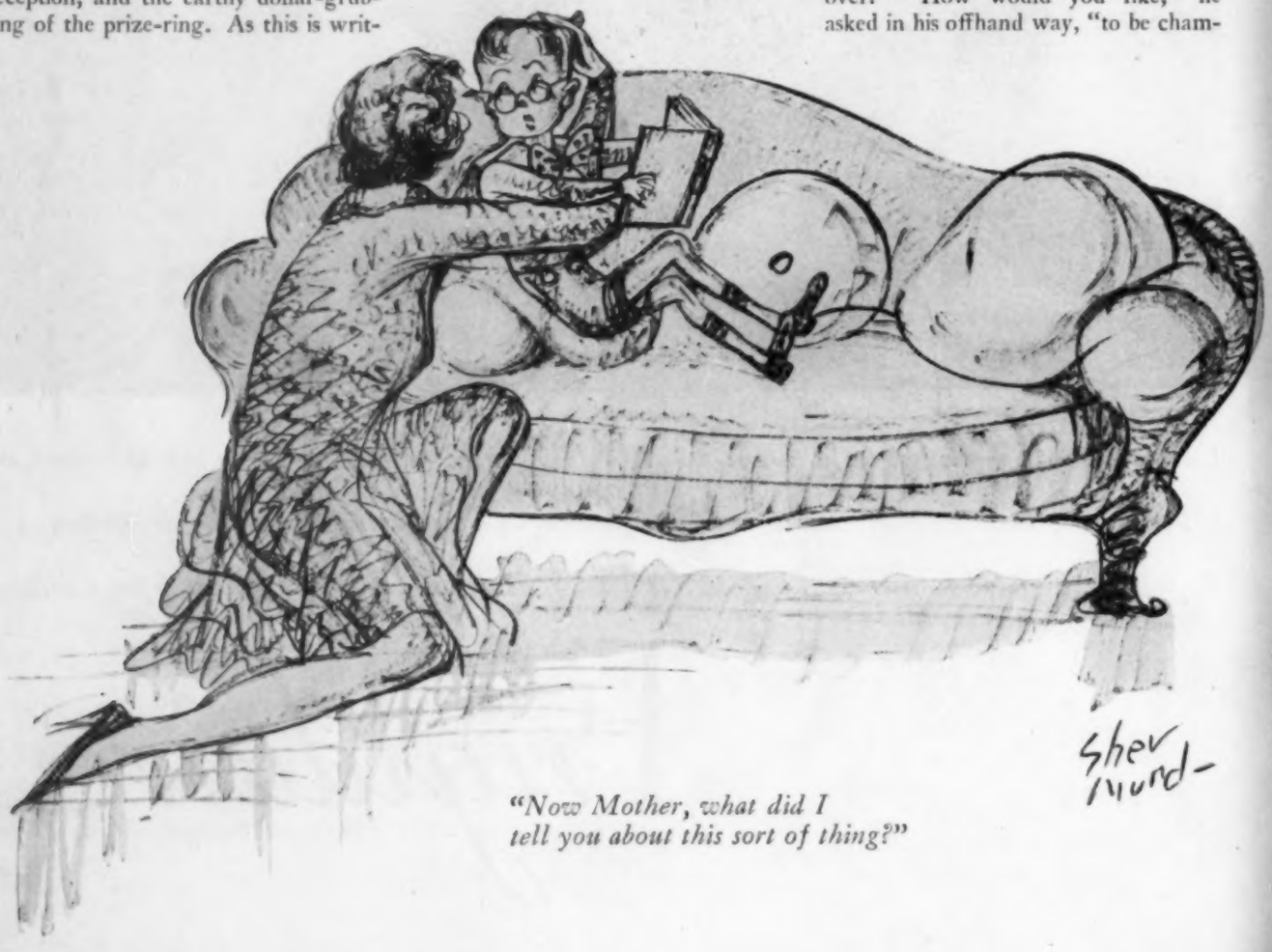
In the first place, there was Harry Wills, the Negro. Nobody knew very clearly just what the fighting ability of Wills might be, for he had not been allowed to battle very often. But a tabloid or two with heavy circulation in Harlem had taken up the cudgels for him, and the Boxing Commission of the state had committed itself to a ruling that Dempsey could fight nobody else in New York until he had disposed of the Wills challenge.

This, however, was not the chief obstacle to Tunney's upward march. The chief obstacle was Dempsey's engagingly honest viewpoint that the only important thing in the prizefighting business was the money. The champion was interested in a million-dollar gate, and in very little else.

Tex Rickard was the keystone of the situation. He was the one promoter who could build up a huge show for the boobs, and both fighters knew that their profits and their ambitions could go no further than Rickard might carry them.

Tunney had employed Billy Gibson to manage his affairs, and Gibson's contract specified that he was to receive one-third of all Tunney's income from all sources. It was Gibson's advice that the only course, in consideration of Tunney's impressive record of victories, was to wait for Rickard to move.

RICKARD did approach them, right enough, and it was Rickard who broke the ice they all were trembling over. "How would you like," he asked in his offhand way, "to be cham-



"Now Mother, what did I tell you about this sort of thing?"

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

OPEN season for loose talk and loose thinking on what is oracularly called The Business Situation is right now in full swing.

The homely fact is, business is neither as bad as the croakers say, nor as good as the hopers would like to believe.

Every hard-bitten realist who today sits closeted with his worries in the Front Office knows that sales are tough to get, but *can* be had.

Also he knows that general prosperity, like a major football victory, is not to be won solely by the vocal pep of the cheering section.

NO sane man expects boom business in America to return in parade formation all on a given date, like an infantry outfit reporting for duty.

There never has been a time in this or any other country when all businesses were prospering, or all businesses were not.

Right now, there are bright particular stars shining profitably in the commercial twilight—in every line of merchandise that you could name.

Melon-cutting will be generally in order when enough other firms emulate their stalwart example, and *compel* the record sales they now desire.

IF you want to hasten that day in your case, now is a fine time to supplant the idle question "How's business?" with "*Where's* business?"

Better than that, take a good, unwishful, morning-after look at your product, your sales plans, yourself.

Is the commodity you make and hope to sell, styled, finished, priced to present needs — if your market knew the facts about it would it sell itself?

Is your selling-energy out full-limit, are your sales and advertising plans extraordinarily gauged to extraordinary resistances — or are you cutting the power just as you are trying to make the hill?

About yourself, and this is more important than you might think: along with experience, imagination, judgment — have you a plenitude of plain old-fashioned Nerve?

If your business yields the right answer to these three simple and elemental questions, *bet on America and don't worry about where you are going from here!*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST presumes to venture a word on this subject because it harbors not the slightest doubt about its own direction.

It is marching steadily ahead now as it has for thirty years, to the tune of an additional hundred thousand readers every year, exactly on the course it charted for itself a long, long time ago.

It is continuing to seek out and sift out, by force of its character, interest and authority, the hand-picked core and center of the wealthiest public on earth—that hub *three-million-strong* which turns the taste, thinking, *buying*, of the other millions in this land.

It is moving straight ahead more serviceably than ever before into the greatest business era the world has ever seen, and if you are not insensible to opportunity you are cordially invited to come along!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA

from
PARIS
madame
I bring you
something
really
new

the glorious reality of individual beauty that belongs to every woman—the special loveliness that is yours alone!

I do not seek to give to the mature woman the youthful appearance of the unformed girl . . . an impossible attempt—with results too often merely grotesque. I give you instead, the rich beauty of the distinguished Woman—poised, experienced, assured—lovelier far than any surface imitation of youth!

Here at Mon Petit Salon Intime, let me reveal your own individuality, which is the source of *real* beauty. Let my successful methods . . . proved for years in Paris . . . bring you the deep, vital loveliness that wins tribute from the whole world!

H. Jourde

P.S. I am in New York especially for the opening of Mon Petit Salon Intime . . . and for several weeks more I shall be there daily to receive my American clients. I earnestly hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing you there. (The telephone is WICkersham 3755.)

SCANDIA JOURDE
601 MADISON AVENUE · NEW YORK
Between 57th and 58th Streets

pion—to lick Dempsey and move up to the big position?"

Tunney grinned, and Rickard leaned forward. "I ve got Dempsey sewed up," he said. "He can't fight for anybody but me. And I happen to know you can lick him. He's aging fast, his condition is all to pieces, and if you think you can live on seventy thousand dollars a year I'll give you a match with him. Ready to fight for me?"

They shook hands, and Rickard went out to angle for Dempsey, who wasn't sewed up at all, while Tunney and Gibson undertook a little scheming of their own to consummate the bout. Rickard, lamented fellow, knew it would be difficult to sign Dempsey because he knew how much money Dempsey would want. But he dropped hints until at last one day he received a simple, direct inquiry by telegraph from Dempsey:

"When, where, what guarantee for match with Tunney?"

THEREAFTER the telegraph wires burned with correspondence between the two. The gist was that Rickard offered Dempsey a four-hundred-thousand-dollar guarantee and forty-five per cent of all gross receipts over one million dollars, the fight to be held in New York City; while Dempsey wanted a five-hundred-thousand-dollar guarantee, fifty per cent of everything over a million, and Jersey City as the site for the match. That last predilection, incidentally, had nothing of patriotism for Jersey in it. The New Jersey boxing laws specify that no decisions be given, even on championship matches, and titles do not officially pass on Boyle's Thirty Acres except through a knockout.

One or two of the many telegrams will show their flavor. These, for example, from Rickard to Dempsey: "Best I can offer is four hundred thousand with forty-five per cent privilege. We would draw more in New York than in New Jersey but it will be all right with me if you insist on Jersey." "Anyone who attempts to promote a Dempsey-Wills bout will kill boxing." "Let me know your decision as soon as possible as you know it takes a long time to work up a big show."

Dempsey replied: "Sorry, Tex. Am offered half million by people here to box Tunney Jersey City. Must have that and privilege fifty per cent."

These interchanges went on interminably, until Dempsey finally agreed to meet Tunney for four hundred and fifty thousand dollars and forty-five

This Curve

Sets the Billfold Style for 1931••

Steichen

CURVING the pockets of the Bill-Tainer, we've sheared away inches of leather, eliminated bulk, reduced weight. And at the same time, we've kept the Bill-Tainer entirely practical. It has five pockets, surprising capacity . . . and a thinness, a smartness, altogether new and delightful • Where other billfolds are sewed together, the Bill-Tainer is folded. Folded so securely that the pockets can be cut away in a graceful curve without any necessity for reinforcing seams, or stitches, or ugly binding of any kind. With no threads to wear, no stitches to rip, the Bill-Tainer lasts as long as its leather. Should it give way at any point, it is replaced free • Ingenious folding construction permits the Bill-Tainer to expand freely. Empty or full, it's always flat and shapely. Several styles. Many leathers. $2.50 to $15. Most dealers', or write Buxton, Inc., 411 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.

New trade-mark identifies the genuine Buxton Bill-Tainer.

Buxton

BILL-TAINERS

NOT A STITCH TO RIP OR TEAR

It's *Risky* to Select Polish by Perfume alone

Cutex Liquid Polish gives sparkling beauty to your nails

High lustre, durability and ease of application . . . are the first essentials of good Nail Polish

IN choosing a polish to tip your fingers with a sparkling charm, don't be misled by the fleeting appeal of fragrance alone. Bear in mind that the first purpose of any nail make-up is to flow smoothly into a brilliant lustre . . . a lustre that will last for days without cracking, peeling or developing ugly brown patches.

These high standards of polish perfection were established long ago by Cutex Liquid Polish. Today they have won the approval of smart social leaders all over the world . . . and of countless busy women who take the Cutex short-cut to chic in the midst of crowded days. Here are the five outstanding reasons why Cutex Liquid Polish is an international success:

- Its Sparkling Lustre is unequaled.
- Lasts, undimmed, for Days and Days.
- Goes on Smoothly, easily, evenly.
- Does Not turn yellow or discolor in any way.
- Lightly Perfumed, or Unperfumed, whichever you prefer.

Northam Warren • New York, London, Paris

CUTEX KIT—POLISH & REMOVER TOGETHER . . . *only 50¢*

per cent of the gate in excess of a million dollars—specifying that he was to have the privilege of posting a checker at each entrance gate to the arena, and of putting an observer constantly on Rickard's books.

Tunney was quite unaware of Rickard's dealings with Dempsey. The latter two were requesting of each other the utmost secrecy, even after the contracts had been signed, and Tunney believed the plans were meeting all sorts of snags. He and Gibson, trying to be shrewd about the thing, decided that the big stumbling block was Harry Wills. There is little doubt that Rickard, wanting to keep Tunney occupied while the negotiations with Dempsey went on, nourished this misunderstanding of the situation. Tunney did not, of course, want to fight in Jersey City. He knew he could not beat Dempsey by a knockout.

Rickard told Tunney to do everything he could to secure permission for a New York fight, pointing out that no other big city had ever staged a million-dollar show, and that everything would probably be off if the New York Boxing Commission was stubborn in its support of Wills. This was quite apparently a little device to keep Tunney busy with something—anything—while the great men went about their arguments as to price. It was also designed to impress Tunney with the difficulties of the promoter's job. And Tunney fell for it.

HE got in touch with Tim Mara, bookmaker, sports promoter, Broadway flash, who could call politicians and big shots by their first names. He told Mara that everything in his effort to meet Dempsey depended upon permission to hold the fight in New York, and he urged Mara to help get that permission. He would, he said, give Mara twenty-five per cent of every dollar he earned after winning the championship, if only he would fix everything up so the championship bout could come off.

That promise was the basis of the suit. Tunney wrote Mara: "If you want to have the contract for the full twenty-five per cent between you and me drawn up, do so and send it to me."

Mara and Gibson, in New York while Tunney was in California, made a great show of fixing everything up. They wrote long letters saying just what officials they had seen and what had been done. "The little guy at City Hall" was fixed up one day, and "the

MAKE YOUR HOME A SUNBEAM HOME

. . . three lovely gifts

all new wonders in electric cookery

Sunbeam MIX-MASTER

Mixes, stirs, whips, beats quickly, silently and smoothly

ABUNDANT power to make the fluffiest, flakiest mashed potatoes, turnips, squash. Whips cream in record time. Finer-grained, smoother cake batter. Beats eggs. Mixes stuffing, meat loaf, fruit cake. Improves them all amazingly!

No end to its usefulness. Powerful, light and portable, *and so quiet you can hardly hear it!*

There is nothing to hold—it stands by itself. Just set the speed regulator—Mixmaster does the rest. It has two beautiful bowls. Easiest mixer to clean! Completely adjustable! Occupies little space!

This clean, trim, sturdy, powerful food-mixer is as good looking as it is useful. As powerful as it is quiet. *A gift that elates all women*—$24.75.

The Mixmaster motor tips back when mixing is finished allowing beaters to drain into bowl.

Made and Guaranteed by
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.
5692 Roosevelt Road, Chicago
11 West 42nd St., New York
41 years making quality products

Sunbeam WAFFLEWITCH

Waffle-Grids, Batter Bowl, Measure Ladle—everything you need—all in one

NO MORE messy batter bowl, spoons or pitcher on your dining-room table when you make waffles. Wafflewitch ends mess, inconvenience and guesswork. Batter bowl and ladle are out of sight and out of the way—beneath the grids.

More than a waffle-iron

Just swing the grids aside and batter bowl and ladle are uncovered. One ladle of batter makes one perfect waffle. When the heat indicator says "hot," pour in batter. No guesswork or muss. Then swing grids back into place, covering batter and ladle completely. No confusion. No sticking. No greasing.

Finished in beautiful chromium plate, including batter bowl and ladle. Graceful handles. Deep, non-sticking grids. Long-life Sunbeam heating units. *A gift the whole family will enjoy.* $19.75.

Note how grids swing to one side uncovering batter bowl and ladle. Everything in one beautiful unit.

THE BEST Sunbeam ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Sunbeam TOAST-WITCH

Toasts two slices of bread, both sides at once, sandwiches, appetizers, muffins—*all automatically*

WHY *have a toaster that toasts only bread?* Here's one that toasts anything that toasting improves.

When toasting is done, the top opens—the current shuts off—and the crispy-brown food rises for easy removal. *All Automatically.* Can't burn food, table-tops, or you!

Toast sandwiches, canapes—anything you like. Toastwitch adjusts itself to any thickness. *All the full flavors are toasted and blended in.* Adjustable to any shade of toasting wanted.

Makes a beautiful gift—Finished in chromium plate—artistically designed. Dependable long-life Sunbeam heating units. $17.50.

The easiest toaster to clean! Press a lever and the heating elements lift up, revealing a heat-reflector tray. Whisk away the crumbs and Toastwitch is spotless in a jiffy.

Get these new beauties at your light company or dealer's. If not in stock, order direct from us—we will ship prepaid

SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

. . . . and they called them

"RITA'S *heavenly three!*"

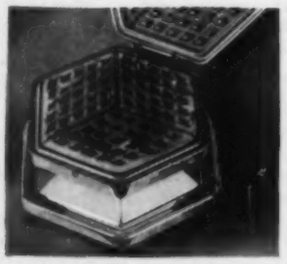
MEANING, of course, Rita's Edicraft Appliances. They all like to eat at Rita's house, for her Table Cookery is certainly the millenium come to the table. No fuss. No bother. No mistakes. Just perfection! All one needs, as Rita says, is an electric light socket and the three Edicrafts to be a perfect cook. Write for Table Cookery. It tells more about the Edicraft Products and fairly bulges with recipes for made-at-the-table food divinities.

EDICRAFT SPEED TOASTER

Load it! Set it! Forget it! Enjoy it. Toasts 2 slices on both sides at once. Opens automatically when toast is done to the shade you ordered.

EDICRAFT SANDWICH GRILL

Blends toasted-goodness into 2 sandwiches simultaneously—or broils bacon, chops, etc. Makes wonderful, non-crinkable Melba toast! Thermostatic control.



EDICRAFT WAFFLE BAKER

Makes three generous servings in the smart new diamond shape . . . each waffle perfect, each one delicious. Thermostatic heat control.

EDICRAFT

EDICRAFT PRODUCTS ARE DESIGNED AND BUILT IN THE LABORATORIES OF Thomas A. Edison, ORANGE, N. J.

big guy at Albany" was going to be seen any hour. Difficulties existed because "There is plenty of Wills money around, and we can't match it, but we're straightening out a lot of angles."

WELL, there is more than a suggestion that Tunney was being led through a song and dance, and there is little wonder that his own lawyer, in the course of the trial, called him a poor sucker. Rickard wanted the fight for New York, of course, but Philadelphia was a heartening ace in the hole. His two fighters were signed and could not get out of it even if they wanted to. There was very little doubt that his tried, expert ballyhoo would produce the million-dollar gate all right. He was making a straightforward effort at Albany to get permission for the bout at the Yankee Stadium, but did not view with anything like despair the chances of a refusal.

Meanwhile, Tunney's helpers were making gaudy efforts to fix everything up so that the fight could be held in his native state, and he was applauding them. Even then, apparently, he was completely in the dark as to Rickard's plans and Rickard's satisfaction with the situation. He could not understand that it made no difference to himself, now, where the fight was held, as long as it was not held in New Jersey. Under the guidance of Mara and Gibson, he still held the foolish notion that the fight was off unless the Commission allowed it to be staged in New York.

It was not until the fight was over and he had been crowned champion that Tunney began to realize how stupidly he had behaved. Only then did he catch a glimmer of the truth: that Mara had done nothing for him, that even if Mara had been successful in his purpose it would have been quite unimportant, and that he was obligated to pay Mara one-fourth of all the money he earned in future exploitation of his title. Coming to the first rift in the fog that had surrounded him, he simply refused to pay Mara anything. The jury, as it turns out, believed that he was right, and as a consequence he has only to pay his expensive lawyers for defending him.

Hereafter, in my choice ringside seat, a ghostly tableau will hover between me and the fighters cuffing each other about the ring: a tableau that discloses a crowd of poker-faced gentlemen, sitting about a table and puffing big cigars, and quarrelling in hard, vehement phrases over the spoils of the game.

—MORRIS MARKEY

Rally 'round the Table

IT IS almost forgotten—that gracious, festive note at dinner when sparkling liquids in crystal glasses lent point and color to the table setting. But, among the initiate, it has been recaptured. For now informed hostesses are serving the Champagne of Ginger Ales at dinner.

It graces the table like an old wine—this bubbling, amber-hued ginger ale. Glowing brightly in the glasses, with bubbles eddying in its depths, it brings a companionable gaiety and a welcome new accent to your dinner.

And to your appetite it adds a zest. For there is something in the wonderful flavor of this fine old ginger ale—an inimitable balance—that picks you up.

Real Jamaica Ginger

Canada Dry is good for you. Its purity is unquestioned, for it is made by a process exclusive with Canada Dry that retains all the natural flavor of the real Jamaica ginger root. Even the water is subjected to Ultra Violet Ray treatment. And you will notice, too, that Canada Dry *retains its life and sparkle* long after the bottle is opened. The special process of carbonation insures that.

When next you are entertaining, or when next you want to lift dinner from its usual round, fill the glasses with Canada Dry and set them at each place. With the handy Hostess Package of twelve bottles always on hand, you are always prepared.

CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Introducing in America
A NEW PERFUME
quand
"WHEN?"
toujours moi
"ALWAYS ME"
orchidée bleue
"BLUE ORCHID"
quand?
"WHEN"
CORDAY
15 RUE DE LA PAIX · · PARIS
L'HEURE ROMANTIQUE · FEMME DU JOUR · LE JASMIN DE CORDAY
CORDAY POUDRES (FACE · DUSTING · TALC) CORDAY LIPSTICKS
IMPORTED BY LIONEL, 20-22 WEST 57TH ST., NEW YORK
IN CANADA: CORDAY, LTD. 468 KING ST. W., TORONTO

©1930 Lionel Trading Co., Inc.

THE RACE TRACK

In Closing—Mirbat's Pimlico Cup—A Gesture Gone Wrong

AFTER some reflection I do not think I remember the close of a season—racing really ends with Pimlico, Bowie being a sort of dead last round for those who vainly hope to get even—when so many of us breathed a sigh and a "Thank God, that's over." Perhaps it was the weather, or the form of the horses—one was bad, and the other worse—or it may have been both. Winners are hard enough to find at this tricky period of the year, when quantity exceeds quality, but when it is hard to back one in the first three races on the card, one's faith in equine nature wavers. Oh, well. A fortnight hence we all shall be wishing for a race track to go to; and we'll be keener than ever next spring.

IT used to be that when a horse lost his usefulness on the flat, he was put to jumping; now jumpers go down to Pimlico and win Cup races on the flat. Shades of Exterminator, a jumper! But, as the dormouse might have said, he was such a high-priced jumper.

Ed Bradley bought Mirbat, a five-year-old horse by Nouvel An, in France, where he had shown useful form on the flat, and brought him to Saratoga in August; and there Big Jim Healy started him in a steeplechase, in which he finished fourth. Later Healy decided jumping was not Mirbat's *métier*, but remembered that a race earlier in the meeting had indicated he was a fit horse. So Mirbat ended up in the Pimlico Cup.

The going for the Pimlico Cup was all mud and water, though there was no rain that afternoon, and Mirbat splashed along a dozen lengths behind Inception, William T., and Grey Coat, for a mile and six furlongs. When they had run themselves out, Mirbat splashed along at the same pace to win by some fifteen lengths from the hapless William T.

SUN BEAU is not a true stayer. I was so convinced that he would not fancy the twelve furlongs of the Bowie Handicap, even though his opposition was second-rate, that it seemed the spot to take the field against the favorite. That sort of thing, however, isn't done at a pari-mutuel track.

Sun Beau might have won at a mile and a quarter, but at that point he weakened and was beaten by Inception and William T. Excuses have been made that Coltiletti obeyed too literally the riding orders of Mr. Kilmer, who trains his horses—and trainers—by telephone and telegraph; for when Cannon slipped Inception to the front in the first quarter of a mile, Sun Beau followed with Coltiletti sitting in the saddle as though he were riding downhill. I seldom have seen a horse lose his action so completely as Sun Beau did when put to a drive: he seemed to be throwing his legs away all through the stretch.

Inception was bought for steeplechasing by Rigan McKinney last spring but ran so well in the Dixie that he was kept for flat-racing.

THE gesture of protest made by Tommy Murphy, trainer for the Greentree Stable, against the order of Louis Beard not to run Twenty Grand in the Walden Handicap brought to an unhappy conclusion the season's campaign of the colt which I believe will be our best three-year-old. Although second in the Pimlico Futurity, Twenty Grand showed he did not care for a muddy track, and I'm sure that race took a lot out of him. I don't think he was expected to start, for Jock Whitney, who takes a great interest in the colt, would have come down to see him. As it was, Twenty Grand did not run within many pounds of his form in the Futurity, finishing fourth in the field of five, and sustaining the judgment of the Whitney stable's racing manager.

THE Walden, which is always regarded as an anticlimax to the Pimlico Futurity, gave much excitement before Brother Bostwick's Mate won by a scant length from Dixiana's

Clear,
Jewel-like *Colors*
in Bozart Rugs

HERE is a suggestion for that "little corner of summertime" which means so much to those of us who winter in the north. ✱ The photograph was taken in the New York studios of *House and Garden*. It shows a sun porch, with Old Hickory furniture upholstered in Bozart Fabric, and with a smart Bozart Rug in the "Mayflower" (wool surface) weave. ✱ Altogether an inviting nook. And yet no photograph can ever do justice to Bozart Rugs: so much of their beauty lies in their fascinating, jewel-like colors. ✱ Bozart now offers more than 40 lovely patterns, in seven different weaves—all completely restyled under one of America's truly inspired textile artists. Sun porches call for just such vibrant touches of warm color as Bozart Rugs so happily confer. With cold weather gathering "round the corner," it's high time now to give a thought to your own sunny "oasis"—to make it visually charming as well as snugly comfortable. ✱ Perhaps your sun porch needs the toning up that a well-chosen Bozart Rug can give it—and so inexpensively, too! Consult your decorator or your favorite floor-covering department. If you have any difficulty, please communicate with the Bozart Corporation, 295 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BOZART
RUGS & FABRICS

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers

CLOTHING

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Dinner Coats & Accessories

Send for "A Wardrobe for
EVENING"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

Hotel Pierre

FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET
NEW YORK

Tower Suites
of three to ten rooms
and
Suites with Terraces

Single Rooms and Suites
for Transient or Longer Visits

TELEPHONE: REGent 5901

¶ Living luxuriously is as much a matter of *where* as of *how* ..The location of Tishman Apartments is as carefully selected as the construction is carefully planned.

You will be pleased with the surprisingly low rentals of Tishman-built homes. 3 to 13 rooms. Send for brochure.

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO. INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

Sweep All, with Surf Board, the horse I thought might turn the trick for the Greentree Stable, just beaten for second place.

THE gathering of the hunting set for the Masters of Foxhounds Steeplechase, for hunters, over brush, at three miles, was rewarded by one of the best races of the season through the field. All the trimmings: A pink coat leading the parade as the band played the dozen runners to the post with "D'ye Ken John Peel?" Good riding, too, though Rigan McKinney came down with Golden Gorse at his unlucky fence. Augustus Goodwin took the big silver bowl back to Boston again after his redoubtable Land Boy beat Stephen Elkins' North Woods in a finish that looked close enough to be a dead heat.

THE MORNING LINE: The news that Laverne Fator will not ride for the Rancocas Stable next season. . . . The Whitney stable yes-men. . . . John Sanford eating peanuts and stamping on the shells. . . . The two-dollar bills with the corners torn off. . . . The coffee in the little clubhouse at Pimlico that never tastes quite as good as it smells. . . . The band playing "Maryland, My Maryland" before the last race. . . . And the Honourable George telling us that if all the horses running at Bowie were laid end to end it would be just too bad, but that Sun Beau will win the Southern Maryland Handicap. . . . *Vale!*—AUDAX MINOR

•

SERVICE WHERE IT COUNTS. We heard recently of a case where three men were in a sloop, without either wind or gasoline, and a long way from home. They sent one of their party out in the dinghy to hale a passing Tydol barge. The barge, in a manner of speaking, stared in astonishment at the little skiff with its crew of one sailor and one empty gallon gasoline can. The skiff clung to the side of the barge and explained that five gallons of gas were needed most urgently—and the barge, with a great roar of laughter, gave up the necessary drop or so of her cargo. The skiff wanted to know "How much?"—but the monster only chugged off, bellowing down what wind there was: "That particular five gallons will be charged up to Service and Advertising." This has helped no end in bringing back our faith in the Essential Humanity of even the Biggest Businesses.—*Theatre Program Magazine.*

It leaves us wondering, just the same, what they put the other four gallons in.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

YOU simply dare not trust a calendar, these days. There *ought* to be ample time, in almost two full months, to effect the gracious and proper observance of Christmas. But hours disappear into each other . . . short days are quickly weeks . . . and before you really know it, the bright event is upon you!

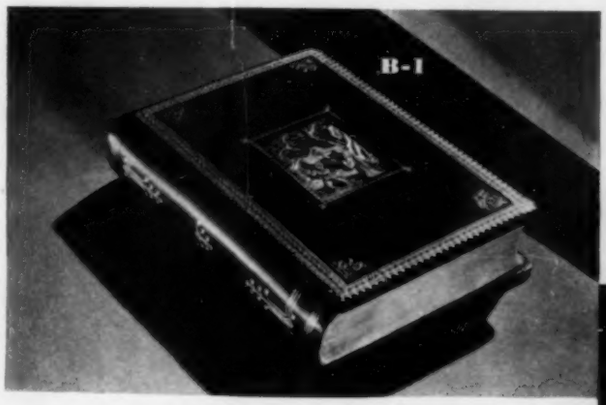
And so far as gifts are concerned, the matter isn't altogether to be helped by early shopping. Perhaps the wisest plan is to decide well in advance just what those gifts will be — and *then* to purchase quietly and at your leisure.

Each year, a great many people of taste and judgment who own and treasure lovely things themselves, choose to give articles of fine leather to those for whom they hold a real affection. And if, by some chance, you could see the pieces they select . . . a collar box, in ostrich skin . . . a case for precious jewels . . . you would find a great many of them imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R.

That symbol, placed upon every article of fine leather manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., of Philadelphia, is the witness of a high tradition.

Throughout eighty years, this establishment has endeavored to sustain the principles of the founder. He believed, and members of the same family now believe, that quality and workmanship must be the first consideration. And because the finest materials go into these beautiful gifts, and the talents of highly skilled craftsmen give them their being, you may accept them simply as the best.

C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather goods of every description, excepting luggage. They may be had at the better department stores, leather goods stores, jewelers, haberdashers, and stationers.



A-1 . . . a card box of fine leather, with an inlay on the top of either red Cinnabar or jade. The box contains six gold pencils, twelve packs of cards, and six score pads. There are many other lovely designs, available with six or eight packs of cards.

B-1 . . . a dictionary, Webster's Collegiate Edition, beautifully printed on India paper and bound in black leather with an inlay of red Cinnabar. There is an alphabetical index. The book may also be had in several other bindings, with or without the inlay.

C-1 . . . a leather-covered Preference chest of cedar wood, for table use, with four compartments for cigarettes. Interchangeable labels (20 brand names) furnished with each. In many leathers, with or without jade or Cinnabar inlays, or Florentine gold tooling.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

PHILADELPHIA and NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

TO THE LADIES
(bless 'em!)

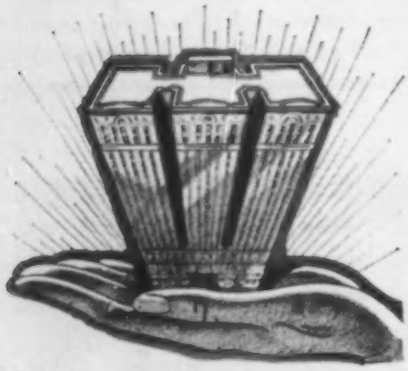
IN the estimation of that venerable wise-man, Benjamin Franklin, in recognition of whose greatness this hotel is named, the ladies were always first to be considered.

Consequently, in pursuance of this attitude of our patron saint, we, too, are always most anxious to please the ladies, be they debutantes from Park Avenue or those dear old aunts from Dubuque.

Those who partake of our hospitality will readily testify to its traditional quality, to the excellent service that has become our byword, and to the atmosphere of quiet refinement that every lady looks for in a hotel. There is a (lady) floor clerk on every floor to attend to all your wants.

If these things appeal to you, then The Benjamin Franklin is the hotel for you in Philadelphia.

1200 rooms, each with bath
Rates commence at four dollars



THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
HORACE LELAND WIGGINS—Managing Director
UNITED HOTELS

BOXING

Some Left Hooks and a Definition—Local Boy—Advice to the Fallen

JIMMIE MCLARNIN won the lightweight championship of the world for Tony Canzoneri one night last summer when he knocked Al Singer out at catchweights, with no title at stake. He softened Al Singer for the punch that Canzoneri dropped him with last week. Al was never particularly rugged, but I think that a year ago he would have got up; perhaps he might not even have been floored by Canzoneri's jolting lefts. He was absolutely fresh and in wonderful condition when he stepped in the ring, yet that one punch finished him. Once a doctor explained to me why it is that after one or two bad knockouts most fighters start going to pieces so fast. Sportswriters always talk about psychology, but doctors, when called upon to explain this phenomenon, say something vague but significant about a loosening of the tissues that hold the brain in place. It is wrong, from the medical point of view, to apply the vulgar term "slug-nut" to a pug who has become more than ordinarily stupid after repeated beatings. Such a fighter is merely suffering from a little loose tissue, which may have one of two effects: it may make him insensitive to ordinary punishment, or so brittle that the slightest jar will put him on his back.

AL SINGER is no slug-nut and never will be. He is too delicately geared to stand the tumbling process that brings some ring graduates to a condition in which they lose the knack for cutting out paper dolls, and cannot even talk to themselves lucidly any more. Al was a nice, hard-hitting lightweight. He was a courageous champion. He didn't try to take his title to the country and capitalize it even for a little while. He stayed here in town, where his friends are, and he shot for the highest stakes he could. He is through now. If he has any sense he will realize that. He will not flounder through endless absurd comebacks, like Sid Terris.

IT was the sort of fight that makes things hard for betters. There were two ways to dope it. One was to call

The Beverly
Residential Hotel
125 East 50th Street

A SMART place of residence for the New Yorker who wishes to be near things and yet away from the throng. Full hotel service is provided, with the noted Beverly-Divan restaurant cuisine to complete your comfort.

1 to 4 rooms, furnished or unfurnished, with serving pantries, on seasonal or yearly lease.

Wallace K. Seeley, Manager—Telephone Plaza 2700

This sun-lit 2 room suite

Facing the park

$225 monthly

INCLUDES maid and linen service ... electric light ... mechanical refrigeration. Also use of spacious roof-deck solarium and privilege of access to New York's oldest private park. Smaller and larger units available ... furnished and unfurnished ... excellent cuisine on premises.

A residential hotel in a distinguished neighborhood of quiet charm.

Leasing for Immediate Occupancy

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
32 Gramercy Park North, N. Y.
George H. Bradley, Manager
Telephone: GRAmercy 4340

to mind the forceful adage about stringing with the champion because he can lose only once. But a contradictory adage has been coming into favor, an adage to the effect that when there is a pronounced edge in the betting it is safest to be on the short end. The 8–5 to 3–1 bets on Singer were silly anyway. He never showed class enough to be favored to that extent over any eligible contender. Judging by the hand the crowd gave Canzoneri, not many people could have had their money up at those figures. Singer had drawn a fairly good hand, but when the applause for Canzoneri swelled up twice as loud, he grinned cynically at his chief handler, as though to say: what was the use of having got in the ring with McLarnin and had his head punched off to please a crowd like that.

McLarnin's presence was more than a phantom in the ring the night of the Singer-Canzoneri fight, more than an adjustment of the tissues supporting Singer's brain. There was McLarnin himself being introduced by Joe Humphreys: "Let me have your indulgence in presenting—Dynamite Jimmie McLarnin." It was nasty of Humphreys to throw that modifier, "Dynamite," at Singer, who had nothing to do but sit there and stall a while (the preliminary card had ended a little before the time set for broadcasting the championship), rubbing his feet in the resin and staring across at Canzoneri, who looked as strong as a Tom Thumb bull and as confident as though he were the champion and Singer the challenger.

Singer rubbed his nose and came out along the left-hand ropes the way he always does. Having seen him come out that way to knock Fernandez off his feet in the first round of their second fight, and to win the title from Mandell in a few punches, and again to be taken by McLarnin, you wondered how the first break was going to fall. Al Singer always won them fast or lost them fast. They called him the second Benny Leonard. The best way he can imitate Leonard now is by quitting while people still think of him as one of the prettiest and nerviest lightweights the ring has known. —N. B., Jr.

•

Prof. Carroll spoke for about an hour with great earnestness, and then departed for Albany.—*The World.*

We can't be serious *all* the time.

SCHERK

Lovely complexions need this fundamental skin treatment

If your pores are clean, your skin is healthy, truly beautiful. That is the all-important basis of skin-loveliness which guided the creation of Scherk Face Lotion, the *"Fundamental Skin Treatment"!* It is gentle. It is safe. It is thorough. And, after cleansing pores of deep-packed impurities, it never forgets to replace the natural facial oils so vitally necessary for a silky, pliantly youthful complexion!

1.00 . . 2.00 . . 3.50
Purse size 50

Scherk Face Lotion

The Fundamental Skin Treatment

THE FACE CLOTH TEST

To prove that "face cloth" cleanliness is not enough, wash your face; dry, then— Apply Scherk Face Lotion with absorbent pad. See the concealed dirt it brings away!

FREE OFFER! Write for trial flacon of Scherk Face Lotion to Ludwig Scherk, Inc., address Department A5, 67 Irving Place, New York City.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES

I HONESTLY will have to get around to filing back issues of THE NEW YORKER so that I can haul them out and pat myself on the back when prophecies of mine show signs of coming true. For instance, there is a rumor about that evening skirts are staying long; but as a matter of fact many of them are transparent almost to the knee. So there! And did I, or did I not, say that street dresses would get shorter rather than longer after a year? And what about those plaids I have been muttering about for years, which, according to B. M.'s last "Paris Fashions Cable," are by way of becoming a reality?

THE fact that suits are enlarging their scope by barging on into the cold-weather wardrobe, instead of staying in their rightful place as autumn and spring outfits, is easily understandable if you stop at Saks-Fifth Avenue and look in the suit department. There are two types of things they are particularly fond of this year. One is the light-colored jacket worn over a skirt in a darker color. Look at a brown wool dress here, perfectly simple, with buttons going in a diagonal line downward from the top of the shoulder, and at the silly beige checked tweed jacket that goes over it. The jacket has gauntlet cuffs, a circular collar, made flaring, like a clown's ruff, by darts, and a way of fitting in very tight and pert at the waist; one hundred and fifty dollars. Saks-Fifth Avenue's other favorite is suits whose jackets are lined either halfway or entirely with nice flat fur which doesn't add bulk. There are several examples of this type of thing; a particularly good one being of brown homespun, with brown-and-white flecked fur making the roll collar and cuffs, and lining the suit to the waist. This has a blouse of that homespun gunnysack material in white, and a perfectly simple brown skirt.

There are all kinds of things here. A new trotteur suit from Patou: a black smoking-jacket sort of thing bound with braid and having a white satin blouse and a black wool skirt with vague gray stripes going round and round. Called Petit Homme and looks it. Schiaparelli, the ole genius, is represented by one of her Napoleonic suits with a red scarf, a red sash, a white shirting blouse, exaggerated Napoleonic revers, and a knee-length jacket hanging straight and slouchy from the shoulders. Then Chanel contributes a perfect beauty: of black tweed, with a square-necked blouse of red gunnysack homespun. There is a tight little jacket made feminine by flaring lapels, stitched bits sticking out on the elbows, and such tricks.

BY tripping over a few backgammon tables, it is an easy trek to Saks-Fifth Avenue's Salon Moderne, which has been extensively reorganized. Made-to-order clothes here have been reduced in price—street dresses now cost from one hundred and thirty-five dollars, and Palm Beach dresses from one hundred and ten. Which, to my mind, is a grand achievement in custom-made prices.

The lamés, whether for afternoon, theatre, or evening, are particularly good here—startlingly simple in cut, luxurious in fabric, perfect for great ladies. And don't forget to look at Schiaparelli's Sunday-evening success: an evening dress of black crêpe with a skirt that looks like pajamas, and a long-sleeved surplice blouse of white crêpe wrapping around the waist. Too lovely.

IF you are the materialistic type who wants a lot for her money, the jacket-and-long-coat-in-one idea ought to please you. There is an evening wrap

"I guess I'll give her handkerchiefs."
"Why yes! Mary uses handkerchiefs!"

☆

An Impression

of youth and satin beautifully blended

AT BERGDORF GOODMAN....ON THE PLAZA

Miss Emily Davies, photographed by Man Ray, Paris, in a Vionnet gown

Simplicity in repose...a play of light and shadow when one moves...out of these slight elements, genius has created beauty. The gown is characteristically Vionnet in cut...the material is rich heavy satin in a choice of French colors...and it is only one of the many chic reasons why the smartest women, in America, gown themselves at Bergdorf Goodman.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

NEW YORK

☆

Have you yet had the thrill of finding the one perfume that is inexpressibly your own?

LUCIEN LELONG
PARFUMS PARIS

with a white bunny jacket and black velvet skirt, at Saks-Thirty-fourth Street; and a lapin coat, at Altman, that should fascinate you. The trick is that their skirts are detachable by means of a talon hookless fastener.

POSITIVELY the miracle of all time—and I don't except radio, the automobile, or the flying machine—has been achieved by Miss Lydia O'Leary, of 11 West Forty-second Street, who, having discovered by her own bitter experience that it is impossible to remove birthmarks at the present time, has gone ahead and invented a unique preparation that absolutely conceals them. It is a thick liquid, in either a light, medium, or dark shade, which is applied with a camel's-hair brush and blended into the skin while it is drying. Your regular makeup goes on over this, and the preparation is as easy to put on as liquid powder. You can even go swimming with it, as long as you don't mop your face while it is wet. Why no line of demarcation shows where your own skin leaves off and the covering begins, I don't know. I only know that the before-and-after contrast is so amazing that it chokes a girl all up. Here I have been writing of little fripperies all these years, and along comes something that can literally change the lives of hundreds of women.

Naturally, the preparation has other possibilities. Black eyes, for instance, whether caused by bureaus in the dark or otherwise, bad bruises, vaccination marks, and that sort of thing. Two sizes; three dollars and five dollars a bottle.

TO descend from serious matters to the common cold—Macy, always full of cute little tricks, is out with a cold-id-de-head gadget that is both sanitary and practical: mentholated handkerchiefs of soft tissue. In ladies' size, the price is twenty-three and fifty-nine cents, for twenty-five and seventy-five handkerchiefs respectively; men's size, forty-one and seventy-four cents. This should turn into one of those household medicine-cabinet standbys.

—L. L.

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS~

NOW that the special orders are out of the way (anyhow, we like to *think* that you've followed our advice), we turn to the vast array of things all ready to be wrapped up and taken home. As the stores bring out more and more of their Christmas

ONE *will always stand out!*

Chesterfield

sets the pace for

MILDER *and* BETTER TASTE

Easy enough to get in front—but it takes a thoroughbred to stay there!

Chesterfield smokers stick to Chesterfield, because here they find those essentials of true smoking enjoyment which never tire, never vary:

***MILDNESS*—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness.**

***BETTER TASTE*—such as only a cigarette of wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.**

© 1930, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

That

INDESCRIBABLE SOMETHING

•

HARK! . . . an orchestra is playing. From out its magic circle melody mounts—now stirring with its strength, now soothing with its softness—it weaves itself upon our hearts and fills our minds. Yet words cannot describe its beauty.

Nor can words describe that rare and elusive goodness—that tempting tastiness—of Schrafft's candies.

We can tell you the source of their deliciousness—the things of which they are made, the skill that guides their making. But describe their captivating taste? . . . that we cannot do! Like beauty in a melody—that is an *indescribable something.*

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION • *New York and Boston* • OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

treasures, we find ourselves leaping faster and faster in our noble effort to see everything. We might as well break down and confess right here that it is our malicious intention to infect you with the same Christmas spirit that has been eating out our very souls for weeks. Before these chaotic days are over, we hope to have you chock-full of it.

We have with us again our little friend Index. To date we have discussed:

November 1 . . . Christmas cards, luggage, and monograms.
November 8 . . . Photographers, art and such, frames and framers, lingerie and boudoir froufrous, and miscellaneous orders.
November 15 . . . Assistants and helpers, caterers, entertainers, children's parties, radios, phonographs and records, radio cabinets, and domestic animals and their accessories.

And now we take up such momentous subjects as:

For children—Part 1, below.
Perfumes and such, page 71.
Haberdashers, page 74.

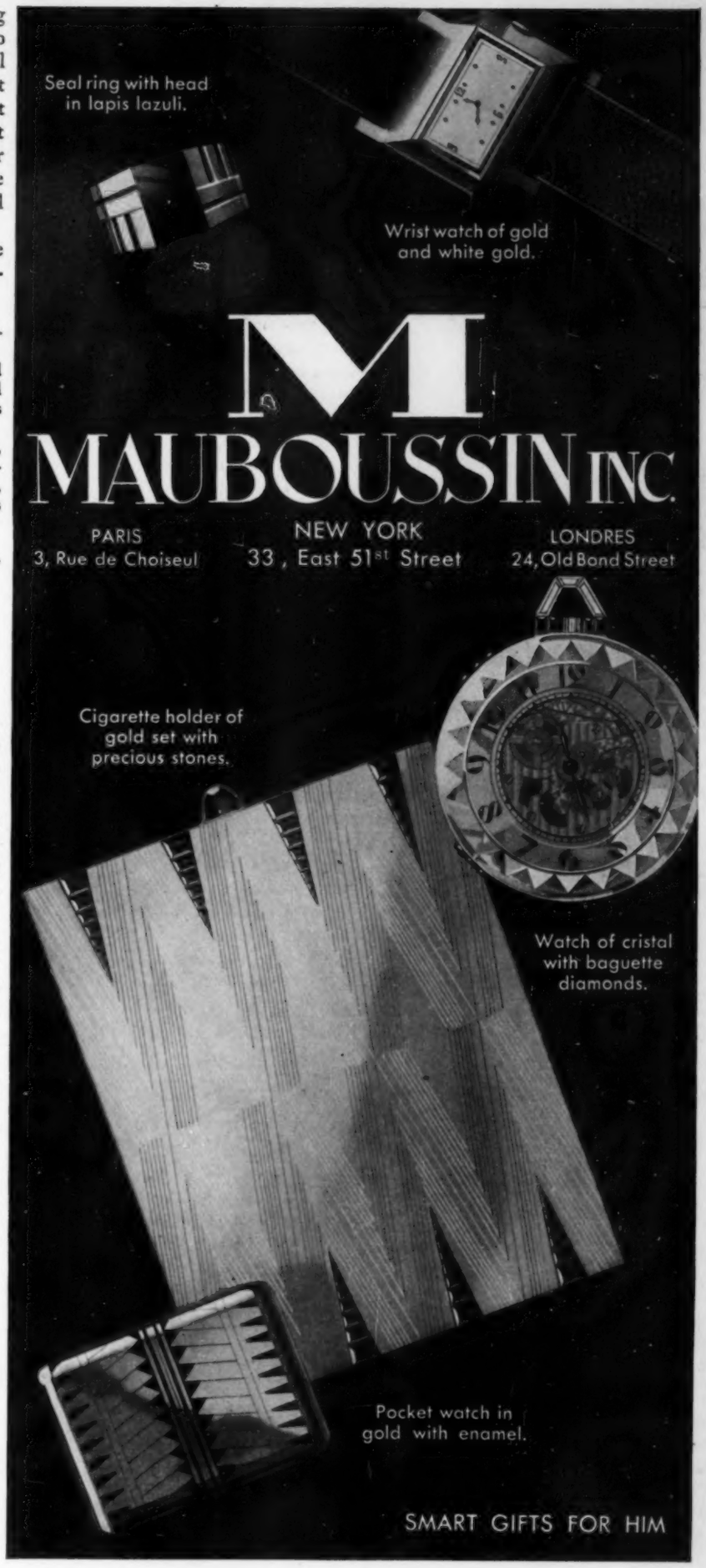
FOR CHILDREN—PART I

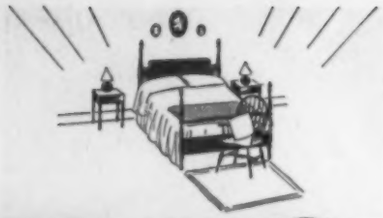
THIS list always gets to be so long that half of it has to be held over until the next week. Reserve your copy at the newsstands now.

Before we begin—books and clothes for children are not included in this division; but we flatter ourselves that it has about everything else. It should also be recorded that we refuse to go into detail about items like construction sets, the various airplane and Zeppelin models, and the Patsy doll (who has skates added to her overflowing wardrobe, and where will it all end?). These are everywhere; you don't need any guidance to find them. Likewise, any shop in town will show you a new boy-baby doll called Curlyhead (features: a soft kapok-filled body and a washable wig) and a likable piece of nonsense called the Zilotone which plays six records, including "Sidewalks of New York" and "Silent Night," by means of a little clown hammering out the tunes on a miniature xylophone. Don't buy the first child-size indoor golf course you see, either; every shop in town has a few, and the prices and kinds vary amazingly.

Allons:

ALTMAN, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street: Several new and absorbing games: Escalado, steeplechase game in which horses are propelled by vibration; $3.50, and you had better look at it yourself—it's hard to explain. Boat-


Seal ring with head in lapis lazuli.
Wrist watch of gold and white gold.
M
MAUBOUSSIN INC.
PARIS
3, Rue de Choiseul
NEW YORK
33, East 51st Street
LONDRES
24, Old Bond Street
Cigarette holder of gold set with precious stones.
Watch of cristal with baguette diamonds.
Pocket watch in gold with enamel.
SMART GIFTS FOR HIM



"They seem . . . just like air"

writes a Chicago woman

Crushing a Mariposa Blanket in your hands seems almost like crushing a handful of air. And sleep under it is sound, deep, refreshing . . . your body breathes while you sleep.

Made from many different kinds of wools, blended together, and woven by secret processes developed through almost 75 years, Mariposa Blankets have warmth without weight. Pre-shrunk, of course . . . finished blanket keeps size and shape.

Long-stranded fibres insure lasting nap that does not wash away or wear off. Wool is dyed before spinning into yarn with best dyes obtainable.

Mariposa Blankets are colorful, too . . . like a flower garden in June. In solid colors . . . lovely reversible pastel shades . . . plain and Scotch plaids. The better stores stock Mariposa blankets. If you have difficulty in finding, send coupon for name of dealer near you and copy of booklet "Restful Sleep." Sleep under a Mariposa Blanket this winter and you'll sleep as you've never slept before.

SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN

Hamilton, Ohio . . . . *Established* 1858

New York office: 320 Broadway

ALL WOOL
MARIPOSA
BLANKETS

SHULER & BENNINGHOFEN
Dept. 106, Hamilton, Ohio.

Please send me a copy of "Restful Sleep" and the name of the Mariposa Dealer near me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

race games on same plan, only more fun because boats have to go under bridges; $2.50. Regatta—English game, little boats traversing great big course on parchesi principle; $3.50. Educational game, Europe at a Glance—turn disc to any country mentioned and all sorts of postwar information automatically appears: capital, population, largest rivers, etc.; will undoubtedly be kept in desk at school (warning); fifty cents. Big toys: New Buddy L hand-car, for playing railroad; $15. Esquimau igloo, canvas-covered; big enough for Esquimaux up to, say, five years; $4.50. Stuffed animals: Absurd long-legged woolly lamb with pink-lined ears; $4. Real fur puppy, soft, squashy, lovable, and lifelike; $4.50. Old English sheep dog (very few in captivity), 18 inches high and a beauty; $30. New dolls: English doll, felt and velvet, made in exact likeness of young Princess Elizabeth; for loyal British subjects; $12. Good-looking felt dolls; $5, $6.50. Other things: Three-walled bathrooms; showers and running hot water; largest and most elaborate, $35, including bath towels and mat. Small version—without shower, and with only one wall; $2.50. Baking sets for little girls, including rolling pin, muffin tins, etc.; $2. Good old register banks—nickel, dime, and quarter; $4.50. Animal cages: Monkey house, $15; camel house—one camel, yard outside, $4; polar-bear cage, $7.50; lion house, two lions, lioness, cubs, $8.50. Dinosaur sets: Prehistoric flora and fauna in boxes; $8.50 for box holding dinosaur, icthyosaurus, pterodactyl, and other pets of former ages. Violins, child-size, by makers of real instruments; really play; $3.50.

BEST, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street: Few toys but good, including an excellent stockinet group at $1 each. There are also a soft cat with loud meow, $3.95; and a light and lifelike baby doll, $3.50. Snuggles, the rabbit-faced doll, is $1.95.

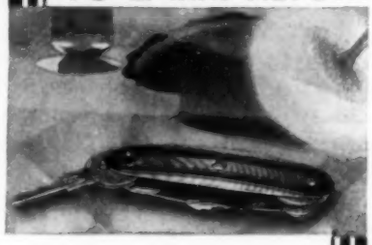
BLOOMINGDALE, Lexington Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street: Good old-fashioned toy department, with all kinds of blocks, balls, doll cutouts, and games. Blocks and wood alphabet letters, all dyed with vegetable colorings; from ninety-five cents. Paper-doll sets with costume changes and changeable heads;

TUESDAY—the day when an Austrian soldier, being chased by William Tell, seized up a large cheese for protection. The great archer, with unerring aim, riddled the cheese with arrows. Ever since then Swiss cheese-makers have taken the perforated cheese as

It's Tuesday.

their model, in honor of their national hero. Tuesday is also the day when a dinner should be topped with cheese—plus that musical program you can't pick holes in, sent by The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers over WABC at 8:45 p.m.

THE SMART WAY TO CARRY KEYS...



...is also the sensible way!

Four and six key models for men and women. Like a small penknife. Beautiful chromium plating or precious metals. Plain or engine-turned, with luck charms or lodge emblems. Locate any key in the dark with one hand. The cleverest thing you've ever carried and the handiest. Ideal for gift, prize or for YOURSELF.

$1.50 up

YANK-KEY-DOODL
KEY YANK-KEY HOLDER

At the better shops or write to F. SETTLE 274 East 51st Street New York City

Smythson's

WAFER DIARY

AMERICAN EDITION—1931

$2.00

Carriage Prepaid

A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1931 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

MM IMPORTING CO.

543 Madison Avenue : New York City

>> Thanksgiving has long been recognized as a time of epicurean delight. There could be no more felicitous way of serving a feast than Fostoria glass. Its gayety and sparkle add to the festivity and beauty of the occasion. > > A complete dinner service of Fostoria can be bought in the finest shops and stores throughout the country. It is sold on the OPEN-STOCK plan. Fostoria, fragile though it seems, is as sturdy and practical as china for serving hot and cold foods. Fostoria Glass Company, Moundsville, W. Va.

>>

FOSTORIA

forty-nine cents. Harmless rubber diabolo sets; ninety-five cents. Boxes of toy money—bills and coins, all of paper—with cash register; ninety-five cents. Game called Whiskers—framed pictures of funny-looking men under isinglass; you draw comic whiskers on them with steel wool (also under the isinglass) by means of magnet; two pictures, forty-nine cents; four, ninety-five cents. Also, large collection of bathtub toys in celluloid and inflated rubber, and lots of doll-size electric appliances that really work, including toaster. Two special toys: Stuffed teddy bear dressed in pinafore and cap—walks when wound, $5.95; Campbell Kid dolls, boy and girl; look like ads; $2.95 each.

BONWIT TELLER, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-sixth Street: A few specially selected toys in the infants' department. Particularly: *Grand'mère* and *Grand-père* dolls—sweet old Basque ladies and gentlemen in peasant costume; three different sets, $50 the set, or separately at $25; really works of art, made of a sort of gauzy fabric, stuffed. New pajama-cases—small woolly dogs, cats, and rabbits, with zipper pockets; $8.50. Boxes filled with miscellaneous toys for child to unwrap; $5, 7.50, and $10. Play balls of pastel-colored plush, in spiral strips. Furry gray squirrel—only one we have seen so far; family of Irish setters, five sizes; big black velvet cat with enormous, bushy tail. And nursery furniture.

BOUCHER, INC., 415 Madison Avenue: Specializes, of course, in authentic scale model boats and trains. Every kind of boat (steam, motor, sail); every kind of train. Almost unbelievably perfect. Also construction sets, particularly boats. Other details: Doll's electric set—iron, percolator, and waffle iron; $5. Pocket microscope, looks like fountain pen—40, 50, and 60-power; $4. Miniature cannon on marble base, exact model of Austrian howitzer down to smallest detail; really shoots; $6.50.

BRENTANO, 1 West Forty-seventh Street: The trick of the season: "Alice in Wonderland" figures (ten in all), done by an artist named Hensel after the Tenniel illustrations. The figures are made of composition, about four or five inches high, and $1.75 each: Alice, with pig baby; the Duchess, looking awful; the White Rabbit; the Mock

Jay-Thorpe

FIFTY-SEVENTH ST., WEST

•

The art of keeping warm gracefully!

•

FRENCH RABBIT UNDERHOSE

So fine textured they make you feel luxurious instead of merely sensible! Delicately spun French sheers that are practically invisible under silk stockings, and such a comfort! . . 2.95

Three pairs for 8.50

•

Rabbit underthings:

Panties and vests, 8.75

Combinations, 10.75

COTY

PERFUMED MANICURE POLISH

Finer, smoother—you use but a single coat

COTY, the perfume genius of the world, has completely eliminated *all* chemical odors from the manicure.

The gentler, finer manicure ingredients of Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish are blended with a delicate Coty Perfume to harmonize with your own perfume.

With Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish *a single coat* grooms your fingertips with a flattering, natural, perfumed brilliance. Better brushing qualities give a clearer, more natural lustre that lasts and lasts. There is never any of the artificial, over-coated appearance discriminating women dislike. This polish will not chip, peel or make the nails brittle.

Four shades: Clear, Medium, Deep, or Extra Deep—$1.00. Perfumed Polish and Solvent Combination—$1.50. At the better shops everywhere.

The test below proves that Coty Polish does not become unusable through evaporation the way ordinary polishes do.

After six days of exposure to the air ordinary polishes became gummy and practically solid.

Coty Perfumed Manicure Polish tested the same way remained fluid—easy to spread and dried quickly on the nails.

Turtle; everything. Not to be missed.

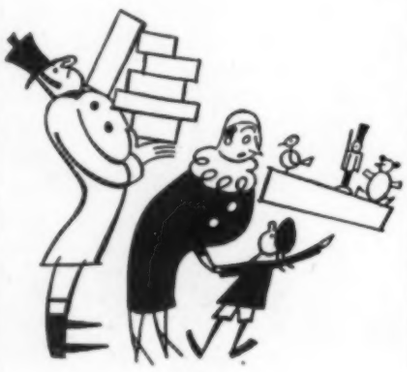
CHILDHOOD, INC., 32 East Sixty-fifth Street: A fine field for fond relatives who want to be lavish with gifts of furniture for a child's room. Authentic reproduction pieces in child's size. Secretary desk, excellent copy and sound construction; $250. Bow-back Windsor chairs; $10. Other pieces proportionately priced. They also go in for a few good imported toys (a German doll and an Italian doll in particular) but furniture is the big attraction.

CHILDREN'S BOOK AND PLAY SERVICE, 755 Madison Avenue: A grand place which groups toys according to age and doesn't go in for too much psychology. Some of the toys: Boat sets—dock, lighthouse, and boat; $2.50. Race horse, with stable accessories (including wheelbarrow) and a jockey in white kidskin breeches; $14.50. Miniature farmyards, with all the necessary animals; $2 and $3.50. Toy lumberjack set—logs, saws, tongs, and lumber trucks; $4.50. Feature: The Busy Kiddie (shop not responsible for name), a swing-and-trapeze arrangement adjustable to any doorway; will not mar wood or child. Has numbers of attachments by use of which all your children may become acrobats; $2.50 to $10.50.

CHILDREN'S CENTER, 108 East Fifty-seventh Street: Primarily a bookshop but they have a few unusual peasant toys in wood for jaded youth, and a modernistic felt frog at $3, very exciting.

DECORATIVE PLANT COMPANY, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street: A new departure for this house: Fur animals—dogs and cats, black or white, sitting or standing, real fur; $4.50 up, depending on size. Cats have pert faces and fat tails. Woolly dogs with zipper pockets in them to keep pajamas in. These make grand, floppy, lifelike toys and inspire orderliness. Great big ferocious spaniels and huge, limp Borzois in lying-down postures; $36 and thereabouts.

THE DUGOUT, 235 East Fifty-sec-



WEST INDIES AND CARIBBEAN

Four Luxury Cruises by the S. S.

STATENDAM and VOLENDAM

Of course you want luxury—in accommodations, service, cuisine! So you sail to these exotic isles the Holland-America Line way.

The S. S. STATENDAM, largest ship to the West Indies and Caribbean, is magnificently furnished—yet friendly and comfortable. Choose one of her 16-day cruises leaving New York.

December 20 (Christmas Cruise) **and January 8**

Visiting Nassau, Haiti, Jamaica, Panama, Havana

Shore arrangements and special cruise entertainment in cooperation with Raymond-Whitcomb Company.

The S. S. VOLENDAM has always been a popular trans-Atlantic Liner. She knows how to do everything well and entertain you royally. She sails to all important ports.

January 21—18 DAYS
February 11—28 DAYS

Shore excursions included in rates and under management of Frank Tourist Company.

For illustrated booklet "1" with full details send to

21-24 State Street, New York
Phone Bowling Green 5600
Branch offices and agents in principal cities

HOLLAND AMERICA LINE

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS

MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

Des Artistes

One West Sixty-seventh Street

The Home of America's foremost Illustrators and Painters. . . . Duplex Studios with living quarters, $300 to $400 per month. Also beautiful ballroom for rent. Free use of Swimming Pool and Cooking Service.

Phone Susquehanna 8440

ond Street: You know—the painted wooden toys made by World War veterans. The ones that run downhill are the best known and lots of fun; $2.25. Also: Costumers with animal decorations, $7.50; wastebaskets to match, $3.50; lamp, $6. Darling bunny slippers, of sheepskin; $3 and $3.50. Fuzzy kittens, also sheepskin; $2.50 and $3. Birdhouses, indorsed by Audubon Society; $3.50 to $40. Note: Special orders on anything of this type cheerfully carried out.

EASTMAN KODAK STORE, 356 Madison Avenue: Boy and Girl Scout vest-pocket kodaks to match uniforms; have Scout insignia; can be attached to belt; $6, with case. For your young military friends. The Brownie cameras, which any child can operate, still come in colors; $3 to $6. Children love these.

FRANKLIN SIMON, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street: Parents who love that British atmosphere should come here for toys; most of them are imported from England. Examples: Caravan automobile, like kind that tour English countryside; carpet on floor, curtains at windows, and all; $5.95. English dairy wagons, with milk pails; $7.95. Omnibuses marked "Liverpool St.;" $8.95. Doll prams, authentically British; $9.75 to $24.50. English cottage dollhouses, with garage; from $8.95. Others: Gypsy wagon, with wooden horse; $7.95 (it would be fun to dress little gypsy dolls to go in this). Metal tractors with rubber treads —snowplow and road-sweeper, each with separate trailer for débris; $2.95 each. Naval airplane carrier (doesn't float; built on wheels) with four planes that fly off deck; $10. Red-and-blue wooden taxi with light inside (battery); $5.95. Doll baby bath—waterproofed canvas swung on stand, like real ones; $3.95. Big brindle Scottie (stuffed), life-size; $4.50. Felt Bathing Beauty dolls, in tricot one-piece suit or silk pajamas; $5.95—very adult. White woolly monkey with melting brown eyes; $4.95. In baby-clothes section: Baby blankets, soft and woolly, with stuffed woolly dog curled up asleep in the middle, fastened down; $15.75. Blankets in pastel colors; dogs of various kinds, most lovable being a black-and-white puppy.

GIMBEL, Broadway and Thirty-third Street: Enormous toy department of which we can give you only a

DUO·SETTE

EVERYTHING ELSE YOU WEAR WILL LOOK MORE EXQUISITE — EVERY LINE OF YOUR FIGURE WILL SEEM MORE ADORABLE — IN A LILY OF FRANCE DUO-SETTE. JUST SEE WHAT A DIFFERENCE IT WILL MAKE TO YOUR APPEARANCE IN FITTED FROCKS AND SUITS!
W. Murray

LILY OF FRANCE

SMOKE HO!

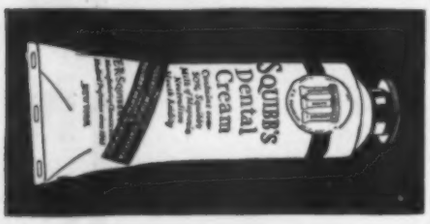
WHEN you barge about, smoking all day — remember your Squibb's Dental Cream at night.

Squibb's is not only an excellent dentifrice but it's also a land-fall for smokers — because it makes each smoke so much more worth while. Right through the whole day it keeps your smoking taste up on its toes — sparkling and fresh.

The minute particles of Milk of Magnesia which Squibb's deposits in the mouth fight acids — sweeten the breath — fend off fuzziness.

Take time out between "oh for a smoke" and "smoke ho" to freshen up your smoking taste with Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

sketchy idea. Outstanding: Peaches, a new long-legged doll in various costumes and sizes. Big one in knitted suit, Princeton colors; $6.50. Complete kitchen and laundry equipment for playhouses. All kinds of musical instruments, duplicating real ones. Lots of jazz drum sets, to make life merry for the neighbors. The Kuddly Family—perfectly lovely white or yellow furry elephants, bears, monkeys, puppies, etc.; monkey is simply irresistible; all have voices; $1.95 to $9.95. Stuffed animals on wheels—big enough to hold child who wants to ride; $4.95 to $25. Warlike toys: Assortment of tanks with tractor treads in rubber. Turnover tank, $1.75; climbs hills and flops over on its back. Fighting tank, bristling with guns; $1.50. Doughboy tank, with soldier who pops out of opening with a gun as tank goes; $1. Complete battle fleets to assemble; floating cruisers and destroyers and diving submarines; all prices. French machine gun, 24 inches high; shoots steel pellets like real model; $6.50. Only a few left now; they go fast. Group of imports, which may or may not be there when you go, supply being limited: Quilted doll comfortables, beautiful handwork from Japan. Dollhouse furniture, including liqueur sets, real glasses on trays, with two and three-inch decanters—seventy-five cents to $1.25. Handmade doll clothes from Paris, too beautiful for words and almost sure to be all gone by this time—but it would be worth trying. Finally, last year's sensation: The Jackbilt indoor playhouse and the Wayside Store—made like big packing cases; $1.95. We looked all over for these this year; this is where to find them.

LORD & TAYLOR, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street: All sorts of Christmas excitement here, beginning with a dolls' fashion show (three or four times a day) and going on through an automobile show, with velvet ropes, red carpet, and attendants in evening dress, an aviation show on the same scale, a boat show, and, finally, Animal Week, the first week in December. After that the crowds get to be too much for them and they give up. Simple entertainment, however, will go on in Santa Claus' House and

The HOTEL
PANCOAST
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

A DISTINGUISHED guest recently said: "The art of living attains perfection at the Pancoast." His remark was inspired by a composite vision of the hotel's many superior advantages . . . luxurious details of service and appointments . . . celebrated cuisine . . . unsurpassed location, directly on the ocean . . . private bathing beach and exclusive cabana colony . . . exotic tropical gardens . . . comfortable proximity to all sports activities. It explains why Pancoast guests arrive early and remain late in the season . . . also, why it is advisable to secure reservations well in advance of your arrival. : : :

J. A. PANCOAST, *Pres.*
L. B. SPRAGUE, *Mgr.*

"BON VOYAGE" ASSURANCE

Your tour or cruise planned by us . . . all the irksome travel details shouldered by us . . . and without any extra charge to you. ¶ Brochure No. 4 is a genuine travel guide. Send for it now!

Tours to every corner of the World. Steamer—Train—Motor—Plane reservations at regular tariff rates.

Travel Service Since 1878

LEHRENKRAUSS
UNIVERSAL TOURS
TRAVEL AGENCY
NEW YORK—46 West 40th St.
BROOKLYN—359 Fulton Street

THE CONCORD
130 EAST 40TH STREET
A Residential Hotel

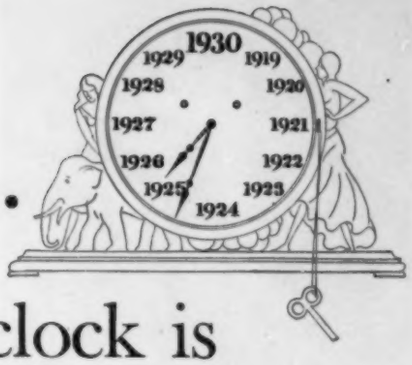
Ownership Management. Moderate Rentals with Refined Environment. Furnished or Unfurnished. Yearly or Seasonal Leases.

at the various toy counters, where sales clerks will be costumed to suit their wares—train clerks as engineers, doll clerks as nursemaids, airplane clerks in aviation helmets, etc. Children will probably have to be dragged out, weeping, at 5:30. Besides, they have elegant toys: A dolls' swimming pool, filled by pump with authentic squeak; $5. Winnie-the-Pooh teddy bears, straight out of Milne; $5, white and yellow. Big collection of furry-animal finger toys, the kind you wear on your hand and work with the fingers; Mickey Mouse included. Dressed dogs, cats, and bears with complete costumes; $2 to $13.50. Electric stove a child can really stand at—a Lionel toy, about 34 inches; $29.50. Doll's cedar chest containing bed linen and teddy-bear blanket for large-sized doll's bed; $3.95; sheets come in colors or with colored hems. Hooked-rug set—patterns, hook, and wool to work with; $1 and $2. Hammer-and-nail set—just a lot of nails and blocks of wood on which child can work off repressed urge to hammer, thus protecting furniture, woodwork, etc.; $2. Absolutely harmless soft-rubber blocks; could be used by adult members of family as erasers in a pinch; $2. Doll's wardrobe trunks, $1 to $7.50; also steamer trunks, with labels. Musical carriage for small doll—plays a tune as you wheel it; $6.75. Lots more of similar originality.

LAST thoughts for the week: The Red Bug, the electric automobile, still holding forth at bigger and better shops (just as a reminder to fond millionaire uncles). . . . For child nature students, the Audubon Society's (1974 Broadway) bird charts. . . . School equipment, at all department stores (briefcases, pencil boxes, etc.), for the child who loves his work. . . . Sporting equipment for young athletes—skates, skis, boxing gloves, footballs—at sporting-goods houses. —B. B.

PERFUMES AND SUCH

THE moment any upstart such as myself starts to tell you what perfume another woman will like, the thing to do is to get up and run screaming from the room. Individual tastes *do* differ so much! Bewildered males need guidance, however, particularly since perfume smells so entirely different in the bottle from the way it smells on the skin. The list below (all pretty devastating) is necessarily incomplete, but is a pretty surefire one. Saks-Fifth Avenue, as you know, have as complete a toilet



Is it *possible*... that your clock is 5 years behind time?

Why not be up-to-date with a Hamilton-Sangamo electric clock? We make three different kinds.

NO well brought up home ought to tolerate an outmoded clock when it's so preposterously easy nowadays to own an electric clock. Electric clocks . . . particularly Hamilton-Sangamos . . . so definitely "belong."

Looking as they do (stunning!) and priced as they are (sensibly!) you'd be a trifle unhealthy not to want at least one (or more) of these *really* smart timepieces.

Your dealer, with a pardonable bit of pride, will gladly show you *three* different types of Hamilton-Sangamos. Electrically wound clocks for AC or DC power. And NEW synchronous* electric clocks at practically Tom Thumb prices!

All are handsomely cased. And you never wind any of them. You simply plug a tiny cord into a light socket and . . . they keep you "time-straight" forever.

DECOR. Electrically wound. Black enamel and silver. 8¼" high; 6¾" wide; 4" deep. (AC) $35 (DC) $40

Let us send you our illustrated booklet, "Telling Time," which describes the complete Hamilton-Sangamo family. Address, Hamilton-Sangamo Corporation, 103 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Listen . . . to the Hamilton Watchman every Thursday evening at 8:45 (E.S.T.) as he broadcasts an airy tidbit over WABC and 19 other stations of the Columbia chain.

SILVERWOOD. Synchronous type. Panels of burled maple, hairwood and ebony. Height, 7¾"; width, 6¾"; depth, 2¾". Floating seconds disc. $18.50

STANWICK. Synchronous type. Genuine imported Italian marble. Height, 5⅞"; width, 7"; depth, 3½". Floating seconds disc. $30

HAMILTON SANGAMO

Electric Clocks for every kind of current . . . for every purse

**Regulated by the impulses of the electric current*

LANGTON. Electrically wound. Mahogany with contrasting panels. Height, 9"; width, 19¾"; depth, 5¾". Price (AC-strike) . . $42.50 (DC-strike) . . $47.50

NEW YORK SALES REPRESENTATIVE: S. A. WEISS CO., INC., 205 EAST 42d STREET, N. Y. C.

TANGEE

Color Magic for the Lips!

Touch Tangee to your lips, you Blonde one of great fame . . . you Beauty of the titian hair . . . you sparkling eyed Brunette! At first nothing seems to happen. Then slowly, into your lips begins to creep the rose-blush color that is Nature's own glow of lovely youth!

For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips to blend with your own natural coloring, no matter what your individual complexion!

Tangee never gives an artificial greasy make-up look. It never rubs off. And Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes, softens and protects.

Tangee Lipstick, $1. *Rouge Compact,* 75c. *Crême Rouge,* $1. *Face Powder,* blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream,* cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream,* protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic,* a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

NEW! . . . Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of *Tangee Lipstick,* for professional and evening use, $1.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., 417 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

department as you can find in town. Except where otherwise indicated, all the perfumes listed can be found there. Hollander has a tiny perfume room by the entrance, where you may sniff at your leisure among some choice, selected scents. At Bonwit Teller, ask for Mlle. Janine, an incomparable woman who knows perfumes too thoroughly to be unduly influenced by price, popularity, or the shape of the bottle. Really a lifesaver.

The Chanel No. 5 school of perfume persists undaunted, since nine women out of ten seem to love it. (Rallet No. 1 and Coty's L'Aimant are the closest, though many others suggest it.) There is also an epidemic of scents that are very feminine, soft, and dry rather than sweet, which should be universally acceptable. Saks-Fifth Avenue's We Moderns (it smells like nothing in the bottle, but is too marvellous on), Hollander's own perfume, L.P.H., and Bonwit's Cadolle No. 9, couldn't possibly fail to please anyone except, maybe, an exotic sirene. Aside from these, sniff the following:

CARON: Acaciosa (gay and flowery); Bellodgia (a sort of carnation odor predominates).

CHANEL: Her No. 5 and Gardenia are still popular as ever. New one, Une Idée, very sweet, flowery, and feminine.

CORDAY: L'Heure Romantique (another bouquet).

GRENOVILLE: Bézance (fruity).

GUERLAIN: Besides the eternally acceptable Shalimar and L'Heure Bleue, a marvellous new rose and a lilac, respectively called Guerlarose and Guerlilas, should entrance anybody.

LENTHÉRIC: Forêt Vierge (dry and spicy, for sports or businesswomen); Lotus d'Or (gay and sophisticated). Also some fifty-year-old Russian perfumes, wildly exotic, for tigress women. At the salon, 761 Fifth Avenue.

MARQUÈS DE ELORZA: Marche Nuptiale (bouquet).

MOLYNEUX: Le Chic is a great success in the smart world of Paris. Also Le Parfum Connu, for sophisticates.

MOLINELLE: Beau Geste and No. 29.

MYRURGIA: Suspiro de Granada (quite aside from the entrancing Spanish-hat bottle, the perfume is nice).

PINAUD: Prélude (new flowery scent).

PRINCE MATCHABELLI: Jungle Flower (a hyacinth fragrance); Duchess of York (lilac predominates); Ave Maria, for Botticelli women; Damas, new, spicy, and pungent. Hick-

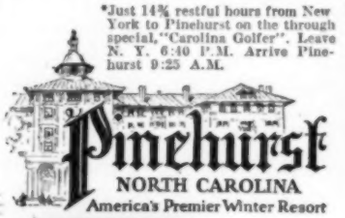
15 HOURS TO THE SUN!

Flashing from the drab gloom of winter . . . into the pine-scented panorama and the sun-enchanted air of Pinehurst.* Good times with friendly foursomes on 5 famous D. J. Ross courses (with new grass tees). Sports for the sportsman! Riding, tennis, polo, archery, aviation, heart-warming days at the exclusive Carolina Hotel with its cheerful, sun-lit rooms and splendid meals . . . pledge of health and zest of life.

For reservations or new illustrated booklet address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

CAROLINA HOTEL NOW OPEN

*Just 14¾ restful hours from New York to Pinehurst on the through special, "Carolina Golfer". Leave N. Y. 6:40 P.M. Arrive Pinehurst 9:25 A.M.



Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

MAINE GREEN *Tourmalines*

MAKE LOVELY EARRINGS

CLEAR as crystal, tinted as delicately as sea water, Maine tourmalines are gems of distinction. They make striking pendant ear-rings. Have you ever seen a translucent straw-colored citrine? Or genuine smoky quartz? These registered precious stones can easily be converted into distinctive personal ornaments, either by your own jeweler or by our designers.

STANLEY PERHAM
WEST PARIS, MAINE

This coupon will bring detailed description

State your favorite stones here.

Name_____

Address_____

MAIL TO S. I. PERHAM, WEST PARIS, MAINE

son and Bergdorf-Goodman have the largest selections of his excellent perfumes.

JEAN STUART: Town (very chic and alive); Country (bouquet); and the superb Sweet Pea and Gardenia.

WORTH: Sans Adieu (like Cologne, for sports), at Franklin Simon.

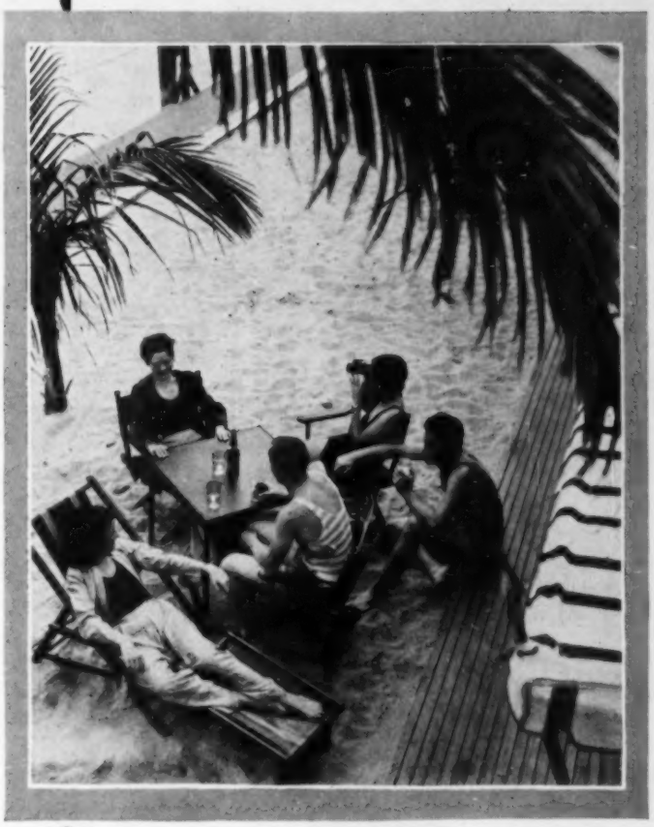
YBRY: Les Bourgeons (a nice light sports perfume, particularly good on the hair).

SINGLE-FLOWER PERFUMES: The universally chic gardenia is done particularly well by Jean Stuart, Grenoville, Gabilla, and, of course, Chanel. For a good jasmin, Lelong J (the de-luxe bottle is too marvellous), Ciro's, and Corday's. Rose is magnificently done in Guerlain's new Guerlarose (with a geranium sort of tang), and by Atkinson of London, and Molinelle. Lenthéric has a grand lilac, and don't forget Guerlain's new Guerlilas. For mimosa: Gabilla and Corday; for violet: Isabey, Houbigant, and Volnay; for sweet pea, Jean Stuart's is unexcelled; for lily of the valley: Roger & Gallet; for heliotrope: Veolay; for fern: Gabilla and Houbigant. Floris makes a specialty of grand single-flower scents of the English-garden type, like English violets, honeysuckle, and Roman hyacinth. Gabilla is another perfumer who can be counted on to incorporate the freshness of the real flower in a bottle.

FOR FURS: Matchabelli has a magnificent fur perfume, voluptuous and insidious, called Cibeline Impériale (at Gunther); Tabatchin, by Molinard, another knockout, is at Bonwit Teller. Lenthéric's Pirate and Jay-Thorpe's Jaytho are also swell.

PERFUMES TO BURN: Bonwit Teller have lovely bowls with gilt stoppers (notably one in black and gold, at

GALOSHES AT HOME . . . OR BEACH SANDALS IN MIAMI?



WHEN that first snowflake flitters down your neck, what ho, St. Vitus, what ho! Your vertebra takes on permanent undulation . . . and your bridge work clinketh like unto castanets. Hot lemonades and mustard foot baths are leering at you from the wintry future, alack*! Snap your fingers at J. Frost and his chilblains . . . and come to Miami . . . where icicles are forbidden by law—Nature's law . . . where men are boys and women are debutantes . . . and the freckle is a noble badge of health. Obey that impulse to avoid the frost line (4 out of 5 have it!) . . . and get your share of that school girl sun tan. For wintertime comfort, health and recreation Miami is America's favorite rendezvous . . . even your best friend will tell you. Cease worrying about tonsils, furnaces and the stock market . . . and loaf, for a change, on Miami's tropic beach . . . where sunlit skies, a turquoise sea and beach pajamas add color to life. Cost? You can do it all within your usual winter budget—fact! If you can't pry loose now from the daily grind, be big-hearted and send the family down. They'll be only a few hours away from you . . . 33 from New York . . . 40 from Chicago. Then you'll have a swell excuse to come down later . . . and take YOUR place in the sun. (Nota bene: Bring your heavy tackle, golf bag and spirit of adventure. Leave your rubbers at home).

* Meaning tst! tst!

For complete information, literature or reservations, address Dept. of Publicity, City of Miami, 315 Venetian Arcade, Miami, Fla.

We can appreciate

why so many perfectly sane people pounce down on the last Thursday in November with all four feet and stuff themselves to within a half-inch of their natural lives! Because we know that one of the hardest things in life is to partake *sparingly* of our chef's delectable Thanksgiving dishes. Yet we dislike to torture our guests. So *we* provide a delightful antidote: the opportunity to arise between courses and shine on a superb floor to the suave strains of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. After all, the last *Friday* in November has its rights, too. . . . If perchance a state of normalcy should not have set in by then, we recommend a little tea and toast and more suave dancing in the same Grill and to the same helpful orchestra on the succeeding Saturday afternoon.

GUY LOMBARDO
AND HIS
ROYAL CANADIANS

IN THE GRILL ROOM OF

THE ROOSEVELT

Madison Avenue at 45th Street

EDWARD CLINTON FOGG—*Managing Director*

UNITED

\$12.50) for burning perfume, and three special perfumes for this purpose: Chypre, Erbeol, and Jasmin.

AMBERS AND CHYPRES: Babani's Ambre Delhi and Coty's Ambre Antique are grand ambers; Atkinson of London and Suzy White do particularly well by that difficult odor, Chypre.

BATHROOM FRAGRANCES: Almost all of the perfume houses make toilet waters, dusting powders, bath salts or essences, and soaps in their most popular scents, and the choice among them is pretty much up to individual taste. Molyneux's bath sets in his newest perfume, Le Chic, are the latest rage in this line. Caron's Bain de Champagne is still a grand gift; so, also, is Prince Matchabelli's pine essence (at Bergdorf-Goodman), and Elizabeth Arden's huge bottles of bath salts in rose, Russian pine, or Nirvana scent. The British, who love their bawths, always contribute marvellous stuff through Yardley, Morny, and Floris. The 4711 products are good and inexpensive. Guerlain does lovely, lovely huge soap bowls. Beecham, a very grand American firm, has antiseptic, Cologny bath salts and other preparations for dignified matrons. And don't forget Houbigant's Fougère Royale preparations, or Morny's shaving bowls and such, if you want to encourage shaving among your menfolk. Lenthéric, by the way, has a grand inexpensive Cologne and talcum powder in a woodsy odor, the latter with a beige tone to eliminate that Pagliacci look after shaving. If you really want guidance, don't forget that the Bath Shop, 390 Park Avenue, makes a specialty of bathrooms and will give the most expert advice possible, in case drug counters bewilder you. —L. L.

HABERDASHERS

EVEN though you know the name of a man's shirtmaker, and know (or think you know) exactly what he wants—even then we advise you to give him something other than a shirt. At best, it is not an exciting gift, and a made-to-order one that isn't right can't even be exchanged.

In spite of this good advice, however, numbers of female relatives will probably go right out and order shirts just the same, so we have assembled here the names of a few of the good shirtmakers in town. Under each, you'll find listed some of the ties, robes, and so on, that they carry.

Remember, if you find yourself at a

WEST INDIES

Cruises of Enchantment
12 Days **\$150** up All Expenses

TO PUERTO RICO! To Santo Domingo! "Islands of Enchantment"—garden spots of tropical loveliness enriched by 400 years of Spanish splendor.

Sailings every Thursday. Luxurious S. S. "Coamo" or "San Lorenzo" your home for entire cruise. Wide range of accommodations and faultless service. Stop-overs permitted. Fascinating motor sight-seeing trips in and about San Juan and Santo Domingo City included in rate.

New
S. S. BORINQUEN
in service Feb., 1931

AGWI LINES

For Complete Information address CRUISE DEPT.

PORTO RICO LINE
Foot of Wall St., New York, N. Y.
or any authorized Tourist Agent

WALTER GIESEKING
Pianist
who appears in recital
Wednesday evening, November 26th, at 8:15 p.m. at Barbizon-Plaza

plays exclusively the **BALDWIN**
on display and sale at

Baldwin
20 East 54th St.

complete loss for ideas, that all these shops have plain white linen handkerchiefs which make up in usefulness what they lack in novelty. The best of them, moreover, are expensive enough to be taken seriously; and there is still time to have them monogrammed in white, using small block letters or plain script.

Here are some suggestions:

Budd, 572 Fifth Avenue: Opulent lounging-robes of rich silks, made by hand in the shop's own workroom. Dressing-gowns of satin-backed moire, in plain colors; from $75. Sets of pajamas and three-quarter dressing-gowns made of French washable silk; $75 a set, and up.

Doyle & Black, 45 West Forty-sixth Street: Boxed sets of handkerchief, tie, and socks, assembled by the shop; $2. Irish linen handkerchiefs, white with broad, plain-colored borders; fifty cents. Orders for shirts and pajamas will be taken (and filled) up to the week before Christmas.

Dudley Eldridge, 5 East Fifty-second Street: English silk-and-wool pullovers, as thin as undershirts, in mild plain colors; $15. Reefer mufflers of English silk woven in minute patterns; $12. Slip-over pajamas of very thin French batiste, made in Eldridge's workroom; $8. Robes of worsted barathea in dark colors; $30. Robes of French flannel with a large plaid design; $25.

Albert Leonard George, Madison Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street: Slippers of real alligator; $8.50. Pigskin shoebag with a pocket on the outside for a combination shoehorn and button-hook; $12.50. Small boxes for studs, made of pigskin and lined with velvet; $4. Several kinds of billfolds in pin seal and pigskin; about $10. A woman can safely choose any of the ties in this shop.

Hutchinson & Company, 15 East Fortieth Street: Narrow suspenders of braided elastic, very comfortable; $3.50. Plain white silk crêpe mufflers, for evening; $14. Flannel robes; $20 to $25. This shop is credited with the

The Winter Season is so *Smart* in

CALIFORNIA

and the Panama Pacific Route such a delightful way to go

Golf sticks are being put into condition for the Del Monte tournaments... beach pajamas are being chosen in the shops along the Avenue for the season at Coronado Beach. Bookings are being made on the *California*... *Virginia*... *Pennsylvania* of the Panama Pacific Line... for the coastway is now the smart way to travel to the land of sunshine. And, naturally, these are the ships that enjoy the patronage of discriminating travelers. They offer every modern luxury... every comfort... every phase of social life. The gay whirl in Havana where the ships weigh anchor for a smart interlude has now taken on the importance of an event in "the season." The sail through the Panama Canal will thrill the most blasé passenger. The sea trip itself has become a social requisite.

Panama Pacific Line

▾ ALL NEW STEAMERS ▾

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York City; 460 Market Street, San Francisco; or authorized S. S. or R. R. agents

AND

HAVANA

TRAVEL to Miami or Havana as fashion decrees . . . by water. Sail on a big modern Clyde-Mallory Liner, to your favorite Southern resort. Live in the smart manner of cosmopolitan New York . . . taste the exhilaration of present day sea-going refinements . . . discover why exacting travelers find so much of the unusual in this short, refreshing ocean jaunt.

Direct express service New York to Miami every Saturday in December; every Wednesday and Saturday, January to April. Direct overnight service between Miami and Havana, January to April. Sailings New York to Jacksonville, calling at Charleston, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Attractive all-expense tours to Miami and Havana and other famous Southern resorts.

Automobiles Carried

For complete information apply 545 Fifth Avenue, or Pier 36, North River, New York—offices also in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago—or consult any authorized Tourist Agent.

CLYDE-MALLORY Lines
AGWI LINES

invention of a shirt which has a soft bosom with stripes running horizontally. Made of striped madras with a soft collar, attached or detached, as you please; $7.

KASKEL & KASKEL DUNLAP, 567 Fifth Avenue, and Madison Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street: New version of the self-winding pocket watch that closes into a leather-covered case; $75. Satin-lined robes of patterned Italian twill in dark shades; $75. House suits of the same material; $85. Robes of wool brocade with plain flannel facings; $45. Linen handkerchiefs; from seventy-five cents each to $10, for one of French handspun linen.

KEEP SHIRT COMPANY, 5 East Forty-fourth Street: A large collection of Irish poplin ties which wear like iron; most of them have discreetly colored stripes, and there are a few small patterns as well; $2.50. Ties of superspun silk which slips easily and forms a neat knot; most of the patterns are limited to this shop; also $2.50. Shirts from $5.50 up.

MCCRORY, 32 West Forty-sixth Street: House suits of plain-colored French flannel; $40. Gowns to match; $25. All sorts of gay pajamas and dressing-gowns. Mr. McCrory will be eager to show you his Aseco thermos bottle, into which cocktails are poured after they are shaken, to keep them cold and undiluted. Quart size in white metal; $20.

MCLAUGHLIN, 697 Fifth Avenue: Envelopes made of tie silks and lined with satin, for keeping ties and handkerchiefs away from boots when they are packed in the same suitcase; $10. Pajamas of Chinese silk, made by hand in China, where labor is no consideration; $30. You can order a robe to match. Handkerchiefs of French linen with openwork designs in the border; $3.50 each. Monograms cost from $6 to $30 a dozen.

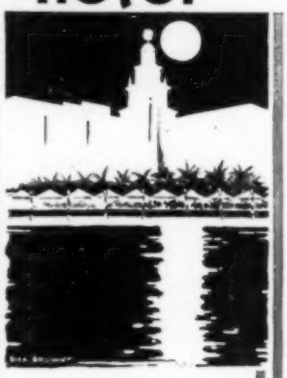
A. SULKA, 512 Fifth Avenue: Handkerchiefs with funny little pictures of fat men falling out of airplanes or hanging to lamp-posts printed in the centres. Made of fine linen with plain borders; $3. Lounging suits of the brocades and the like, for which Sulka is famous, begin at $85. —G. McC.

•

Throughout the day the Village Manager League labored strenuously in getting out the vote. They left no stove unturned.—*Mamaroneck Daily Times.*

That ought to get the women's vote!

RONEY PLAZA hotel



The Cabaña Club and Pool Ready for This Season

BECAUSE it has become "play headquarters" for the world's most respected minds . . . leaders in the arts, in science, government and industry . . . and incidentally in society . . . people who work hard, think profoundly and play intelligently . . . the Roney Plaza, America's finest seaside hotel, is the acknowledged center of smart winter-time activities. Demands for accommodations this season are brisk. Early reservations are advisable. Please address Dept. "F"

MIAMI BEACH FLORIDA

If it's a matter of Good Taste—

stop at

The Hotel Coronado

700 ROOMS
FOUR FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

SAINT-LOUIS

61 5th Ave. at 13th St.
Stuy. 9530

Richelieu

LUNCH 75c
DIN. $1 to $1.75
Sunday Dinner $1.25
and à la carte
Thanksgiving Dinner $1.50 All Day

MUSICAL EVENTS

"La Traviata" and Miss Bori—With Two Able Accompanists—Nerve and Humor—Liederabend

ALTHOUGH "Der Fliegende Holländer," which came on the first Saturday afternoon of the Metropolitan season, was the first official revival of the term, another Saturday matinée brought a considerably more attractive rediscovery in "La Traviata." Perhaps you will argue that Verdi's doings with the Lady of the Camellias have been a staple of the repertoire for many years and that "La Traviata" is no more a revival than "Tosca;" academically speaking, you will be correct, and you may call for your doctorate degree at the Metropolitan checkroom after any performance of "La Gioconda." "La Traviata," however, has been performed for a long period without receiving much attention; and this matinée suddenly made some of us aware that it is one of the better offerings of the company.

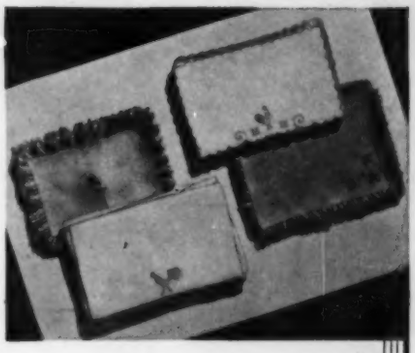
Scenically, the Metropolitan "Traviata" is in the period when critics drank beer and shook their fists at the manager. The stage direction, if any, is of the take-two-paces-and-put-your-hand-on-your-heart variety. Musically, we have something else to consider. Mr. Serafin handles the elementary (in this day of homemade percussion instruments) orchestration gently but without condescending pats on the pate. Miss Bori sings the music for the drama in it; Mr. de Luca's bel canto —the only specimen of its kind still available on Broadway—makes even the sugar-and-mush "Di Provenza" interesting; and Mr. Jagel, a relatively new Alfredo, creates a plausible and natural personality rather than a tenor who looks pretty ridiculous in his velvet hunting breeches.

THE new esteem in which "La Traviata" seems to be held is generated by Miss Bori. She has nothing in common with the *soprani* who gave rise to the innumerable legends about audiences yodelling gleefully when an unreduced Violetta was about to collapse from pulmonary ravages. She is no coloratura, which means that she proclaims her measures with simplicity and sincerity, and she takes the vocal ornamentation in her stride rather than taking her stride in the vocal ornamentation. Miss Bori also looks well enough to make credible the premises of the story.

When "La Traviata" was new, it was greeted with horror by reviewers of the indignation school. At present we have no practitioners of this system, but they once were rampant, and they denounced the opera as a mere attempt to drag in a decadent public by the employment of a dirty libretto. Most indignation reviewers devoted their odd moments (most of their moments were like that) to the composition of mortuary verse and birthday odes which must have made the recipients, living or dead, feel a trifle uncomfortable. If the indignationists could see the current "Traviata" they would feel that they had lived in vain, which they probably did, anyhow.

Do not buy tickets for "La Traviata" with Miss Bori and Mr. Jagel with the idea that you will encounter a perfect job. The work yells for new sets and the attentions of a dramatic director; but it provides a session in which the tunefulness is not entirely confined to the score but actually emerges from the singers. Of course, if you don't happen to like Miss Bori in the opera, I know of no help for you.

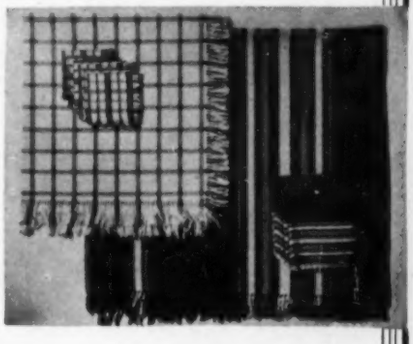
THERE has been a flock of agreeable events in our concert halls these past days. Mme. Yvonne Gall, one of the favorites of the Ravinia opera in Chicago of summers, appeared in a list of songs and arias. It may be that she was out of voice, for the tone was inclined to acidity and there was a prevailing wobble, but Mme. Gall is a colorful personality, and when she cleaned up what someone must have told her she had to sing and went on to what she obviously enjoyed singing, she also stepped out of the general run of operatic sopranos. Her accompanist was the gifted Celius Dougherty, who



For MEALS

or before Meals —

We have several different amusing designs in these little beverage napkins — and you know what a touch they add to your before-dinner potion. The four styles shown are each $5.94 a dozen.



Basque linens, gay and informal, are very smart, and are especially delightful with pewter. We have the cloths in various sizes, prices and colors. Those illustrated are $3.96 and $5.94, each with six napkins.

Second Floor

MACY'S

34th Street and Broadway
New York

Four Creams for the 4 AGES OF BEAUTY

IN YOUR TEENS
Barbara Gould Cleansing Cream is all that you require to guard the youthful loveliness of a natural skin.

IN YOUR TWENTIES
You need the added protection of Barbara Gould Finishing Cream, the perfect base for powder and rouge.

IN YOUR THIRTIES
Barbara Gould Tissue Cream should be used to nourish the tiny tissues that nature begins to neglect.

IN YOUR FORTIES
Include Barbara Gould Astringent Cream to stimulate inactive cells, prevent sagging tissues and protect youthful contours.

● By faithfully following ● Barbara Gould's simple home treatments you can retain the charm of a youthful complexion all through life. Listen In on her helpful Beauty Talks —every Thursday morning over the Columbia Network.

Write for Barbara Gould's fascinating booklet —"Any Woman Can Look Lovelier."

ALL BARBARA GOULD CREAMS $1.00 EACH

Barbara Gould

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

made handsome amends for some of his improvements on standard accompaniments at an earlier concert this season by bringing forth the first intelligent and pianistic version that I have heard for the background to the Jewel Song from "Faust."

Speaking of accompanists, we also have had the pleasure of welcoming back to the concert stage Samuel Chotzinoff, who now makes most of his musical contributions on the keys of a typewriter rather than on the piano keys. He assisted Mme. Koshetz in her cycle of Russian songs, and he still is much more adroit than most of the pianists he is compelled to review.

A Song-Recital début of unusual merits was that of Patricia O'Connell, whom I saluted way back when she struggled with some ungrateful intervals at a modernist clambake. Miss O'Connell is not only a capable manager of a good voice, but she sings items that ought to be heard more frequently, such as the parody songs of Herbert Hughes. It takes nerve and humor to present these amusing sketches, and Miss O'Connell has both.

A Liederabend of a type rarely heard in Carnegie Hall was run off when Claire Dux, who hasn't sung here since 1923 or thereabouts, and Heinrich Schlusnus tripped to the platform for duets and songs. Mme. Dux still can startle one with her pianissimi and her command of line; her restraint is more effective than the yawps of her shouting sisters. Mr. Schlusnus, in better voice than I had heard him previously, warmed up slowly, but succeeded in knocking over the natives with Wolf and Strauss. Both singers dodged the obvious *Lieder*, except for encores, and it may have been a surprise to some of the community that Schubert composed something besides the Serenade and that Brahms did not stop with his Cradle Song. It was an engaging and somewhat aristocratic evening, and the audience evidently enjoyed almost everything, including the flying hair of one of the accompanists. —R. A. S.

•

MINIATURE HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

[O. O. McIntyre in the Wilmington (Del.) News]

A spy reports that one of the foremost of the country boys, Chic Sale, has gone completely city. He was seen, the big Elmer, at 1:45 p.m. today near the Times Building in a pair of white plus fours carrying a copy of The New Yorker.

GEORGE COPELAND
Pianist

who appears as soloist with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Tuesday, November 25, at 8:45 p.m. in Carnegie Hall

plays exclusively the «BALDWIN

on display and sale at

Baldwin

20 East 54th St.

THE TIME—*7:30 P.M.*
THE PLACE—*A luxuriously private and softly lighted booth.*

THE MAN:
"I believe I'd rather dance to Smith Ballew than any orchestra we have heard for a long, long time. He's even better tonight than he was after the Navy game."

THE GIRL:
"You're perfectly right, Old Dear, but here's one dance we're going to sit out. This Lobster Thermidor is the most delicious dish I've eaten since I came back from Paris."

Two treats which are both included with a Saltzman Club Dinner, $2. VANderbilt 7057

SALTZMAN'S
RESTAURANT
LINCOLN BUILDING
60 EAST 42nd STREET
Opposite Grand Central Terminal

Ripley CREATOR OF BELIEVE IT or NOT– PROVES IT

OLD GOLD VOTED BEST

by World's keenest

TASTE TESTERS

By ROBERT RIPLEY, Himself

"Believe it or not . . . these men together earn over a quarter of a million dollars yearly . . . on their sense of taste alone!

"They are expert coffee tasters . . . the world's Supreme Court on taste matters . . . and they have just put OLD GOLD through the toughest test any cigarette has ever faced!

"At my request, they sampled each of the four leading cigarettes with names concealed.

"I was impressed when OLD GOLD won. I was *stunned* when I looked at the final score.

"Believe it or not, the keenest judges of taste the whole world knows picked OLD GOLD *two to one over its nearest rival!"*

BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . *Here's proof!*

The score, checked by a Certified Public Accountant.

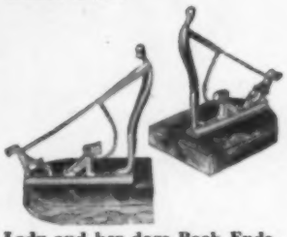
OLD GOLD	chosen by	10 smokers
Brand "X"	" "	5 "
Brand "Y"	" "	4 "
Brand "Z"	" "	2 "
	Total	21

J. S. M. GOODLOE, *Certified Public Accountant*

Not a COUGH *in a* CARLOAD

Thermos Ice Crock. 1 gal. capacity, aluminum top with bail handle. $10. Others to $50.

Musical Alarm Clock. Clock of Gothic design in pastel shades, rose or green. $12.



Lady and her dogs Book Ends. Figure and dogs in solid bronze mounted on green onyx. $17.50.

The quest begins!

The gift-hunters are on the trail. Those who would buy for people who love outdoors will come—surely—to the shop "where the blazed trail crosses the boulevard."

Here are gifts for young and old—gifts fashioned in far off lands—gifts that delight with their novelty or please for their purpose. All of them by their very nature are happy gifts. And the Abercrombie & Fitch name they bear will give added pleasure to all who receive them.

A. & F. Special Binoculars: 8 x 24—$25.

Eight day wrist watch. 15 Jewels, 14 carat gold case. Pigskin strap. $100.

Disc match safe, polished brass, ash receiver on edge, striker on top. Holds 550 matches. $3.50

Send for this book of gifts—"The Christmas Trail." Or call at the shop for a copy.

Cocktail Kit. 2 pint bottles and shaker, stirring spoon, bottle opener and corkscrew in cowhide case, suede lined with barrel lock. $30. Others to $95.

All Wool Steamer Rug. $12. Others in cashmere, camel's hair, vicuna, etc., to $125. Large assortment of Motor Robes, Foot Muffs and auto accessories.

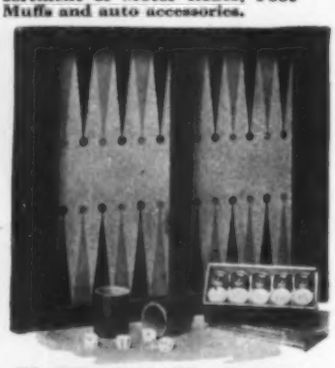
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

The Greatest SPORTING GOODS STORE *in the World*

MADISON AVE. AT 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

A&F Co.

Smoking Jacket. Imported English velveteen, black baratha facing—full silk lined, shawl collar. Colors: maroon, black and dark blue. $45.



FLAT WOOD BOARD—Black finish, with cork field. Red and black points, size 25½" x 21". Complete with 1½" draughts, two dice cups and four dice. $35. Others $5 to $250

Seat of Health Rowing Machine. All aluminum, noiseless, adjustable spring tension on seat and hand grips. Folds completely with suitcase for carrying. $50.

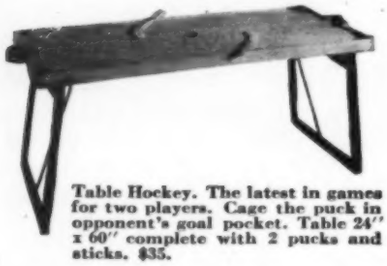


Table Hockey. The latest in games for two players. Cage the puck in opponent's goal pocket. Table 24" x 60" complete with 2 pucks and sticks. $35.

Hand Painted Glassware with sail boat decoration. Decanter, $7.50. High Ball, $30 a doz. Cocktail, $24 a doz. Whiskey Pegs, $15 a doz. Cocktail Shaker, $7.50. Cigarette box with 6 ashtrays to match, $12.50 set.

FOOTBALL

Temperamental Yale—Princeton Almost Does It—Back to the Wooden Bleachers

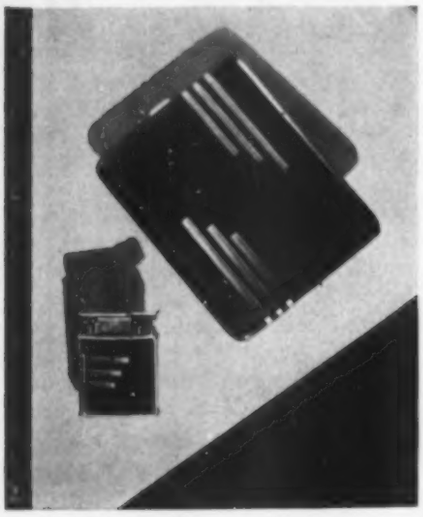
I SHOULDN'T be surprised if the Yale-Harvard game isn't a good deal like the Yale-Princeton, beginning with a dull banging-away of punts, growing more and more intense as the stagefright wears off, and ending up with the same mad last-minute "Battle of the Century." It is amazing how many of the Big Three's games fit that formula. So much depends on the game (none of the three considers a season a failure if it beats one of the other two) that there is a constraint about some of their affairs which makes them seem dullish if you're not an alumnus or a partisan. If you enjoy a good scrap, though, and have the seats or the field glasses to see it, you'll get your money's worth.

I think that Yale's squad is abler than Harvard's, quicker and more versatile (what other college has as many sets of good backs?), but the power in the Harvard team has never been harnessed and the Yale bulldog is a temperamental beast, given to fits of selfsatisfaction, and strange sinking spells when left out on the field alone without its Master Booth. You never know when either mood is going to attack it. There never was such a delicate disposition as Yale's this year, and I pity the poor coaches, who can never know whether their charges will play better than they know how to or half a dozen touchdowns worse.

"SATURDAY afternoon, about three or four o'clock," I wrote before the Yale-Princeton game, "we'll see whether anybody knows anything about football." The answer is that nobody does. For Princeton to lose to Yale by the scant margin of a link or two of the linesman's chain was the perfect reply to those who are rash enough to make prophecies. The often-expressed prediction that Yale would win by half a dozen touchdowns was indeed the prophecy to end all prophecies. For, from the minute the Princeton team came on the field, you saw and knew that they couldn't play the football to match Yale, and in the same breath, so to speak, you knew they would. Yale won by a field goal, kicked when their line had been outfought in deep Princeton territory, and by a pass spectacular in an afternoon notable for Yale's ineffectiveness with passes. Princeton lost by those few inches that remained between the linesman's spiked pole and the nose of the ball at the end of one of the grandest last-quarter marches ever seen. One little wriggle and they would have had a first down—a yard to a touchdown and time for three more plays left. Nothing could have stopped them. There is just no sense to football.

PERHAPS a psychologist would be the best man for the job of writing about last week's Princeton-Yale game. He would have the right words to analyze that deadly mental state known as overconfidence. I never saw a team as cocky as that Yale team in the first half, with as little to be cocky over. For they had but to take one time-out and to consider their record at any stage of the first half to realize that they were not themselves. But it appeared to me that they couldn't conceive of losing. It would be fatuous to say that that was why they won, for, in those last misty minutes, Yale knew very well they might lose. I think the

. . For Sophisticated Smokers . . .



Whose accessories must be modern . . .

WE have brought across the ocean this new and striking cigarette case. It is really stunning, of black laquer with simulated gold stripes. And it is lined with black, which makes it just as handsome when it is open. It holds eleven cigarettes. $6.94. And we found a lighter here to match . $4.64

STREET FLOOR

MACY'S
34th St. and B'way
New York

first team must have had an unhappy sobering-up somewhere between midfield and the one-yard line, as they were being pushed further and further back.

The mental physician, however, would probably have been more interested in Princeton. What is it that gives a man twice his strength when he has everything to gain and nothing to lose? That mysterious power was Princeton's. The team had improved since I saw Navy run around and through it. The line had learned a little about fundamentals; the backs were in better shape. But it wasn't a good team. Time and again backs stumbled over their own interference after the pack had charged through the line. During the first twenty minutes of the game, Princeton's running attack gained something like five yards in all. Yet those same eleven men scrambled seventy-nine yards in their last desperate sally, after having gone forty yards to score in the first half. Nobody but a psychologist can explain reversals of form like that. Physique had nothing to do with it, for most of the Princeton team had played the whole four long periods, while the Yale first team rested a period and returned to the game comparatively fresh. By all rights that Princeton team should have been cut down, in the last quarter, like a groggy boxer. Instead—

IF you are interested in psychological explanations, ask also why Yale's second team was so much more effective than the first. Possibly—I merely suggest this—Yale's second team wasn't quite so sure of annihilating Princeton as its first. "Subtract one part overconfidence and gain two parts effectiveness" seemed to be the formula. That little difference more than made up for the slight edge the first-string men had in ability to play football.

AS for Booth, it was his fate Saturday to be cast in one of the less-

REVELATION
ADJUSTS TO 14 DIFFERENT DEPTHS

In every leather, in every size, in every price you can get a genuine Revelation Case at Dale. This English Russet Cowhide 26" Revelation with Sesamee Locks, only $35

The Modern FLASH-O-BRIEF
Light, neat and practical. Zipper opener. Handle cut out of solid sides of case. Cowhide, 16"x11", 2 pockets; black, brown, russet. $10
Mail Orders Filled

XMAS NOVELTIES:
We have expanded our facilities for giving you a wider and more varied selection of leather gifts.

Write for descriptive Booklet.

DALE
MODERN LUGGAGE
WITH THE KEYLESS LOCK
SESAMEE
369 Madison Ave., (nr. 46th St.)
● NEW YORK ●

IN THE GRILL
Divertissements by YVONNE & ROBERTS, European Dancers.
Dance Music by HOWARD LANIN
HOTEL ST. MORITZ
ON THE PARK
50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
Reservations to "Jean"
WICkersham 5800

CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

appreciated rôles. Once or twice before he has shown his ability as safety man, bringing down runners who had come through and were out for a touchdown. Last Saturday that flair of his for luring a wild-running back into his arms amounted almost to genius. It isn't the kind of ability that wins laurels, however; the back whom he tackles gets the palms. The line in before Booth was too sluggish, and met too savagely, to give him much opportunity for broken-field running, even if the ground had been firm enough to suit his toe-dancing style; but it was Booth's "gets" which on at least three occasions robbed Princeton of the six points which would probably have broken the bulldog's back.

CLINICAL OBSERVATIONS: I thought it bad judgment for Bennett to try to catch a punt with Rotan already off his feet diving for him (it almost cost another touchdown); bad judgment for Booth, caught in Suicide Corner after all these weekends, to pass over the line instead of burying the ball deeper in the corner on the fourth down and letting Princeton do the worrying (the gift of the ball on the twenty-yard line touched off Princeton's last drive); bad judgment, for Booth again, to kick on the third down, a yard to go, near midfield (first quarter, just when Yale had begun to get the jump). All three incidents stood out in an afternoon of fairly intelligently played football.

NOTED ON MY PROGRAM: The Yale grad's final remark: "Thank God, it's Princeton that's getting the moral victories these years instead of Yale." . . . The observation that the spirit of Geneva has penetrated football officialdom, so long and frequent were the apparently amicable arbitration conferences between the referee and the two captains. . . . The fact that the receiver of almost every successful Princeton pass was perfectly covered

OPENING WEDNESDAY NOV 26
BY POPULAR DEMAND RETURN ENGAGEMENT
HAROLD MOFFET
WITH
GENEVIEVE BOWMAN
SINGING
"FOR SALE: A BABY"
AND OTHER SPRIGHTLY DITTIES OF THE VERY GAY 90s
HARD TIMES? ALRIGHT! WE'VE REDUCED THE COVER-CHARGE!
COUNTY FAIR
(DINNER & SUPPER CLUB FOR SMART NEW YORKERS)
54 EAST 9th
FOR RESERVATIONS
PHONE CHARLIE
STUY. 9290

Sow geraniums and reap orchids

GERANIUM CREAM is Madame Nina's contribution toward holding the line for last year's blossom against this year's bud—but even the wise little deb who is no clock-watcher after midnight thinks an ounce of prevention worth a ton of cure.

When going to bed, she dips a slim finger in the fat glass jar and rubs contents across the map of Manhattan in the mirror, paying particular attention to the bright lights that so easily run to dark circles on the morning after. Incipient crosstown lines are refused police protection. General traffic conditions are improved. And the Great White Way gets a gentle bleach all over.

In the morning, she uses the same specific as a foundation for make-up that looks more natural than little sister's first blush. Rouge—if she follows the revived vogue for it—can never be mistaken for a stop-signal. Powder doesn't skid. And the first aid work begun for the entire facial countryside goes on all day.

Geranium Cream costs three-fifty. A jar lasts 6 months—unless said user marries a man of judgment who knows that what's gloss for the goose will also gild the gander.

Madame Nina's whole five preparations, *the modern arsenal—Geranium Cream, White Rose Cleansing Cream, Rouge, Powder and your choice of Tonic Lotion (for young skins) or Astringent Lotion (for skins that have slipped a bit)—in a smart red box—fifteen dollars.*

YOUR PET NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE

keeps Nina White Rose Cream and other Nina Preparations. You may also order direct from Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you want advice about complexion problems, page Miss Nina Nestor with a 2-cent stamp at the same address.

produits nina

by a Yale back, but that the latter was invariably behind his man, instead of between him and the line of scrimmage. . . . And that a new tradition, the undergraduate defence of the conquered goalposts, was born in mist.

"IF you have gone stale in the late season, if steady attendance at games in the city and in magnificent stadiums has given you ennui, remember," G. R. H. writes, "the little colleges and their big games. They still play football on the campus, and campus football, for a change, is quite refreshing; that is, unless you are one of those conscientious experts, or not susceptible to the charm of open wooden bleachers that tower ten to twenty feet above the field, or the sight of the college banner floating from Chapel Tower.

"What with mud and luck and sheer surprising playing, Amherst came as close to beating Williams as Princeton came to beating Yale. Williams consistently outrushed, outpassed, and outkicked Amherst in a game actually less close than the field-goal margin would indicate. Yet an Amherst victory was always tantalizingly just out of reach."

And G. R. H.'s conclusion is a strangely familiar one. It is: "There's no such thing as expert analysis in football." —LINESMAN

•

DECORATIVE ART

Comic artists Japanese
  At the wealthy lady's wish
Limned this clever bathroom frieze
  Showing every kind of fish.

Octopi with open arms
  Writhe a welcome to the guest,
Knotted eels display their charms,
  Scarlet polyps look their best.

Wicked oysters malapert
  Frolic in a morrice dance,
Sandsharks somewhat disconcert
  With the frankness of their glance.

Dolphin, devilfish, and tunny
  Watch the bathers as they scrub—
No fish here is half as funny
  As the pink one in the tub!

—PERSIS GREELY ANDERSON

•

There is sure to be in tomorrow's TIMES an uncommon amount of what HORACE GREELEY used to call "mighty interesting reading."—*From an editorial in the Times.*

And by Gad there's nothing we like better.

When Friends Drop In For A Cheering Cup!

These imported European flavours, made by old world distillers, are just what you need for smooth cocktails, apertifs, mixed drinks and punches to make them more appetizing.

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY
FROM ENGLAND

Especially distilled for the American market. Direct from London. Blends excellently. The same flavour as served abroad.

DYKAREE
BACARDI FLAVOUR

Reminiscent of Havana. The tempting flavour of the Spanish Main. Excellent for cocktails when mixed with Holloway's London Dry and lemon.

NUYENS' GRENADINE
FROM FRANCE

A delicious flavouring syrup. Ideal for mixed drinks as it has a rare aromatic bouquet that serves to enrich cocktails and other mixtures. Made in France since 1802.
On sale at all good grocers.
"Modern and Old-Fashioned Cocktail Recipes", a new recipe booklet, sent free on request. Address Dept. N.

B. B. DORF & CO., 350 W. 31st St., N.Y.C.

THE fascinating flavors of Black Seal Gobelin Chocolates, like the fragrance of your favorite perfume, are due to *concentration*—delicate, lingering, lasting—satisfaction without surfeit. Created for those whose flair is for distinction. Two dollars the pound—larger and smaller packages, including the dainty ¼lb. box.

BLACK SEAL GOBELIN Chocolates

Hicks' Steamer Baskets for Ocean Travelers
Merry Trip Box for Week End Parties
HICKS' FAMOUS SODAS
H. HICKS & SON
INCORPORATED
675 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 53RD STREET
NEW YORK

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ladies in Morocco—The Joyless Rich and the Merry, Merry Poor—A New Tol'able David

A YOUNG woman, a Fräulein Marlene Dietrich, now appears on the scene, in the picture "Morocco," at the Rivoli. I suspect that more than one person whispered into the ears of Fräulein Dietrich over pleasant Berlin beer that she might venture to hope for some of the kudos in America that is now the beautiful Garbo's. Naturally the young woman quickly packed a trunk or two and set sail. It is interesting to note now that those advisers of hers were not idle flatterers. There was wisdom in their words. The Fräulein may well return in due time to her *Vaterland* to settle down in some Rhine castle, which Loreleis of this appealing and helpless and yet formidable brand prefer to the bare rocks of tradition. She does, in a way, suggest Garbo, yet I trust that the world is large enough for both ladies.

IT is her happy fortune, too, a fortune seldom met by foreign artists on their arrival in Hollywood, to have a good picture as an introduction. Not only is the picture interesting in itself, but she is well cast, a streak of luck which I trust she does not always expect to find in Hollywood. She comes to Morocco as a cabaret singer for reasons of her own, herself one, as she tells her Legionnaire lover, of the Foreign Legion of women who will reveal no more than will the men of the Legion the reasons which lead them to leave their old lives.

That element of mystery, of pasts that are not to be mentioned, hangs over all the characters in this story: the millionaire who offers the girl marriage (admirably played by Adolphe Menjou), the private in the Legion (Gary Cooper), and the girl herself. The picture does not falter and stumble to assure us that each of these people was unjustly accused of some crime and that they are really suitable citizens for a Methodist community, or that they have in truth beautiful souls

DEAN CORNWELL, whose great mural decorations will soon adorn the new Los Angeles Public Library, traveled thousands of miles to view gorgeous new scenes, strange costumes, interesting faces, ancient places. But he was inexperienced with cameras.

"Take along a Graflex," friends told him—"it eliminates guesswork in focusing."

The "Jerusalem Drink Seller" above, is one of a fine collection of human interest photographs made by Mr. Cornwell with his Graflex, on the trip.

He discovered what every traveler and artist should know—that a Graflex camera puts superior pictures within everybody's reach.

Let Your Dealer Show You
The CAMERA for the Most *Interesting* Pictures

GRAFLEX

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORP. . . . ROCHESTER, N.Y.

FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION, *Dept. 86*, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Please send copy of booklet "Why a Graflex?" . . . concerning camera which eliminates guesswork in focusing . . . to name and address on margin of this page.

EMBASSY
THE NEWSREEL THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

The Theatre Guild Presents
ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN
GUILD THEA. 52nd W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ROAR CHINA
MARTIN BECK Thea., 45th W. of 8th Ave. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:50

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
GEORGE WHITE'S
ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES
FLYING HIGH
With BERT LAHR ~ OSCAR SHAW
Good Seats at Box Office. Evgs. $1.50 to $5.50
Wed. & Sat. Mats. $1 to $3

EARL CARROLL 8th Edition VANITIES
37 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
A cast of 150 and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
EVGS. ENTIRE ORCH. $4.00 (Plus Tax) Wed. and Sat. Mats. Entire Orch. $2.50. Good Reserved Seats every performance 50c.
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42nd St. Phone Wisconsin 8312

MUSIC BOX Theatre W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
"The first spontaneous knockout of season" —*Rob't Garland, Telegram.*
SAM H. HARRIS presents
"ONCE IN A LIFE TIME"
A New comedy by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman

Lew Leslie's
1930 EDITION
BLACKBIRDS
Fastest, Funniest, most tuneful revue
ROYALE Thea., W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
MIDNITE PERFORMANCE EVERY THURS.
Every Sunday—Big Concert

ETHEL BARRYMORE Thea., 57th W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. and Sat.
OPENING TUESDAY NOV. 25
LEE SHUBERT Presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
In "SCARLET SISTER MARY"
A play made by Daniel Reed
From the novel of Julia Peterkin
Premiere: $3.50 to $1.50; Reg. Eve. Prices: Orch. $4.40 to $1.00; Wed. & Sat. Mats. $3.00 to $1.00

Kenneth Macgowan and Joseph Verner Reed Present
JANE COWL
IN A SERIES OF TWO PLAYS

SHAKESPEARE'S **TWELFTH NIGHT**
Nov. 22, 24, 25, 26, Dec. 4 to 10 inclu.
"A fresh, beautiful, comic performance."—Times.

ART AND MRS. BOTTLE
By Benn W. Levy
Opening Nov. 18, plays Nov. 19, 20, 21, 27, 28, 29, Dec. 1, 2, 3–11, 12, 13

Maxine Elliott's Theatre, 39th St. East of B'way
Evgs: 8:40 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40

EDGAR WALLACE'S FORREST THEATRE
49th W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
EDGAR WALLACE'S SENSATIONAL HIT!
ON THE SPOT
WITH
CRANE WILBUR | ANNA MAY WONG | GLENDA FARRELL

BROWN BUDDIES
WITH
BILL ROBINSON, ADELAIDE HALL
Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Best Seats $2.50
LIBERTY Thea., W. 42nd St. Tel. Wisconsin 2212

MASQUE 45th ST. Thea. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30
UP POPS THE DEVIL
Genuine Comedy Hit, with
ROGER PRYOR
SALLY BATES, ALBERT HACKETT
Evgs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3. Wed. Mat. $2

BOOTH Thea. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
THE MAN IN POSSESSION
A comedy by H. M. HARWOOD
with
ISABEL JEANS LESLIE BANKS

Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Preston Sturges' famous comedy
with TULLIO CARMINATI
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
Never at cut rates
AVON Thea., W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30 **2nd YEAR**

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
IN association with HARRY MOSES
GRAND HOTEL with
HENRY HULL, EUGENE LEONTOVICH, SIEGFRIED RUMANN, SAM JAFFE, HORTENSE ALDEN and others.
NATIONAL THEATRE, West 41st Street
Curtain promptly at 8:30. No one seated during first act.

BIJOU Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Evgs. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
WALTER **WOOLF** and VIOLET **HEMING**
In ELMER HARRIS' American Version of PRINCE BIBESCO'S Spicy Comedy
LADIES ALL
Evgs. (Ex. Sat.) Best Orch. Seats $3.00

DAVID BELASCO presents
HELEN GAHAGAN
in
"TONIGHT OR NEVER"
A new play by Lili Hatvany
BELASCO Theatre 44th St. E. of B'way. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

BENJAMIN DAVID Presents
AN AFFAIR OF STATE
A New Comedy, with
FLORENCE ELDRIDGE | MOFFAT JOHNSTON | JESSIE BUSLEY
BROADHURST THEA., W. 44 St. Evgs. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MARILYN MILLER
FRED **ASTAIRE** ADELE
In ZIEGFELD Musical Comedy
S M I L E S
SEATS AT BOX OFFICE. Mail orders filled
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54th St. & 6th Ave. Pop. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3.50

GILBERT MILLER presents
The Paris Success
MARSEILLES
By Marcel Pagnol
(Author of "Topaze")
Adapted by Sidney Howard
HENRY MILLER'S Thea., 124 W. 43rd St. Bry. 3970. Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:30

Dwight Deere Wiman presents
MARY BOLAND in
VINEGAR TREE
A New and Gay Comedy
PLAYHOUSE, W. 48th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LYSISTRATA
The comedy hit you hear about
with
Blanche Yurka, Ernest Truex, Eric Dressler, Dorthea Chard, Ruth Garland, Hope Emerson, Jerome Lawler, The Humphrey-Weidman Dancers & 70 others. Staged by Norman Bel-Geddes: version by Gilbert Seldes.
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

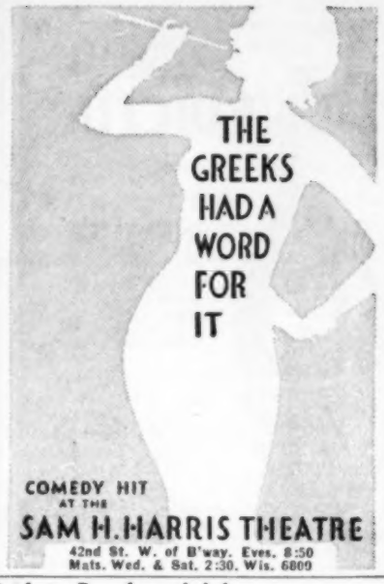
MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30 Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
THE GREEN PASTURES
Pulitzer Prize Play
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

"A Smash Hit . . . one of the happiest theatre evenings I ever experienced." —*Walter Winchell, Daily Mirror*

JOE COOK
In His Newest, Maddest Musical
"FINE and DANDY"
ERLANGER'S Thea. W. 44 St.
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MAJESTIC Thea. 44th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
New Musical Hit
NINA ROSA
By Harbach—Romberg—Caesar
with
GUY ROBERTSON | ETHELIND TERRY | ARMIDA 100 others | LEONARD CEELEY
All Orchestra Seats $5.50; 350 Mezz. Seats $3 to $4.00; 450 Balc. Seats $1 to $2.50

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
Nov. 22, 23, 24 GLORIA SWANSON in "WHAT A WIDOW"
Nov. 25 and 26
"THE BIG TRAIL"
Nov. 27 and 28 RICHARD ARLEN in "SANTE FE TRAIL"
51st ST. & LEXINGTON AVE



COMEDY HIT AT THE
SAM H. HARRIS THEATRE
42nd St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30. Wis. 6800

Back to Broadway ! ! !

TEXAS GUINAN
"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS" N. Y. Times
And Her Celebrated "Gang"
20 World's Most Beautiful Girls
CLUB ARGONAUT, Inc.
151 West 54th St.

Two Shows Nightly Beginning at Midnight

The most scintillating and sophisticated revue in N. Y.

Dancing till dawn
Reservations: Phone Circle 9237
"A Merry Place to Roost All Night"

ENTIRE THANKSGIVING WEEK
NOV. 23rd THRU NOV. 30th
The Actor-Managers, Inc., present
Angna Enters
in her EPISODES and COMPOSITIONS in DANCE FORM including 12 NEW NUMBERS
COMEDY THEA. 41st St. E. of Broadway Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

JAMES BARTON FANNIE BRICE GEORGE JESSEL
in the Gay New Revue
"Sweet and Low"
with
BORRAH MINEVITCH and MOSS and FONTANA
CHANIN'S 46th St. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30; Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

We answer your phone automatically—if you're out, our trained secretaries answer *your phone in your name.* 7 years operation with N. Y. Telephone Co. 11 exchanges, Manhattan only. Service night, day, Sunday, holidays. Monthly basis. Call Regent 1500. *40 East 61st St.*
Business Telephone Service
(*Doctors Telephone Service Inc.*)

GEORGE MABARDI
Backgammon
TUITION & ACCESSORIES
WIC. 1272

which have only been misunderstood. It is one of the few romantic dramas I have had the pleasure of seeing in which the characters of the story are presented with some degree of courage, their careers not apologized for; in which, in fact, we are practically told, as I am sure we should be by such people themselves, that it is none of our business what they had done or are doing. As disclosures are always more exciting than apologies, I am inclined to recommend this procedure, and to add that though the story deals with exotic people and places, and with somewhat frenetic emotion, the candor and the politeness of the direction and the acting give it even plausibility.

IN "Laughter" something has been done which has never been done before in the talkies. It upholds my old —and, I presume, famous—contention that the trouble with the talkies has been not so much the machinery as the authors. Not the vitaphone but the dialogue itself. Here at last we have the easy, natural banter and conversation of agreeable, pleasant people having a good time, and there is no trouble about getting it across. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote the dialogue and I am inclined to say that every line is smooth and attractive. The picture is by no means uproarious farce; in fact it's a rather serious story. I suppose you would call a story serious in which there is one suicide, though to be sure it's the suicide of an impecunious artist, and one divorce, though the divorce is that of an ex-"Follies" girl from her millionaire husband. The story deals, as is customary with Mr. Stewart's work, with the dire plight of the joyless rich as contrasted with the blithe merriment of the improvident. Nancy Carroll plays the ex-"Follies" heroine, and her appearance, for instance, as she steps out of the tenement building after the artist's suicide, escorted by the police and surmised by the spectators to have killed the boy, justifies the line, flung at her from the crowd: "How'd you like to take a shot at me, baby?" This line, by the way, is not illustrative of the easy chat of the agreeable people I refer to above.

ANGUISH upon anguish is heaped up high in "Tol'able David," the new version of the old hit. The young man, a Richard Cromwell, playing the old Barthelmess rôle of the unhappy Southern mountaineer boy is properly poignant and gives an honest, good per-

hands across the see

there are other and better visual surprises for you, as well as entertaining sounds for the ear at

the paramounts

where there's paramount's "derelict"... half seas over with george bancroft and william boyd, as a gal blows up in an havana cafe.

or the rivoli—united artists

where there's paramount's "morocco" with marlene dietrich one of the loveliest creatures you ever laid eyes on... and adolphe menjou and gary cooper.

the rialto

where harold lloyd humorously hurries along "feet first"... not walkingback from a ride... but taking you for a long amusing one.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

formance, though I doubt if he endows it with the vivid quality his predecessor in the part did. It is a picture to see for the whole story and for the whole cast rather than for one player, and as a presentation of the grim and terrible lives of these backwoods people it is tremendously moving. The scenes of violence and of the grim poverty of these people, the background and the action, are clear and absorbing in their telling here.

I HAVE been enthusiastic enough for one day, and can now settle down to the usual bleak list. There is the English picture. This time it is called "The Hate Ship" and concerns a murder on a yacht and deep and devious plottings. There is a gun slyly concealed, which is manipulated by the keys of a piano. All you have to do is to play a certain tune. I doubt if the device would ever be popular with our racketeers. Then there is "Today," from a Broadhurst play, which is very bad and cheap and disagreeable drama about the effects of the Depression upon silly wives who will do anything in order to get pretty clothes. The wife in this case gets shot; but not, I warn you, until the end of the picture. In "The Dancers," the young Englishman returns from the wilds of Canada to assume his position and title in London. He expects also to marry his fiancée, but she contrives to make things difficult for him and prolong the picture for hours and hours and hours with her notions. "Is it possible I just love his title?" she reflects, and flies off in a plane to teach the children in a French village, and think about it. She confesses, too, that while he was in Canada she yielded so much to postwar restlessness as to stay up at one time till six in the morning. Mrs. Patrick Campbell plays Aunt Emily in the picture, but I trust that she can sometime persuade Hollywood that her talents merit more of a rôle. She might notify them out there that she is not unknown as an actress on the stage.

Bert Lytell cannot complain about the paucity of his rôle in "Brothers." He plays both brothers; twins they are, foundlings, one adopted by rich people, one by poor. And in due time the rich one, a lawyer at last, defends his brother on trial for murder. Incidentally, the rich brother had really committed the murder, which makes things even more involved. Early low-life scenes in this film are bright enough, but the later sequences in the rich house are very trying indeed. —J. C. M.

Copy of a very fine

Jeweler's Bracelet

4.95

Simulated onyx, turquoise, coral or jade links, held together by rondels of brilliants, set off with black enamel. Imagine anything smarter!

JEWELRY DEPARTMENT
Street Floor

L. Bamberger & Co.
"One of America's Great Stores"
Newark, N. J.

FRENCH DESSERT SAUCE

AROME BENEDICTINE

Produced by the Makers of the
ORIGINAL BÉNÉDICTINE
At the Ancient Abbey of Fécamp, France

WITH a painstaking skill truly monastic in its attainment of perfection, the makers of the original liqueur have created Arome Bénédictine. They have been singularly successful in accurately imparting the subtle aroma and matchless flavor of the original which has gained centuries of favor and high praise from the world's connoisseurs. Each bottle bears the famed ecclesiastical seal, D. O. M.—none authentic without it.

Alcoholic Strength 6%

PERNOT'S FRENCH
Petit Beurre
Biscuits

A marked achievement in French biscuits . . . Petit Beurre Surfin . . . France's most famous biscuit, widely known throughout the continent and used by the discriminating hostess at all smart functions. Packed in France in sealed tins.

Obtainable at leading grocery and delicatessen stores

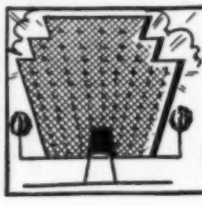
JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
Sole Agents in United States
10 Hubert Street, New York City

William C. MILLER & Co. Inc.
AUTOMOBILE PAINTING UPHOLSTERING REPAIRING

If you couldn't buy that new car this year here's a suggestion. . . .
Let MILLER refinish the old one. If your friends can tell it from one that just came from the factory, the job costs you nothing.

WILLIAM C. MILLER & CO., Inc.
522 W. 57th St., New York Columbus 7384
Lacquering, Painting, Varnishing, Upholstering, Custom Body Building
"25 years experience applied to each job"

Specializing in beginners at
CONTRACT BRIDGE
and Backgammon
MRS. STEPHEN WHITNEY
Phone Lexington 3360 17 Park Ave., Apt. 4C



THE SUTTON
a residential hotel for women
Rates $12.50 up
328 East 56th Street
New York WIC. 3940
Every room a living room

THE ART GALLERIES

Two at a Time—Mr. Blume's Blueprints — Cats and Bangs

IT is Jean Lurçat Week in town. The young Frenchman has two shows running at the same time: one at the Valentine and one at the John Becker galleries. He is also about on foot, gazing at skyscrapers and trying out his English on the inhabitants.

To us, his show at the Valentine Gallery is one of the best we have seen for some time. We believe we would nominate Lurçat for the job of carrying the torch in a parade of the modern young men who are startling the world of art. For he makes his approach gently, and no doubt could conquer where many another modern would scare the layman off. If you do not succumb to his insidious harmonies, we imagine you will never care about modern art.

Having been more or less identified with Picasso, Braque, and Matisse, Lurçat bears the fewest possible of those scars that come from close association with one's elders. He is almost the sole exponent of his line, though of course he is the child of Matisse in so far as he is another master of color. Here and there, in his earlier drawings and colored sketches, you catch the interpretation of living form as set down by Delacroix, in his African period, and carried to fruition by Matisse; but in his current work, Lurçat is almost one hundred per cent pure Lurçat.

In Jean Lurçat, the musician seems the dominant strain. His legends are really simple things and call for no great hodgepodge of pseudo-aesthetic explanation. A ladder or a wheelbarrow, a doorway or a tree, suffices for the motivating design. On this framework he then sketches almost the purest and loveliest color being spread today. A little canvas, eight by ten inches, can hold the setting sun and a few clouds in a way that will sum up man's whole experience with sunsets. These small pictures are strange bits. Perhaps designed first as studio notes, they came off so perfectly that Lurçat decided to let them live as entities. They are good object lessons for some of our local canvas-fillers.

JOHN BECKER's emporium has been devoted mainly to the sale of exceptional reproductions of masters. The show of Lurçat drawings, we believe, is the second exhibition of originals the gallery has ever held.

After the Valentine show, you will doubtless want to come here to complete the Lurçat cycle. Besides the drawings and small bits for the modest collector, there is also one of the Lurçat tapestries; and a Lurçat tapestry, we imagine, will be a new experience for you. The present example is nowhere nearly so thrilling as some he has sold to the museums, but it will give you an idea of his ability in this field. He is among its leaders, unless we are terribly mistaken.

Don't overlook Lurçat; he is one of the noblest exponents of the new order, and a gentle one.

THE Daniel Gallery has been a little slow in greeting the new season, but it has come forward now with a show of the men who regularly compose its group.

Chief interest in recent shows at this place has centred on Peter Blume, the current contender for the first honors of the Daniel group. The present exhibit contains some of the working sketches that he has made for a composition to be completed later. The sketches, however, are by no means notes, but full-blown paintings done with the scrupulous technique that just now is interesting Blume. Judgment, of course, must be delayed until the final picture is before us. The advance blueprints, however, a composite of impressions garnered during the summer, show him searching after an interpretation of America.

Among the other new canvases exhibited is one by Katherine Schmidt, a capable painter who also concerns herself mainly with the technical side of the art. She has studied the glazing of the old masters and now finds herself equipped with a workmanlike set of tricks. Her study of pears is fine in a limited area, but we feel that her canvas is much too large for the subject. Cut down to its focal point, it would be a swell picture.

Henry Billings also contributes a sample of the refined painting that has become identified with the house of Daniel. It is by far the best of the picture canvases he has done (his industrial murals have never been shown publicly), a well-thought-out composition leaning heavily on the charm of tonal unity.

A small canvas by Schary is another new note in the exhibit; an outdoor study by Spencer, going back to his earlier manner, has a good deal of charm. Making up the rest of the exhibit are canvases by Kuniyoshi, Knaths, Dickinson, Bouché, Soyer, and Braguin.

FOUJITA, with his cats and his bangs, makes up the show at the Reinhardt Galleries. The artist himself has been at most of the séances, to add a personal touch to the proceedings.

Foujita has had many followers. He is a facile worker and brings to Western subjects the inborn sense of design that goes with the Oriental. This always produces a salable object, or one that catches the eye of the Westerner. We, however, have never been much moved by the stuff, thinking it workmanlike and tricky, but not very deep.

HERE AND THERE: Demotte has a show of Marc Chagall, the comic Russian stuntist. . . . Dutton is exhibiting etchings by various well-known Americans. . . . The Second Opportunity Show, chosen by Guy Pène du Bois, is now on at the Art Center. . . . Douglas Brown has water colors at the Arden Gallery. . . . Kennedy is showing Currier & Ives prints and etchings by Decaris. . . . Harold Weston has an exhibition at the Montross Gallery. . . . Tamiji Kitagawa is to be seen at the Hackett Galleries. . . . George Waller Parker is showing paintings at Durand-Ruel. . . . Brooklyn and Long Island artists can be seen at the Brooklyn Museum. . . . Small portraits by sixteenth and seventeenth-century artists are at the Ehrich Galleries. . . . The Babcock Galleries have an exhibition of paintings by Harold English, Oscar Gieberich, Norman Mason, and Clinton O'Callahan. . . . Recent works of Leon Carroll and Major Felten are being shown at the galleries of the American Lithographic Company.

The show of monotypes by Seth Hoffman, at the Macbeth Gallery, closes November 25. . . . Louis J. Walter's exhibition of color symphonies closes November 23, at Ferargil. . . . Ella Ström-Grainger's show of decorative tiles, also at Ferargil, ends November 22.—MURDOCK PEMBERTON

Don't go through another winter *without your* GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

REX COLE
Inc.
DISTRIBUTOR
4th Avenue at 21st Street, New York
GRAmercy 6660

100 WEST 55th STREET

ATTRACTIVELY
AND COMFORTABLY
FURNISHED SUITES
of 2–3–4 Rooms

In a modern highest type apartment building. Each apartment has its own individuality. Your inspection is invited.

also
UNFURNISHED SUITES
of 2–3–4 Rooms

Well proportioned—exceptional service, owner management—reasonable rentals.

Apply to Renting Agent on Premises

MOULDS
For Making Toy Soldiers, Indians, Cowboys, Animals, etc.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS, Whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete, $5.00. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family.
Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.
MAKE-A-TOY COMPANY
1696 Boston Road Dept. 16 New York City

MOTORS

Parking in the Forties —A du Pont Test Run — Fender Guides and Other Gadgets—Plates

IF you are an owner-driver, parking the panting motor in the West Forties during the dinner and theatre hours has become more of a problem since the *verboten* signs were moved eastward. The barred zone, as defined by the guardians of the red and green lights, extends from Fifty-second Street south to Thirty-ninth Street, and from Sixth to Eighth Avenue—except for Forty-fifth Street (where there are eleven theatres), which is closed between Fifth and Ninth Avenues. The hours—and the boys of Traffic D hold the watch on you—are 7:45 to 9, and 10:30 to 11 P.M.

There are private parking stands and garages in the zone, but none I can recommend. After all, it adds zest to the evening to spot a vacant space half a block away, somewhere west of Eighth Avenue, and then, after beating two Packards and a Cadillac coupé to it, at the risk of your fenders, to find you're beside a fireplug. There are the car-watchers, too. East of Sixth Avenue they are frowsy, fearsome-looking people who seem to pop out of the pavement like jacks-in-the-box. They will take charge of everything, and as a matter of fact are much more satisfactory to deal with than the well-organized squads of boys, who probably are cadets in training for the Gophers, the gang that claims the territory west of Eighth Avenue as its own. Better give them a small payment in advance; it's cheaper than losing a spare or having your tires slit, though of course that might happen anyhow. Oh, well, let's take a taxi or the subway.

THERE are rumblings and rumors about the motors of 1931. In six weeks the Automobile Show will have opened at Grand Central Palace and we shall know what next year's cars will look like. A present, one can only visualize vaguely, from the new models that have been shown in the past month, what form the innovations will take. I believe that bodies will be low, and prices lower, with plenty of accessories to lure buyers.

I AM not a Sunday driver, but last weekend du Pont Motors tempted me, and I fell. My test run in the du Pont, over Route 22 to the foothills of the Berkshires, and back down the Albany Post Road, was slightly embarrassing, as every part of the car—it was a standard phaeton with a fair amount of mileage to its credit—entered into a sort of silent conspiracy and I found literally nothing to criticize. The engine, eight cylinders in line, was quiet and flexible. One was able to run at seven or eight miles an hour in top gear while in traffic, or bowl along on the open road indefinitely at fifty-five without seeing the radiator waggle. I was told the maximum speed is eighty to eighty-five miles an hour, and I daresay that's so, for—and whisper it not unto the gendarmes of Dutchess County and Connecticut—I achieved seventy-five on the speedometer, and kept there as long as I liked without any complaint from the engine. The transmission, as in all du Ponts, was equipped with four speeds forward and one reverse. The gear ratio seems more logical than in some four-speed cars, as first is not a sub-low to be used for getting out of sand pits and mud (one never should stray from the road), while fourth is slightly above the high of three-speed transmissions. Shifting back to third is a pleasant operation; in fact one may do most of one's driving in traffic in third gear. The steering was nice to handle and remarkably easy at low speeds, considering the length of the wheelbase, 146 inches, and the weight, a shade under five thousand pounds.

From the beginning, du Pont never attempted quantity production. Rather they set out to build cars virtually to

order, and they have succeeded admirably in offering a multitude of refinements. Twelve body types, with commanding and pleasing lines, are offered this season: the swankiest a transformable model rather like the Hibbard & Darrin. However, if I were ordering one, and I wish I could, it would be the convertible victoria; but it would have the much-imitated bullet-nosed radiator of the speedster. For those who crave mechanical details: All models have a special cast-aluminum dash which, bolted to the frame, gives additional rigidity; and the engine looks its 140 horsepower, the more impressively because there is a big aluminum cap that goes over its top and incloses the distributor; and the equipment is complete down to the two little lights under the hood and the clip of spare fuses for the electric system.

THE gadget of the moment is the fender guide—imported, I'm told, from Belgium. It is a slender, chromium-plated rod, twelve or eighteen inches long, with a nob or a bit of red jewel-cut glass on the end. When fastened to the right front fender, which you never see from the driver's seat if your car is one of the long, low, rakish models, it shows how close you may drive to anything on that side without scraping enamel. The larger Fifth Avenue buses are giving it a trial. If you want to create an effect, you can get these fender guides in pairs. Installed on each side, they remind one of nothing so much as the antennae of an insect.

CHROMIUM-PLATED radiator screens are not so popular since several of the taxi fleets have blossomed forth with them. Besides, there are only two conventional patterns, and these lack the gorgeous flare of the ones used by Isotta. Metal spare-tire covers, however, are being used on even the smartest of the new models.

IF you're thinking of applying for your 1931 license plates—which you probably won't be for a month—remember that the Bureau of Motor Vehicles has moved from West Fortieth Street to the new State Building at Centre and Worth Streets. —SPEED

•

President Machado is a powerful, sticky figure, with strongly modeled dominant features crowned by a mane of iron gray hair.—*The Times.*

Good in fly season, anyway.

LIONCEAU

Revealing in its provocative scent all the mysterious charm of brunette beauty. Parfum pour Brunes is the perfect complement of this type. A perfume individual and alluring, appropriately bottled in Coral red... in four sizes. Face powder, dusting powder, lip stick and dice-style lip paste are also to be had in this same delightful odeur.

Sold at the better shops.

PARFUMS LIONCEAU

PARIS Incorporated NEW YORK

Clichy, (Seine et Oise) 565 Fifth Avenue

VIOLA ROOT CAMERON
Genealogist
ESTABLISHED IN 1913

FAMILY HISTORIES
COMPILED AND
PUBLISHED

COATS OF ARMS

CORRESPONDENCE
INVITED

521 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

57 CHANCERY LANE
LONDON

56 FAUBOURG SAINT-
HONORÉ, PARIS

AMSTERDAM · BERLIN

Whitehall
Palm Beach

Opening January 10th

New York Office
THE BERKSHIRE
21 East 52nd Street
MARTIN SWEENY
Manager
Plaza 5800

HOCKEY

Diamond Horseshoe — Bids and Recruits—Defence for the Rangers—Conacher Goes North

SINCE hockey came into its present importance as a social institution, the list of people who subscribe every year for the boxes in Madison Square Garden has not changed much. They are mostly the same crowd who turned out five years ago, out of curiosity, when Rickard introduced the game here. We may as well note in passing that Rickard was not the fellow who originally had the idea that major-league hockey could be sold in New York; but that is another story. The people came, and have continued to order their boxes yearly, as they do for the Metropolitan. In much the same way a certain ceremonial feeling has become attached to the moment when the ice is disclosed for the first time to the patrons of the Garden. On that evening, especially if the Rangers happen to be playing, a good deal of formal dress is to be seen on the sidelines. The audience can be counted on not to throw pennies, programs, or bottle-tops on the ice, and the noises they make are usually controlled within the bounds of the best sporting conventions.

WE have sometimes wondered why the situation becomes different as the season goes on. Those fellows who came downstairs one night last winter to "get" Referee Mike Rodden after a game between the Rangers and the Americans—they didn't look like the crowd from the Opera House. Deputy Inspector Ditman, then attached to the West Forty-seventh Street station, who arrived in time to save Rodden, recognized most of them, and he is not an operagoer. Unquestionably there are evenings when a glance at the boxholders would surprise anybody who expected to see the faces and shirtfronts of the people in whose names the boxes are listed. The reason is that on nights when the games are of merely routine importance in the league schedule, the best families sometimes stay at home and pass their tickets out to friends, retainers, or bootleggers, and these recipients in turn give or sell their tickets to somebody whose favor they want to cultivate. It is a process that gives vitality to a hockey crowd by introducing some midtown political and prizefighting faces, with a few representatives of the local beer business. This is all to the good. Things would be pretty dreary if hockey were really as aristocratic a spectacle as the names of its chief supporters suggest.

THIS is the season for discussing recruits, although later developments make such discussions seem fatuous. A fair percentage of the minor-league stars bought every year with the usual ballyhoo by National Hockey League teams go back to farm teams around the first of February. So far the biggest deal on the books is the transfer of King Clancy from the Ottawa club to the Toronto Maple Leafs for fifty thousand dollars and two players. The feeling around the circuit is that Toronto was lucky to get Clancy at all, but fifty thousand dollars is not cut-rate for any hockey player. It is the most expensive purchase ever actually carried through, though there have been bids for players that were higher, like Dwyer's offer of a hundred thousand dollars for Howie Morenz. You never can tell how a star is going to be affected by a trade. If he has been going stale with his own team, or carrying on a private feud with some teammate—one of those grudges which take the form of ironic silences in the dressing-room, and a refusal on the ice to hand the other man a pass—a change will sometimes make him play the best game of his life. On the other hand, some players are disappointments when lifted out of the combinations that have made them look spectacular. The only fellows who can always be depended on to improve are those who have been released outright as flops by one major-league club and given a new chance

by another. Even if they aren't King Clancys, they invariably put on one good show. That is, when they are playing against the club that released them.

THE Rangers need defence men to support their light, fast, forward line, and Lester Patrick thinks he has one such player in Peters. We'll know more about him after we've seen him work. The Americans need a forward line, so they bought intact the scorers of the Windsor Bulldogs, champions of the International League: Mike Neville, Frank Carson, Hap Emms. They are bringing down some defence strength from their farm team, the New Haven Eagles. The rest of their squad will be the same as last year except that Conacher won't be on it. The Americans are through with Conacher. He is a great player but he made too much trouble off the ice last year. He is now playing with the Montreal Maroons. That is a perfect spot for him. He won't make so much trouble, and his toughness won't be so noticeable in Montreal, because there are quite a few tough chaps there already. Hooley Smith, for instance, and George Boucher, who is not as mild in temperament as his brother Frank.

BOSTON won't be as strong as last year. They let Carson go for much the same reason that the Americans parted with Conacher. McKay has left, and Ottawa got Connors. The Canadiens are trying out two brothers new to major-league hockey —Art and George Giroux. These boys have been working in the California league. I suppose Major McLaughlin has bought another bunch of forwards for Chicago so as to be able to throw in a new forward line every four minutes instead of every seven, like last year. The Blackhawks are the first team to apply to hockey the system that Knute Rockne uses in football. Various Rockne graduates, who also know how to skate, have helped coach the Major's outfit. The eighteen-man Chicago squad had a warmup last year and now should be ready to step. —N. B., JR.

•

Dr. Grace Schermerhorn has returned from New York where she was killed on account of the illness of her brother. —*Clinton (Ia.) Herald.*

We don't pamper visitors.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

I WAS in a great hurry and hadn't time for lunch, so I decided to buy myself a hot dog and take it along in a bag so that I might eat it while I was getting my hair waved. I settled for it at Nedick's, and hastened on only to find that Joseph was busy on another woman's hair. "How long?" I asked. "Fifteen minutes," said Joseph. "But I had an appointment and I am in a hurry," said I. He assured me he would work fast but the lady under his auspices said nothing. There was a grim look about her mouth which convinced me Joseph would not be allowed to finish quickly. I said I would go and do an errand. I would look for the lavender velvet evening wrap, size 46, for my friend in Chattanooga. But I would be back soon.

So I went away and into a nearby store, but couldn't concentrate on the Size 46 because of the sandwich in the paper bag. There was mustard on it and I could feel the warm little body through the brown paper. I looked for a private picnic location but there was none. By this time I wanted the sandwich badly. I considered going back to the counter from whence it came and eating it there, but I am too shy to stand at a hot-dog palace all alone. And even if I could rid myself of inhibitions and false standards, the proprietor of the stand might fail to recognize his merchandise and resent my bringing a strange dog onto the premises instead of buying one on arrival. I rode on two escalators thinking there might be a moment of privacy between floors. But no. I got in among the ready-to-wear and tried to hide between the racks. All the fitting-rooms were full and I could not find a telephone booth. Eventually sufficient time had elapsed for me to be reasonably sure Joseph would be ready, so I went back to his establishment.

BEFORE I could open the bag Joseph was telling me he hadn't had a chance to go out for lunch. I said "Well if you're hungry you'd better go now and let me wait or you'll give me a poor wave." "No," said he, "I won't keep you waiting any longer." Whereupon he started in. I couldn't eat the sandwich before a starving man. I knew it wouldn't be big enough for both of us but would only tantalize two magnificent appetites, so I put it gently in the wastebasket and covered it decently with *Women's Wear.*

—MARGARET FISHBACK

THE EYE IS QUICKER THAN THE HAND!

RISKING the wrath of generations of parlor magicians, we affirm that the hand is *not* quicker than the eye. We mean that people notice gloves.

Moving objects catch the eye. Your hands move more quickly and continuously than the rest of your anatomy. *Therefore* when you lift your hat to that pretty stenographer, or point out the Biffle Building to a stranger, be sure you're well-gloved . . . gloved by Fownes.

Fownes Gloves have caught the eye—and fancy—of discriminating gentlemen since 1777. A modern pair of soft and sturdy pigskin is pictured here. Pigskin is new and popular. You can wash it in soap and water—and be *both* economical and smart!

You'll find Fownes Gloves at your favorite shops, priced from $3 to $15. They're all smartly cut and strongly stitched for long life. Choose the pair that appeals to you most. Then at the holiday game next Thursday you'll have something to be really thankful for! Fownes Brothers & Co., Inc., 354 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

IT'S A

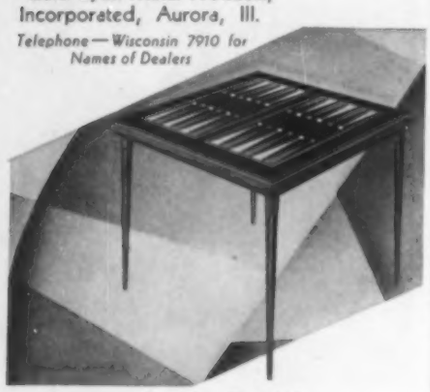
Fownes

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

THE GIFT FOR Backgammon fans

For the family just gone backgammon no gift this Christmas rivals a Steelart Folding Table with backgammon top. Rugged enough in construction to see the next revival of this ancient game, even though used constantly for other games and purposes. Other tables, too, all with comfortable steel folding chairs to match, if desired. Write for complete description. Lyon Metal Products, Incorporated, Aurora, Ill.

Telephone—Wisconsin 7910 for Names of Dealers



LYON
STEELART
Furniture

Distinctive New Homes
Available Under Our Rental-Purchase-Option Plan
$12,500 Upward

Send for details of this "try-out" plan which enables you to lease first—then purchase, if fully satisfied.

Complete Mountain Lakes Exhibit—Homes—Floor Plans, Etc., at Suburban New Jersey, Inc., 15 W. 34th St., New York.

Mansfield & Swett, Inc.,
Managing Agents
2 Boulevard East Phone Boonton 1500
Mountain Lakes, N. J.
The Belhall Company—Developers

MOUNTAIN LAKES N. J.
THE ALL-YEAR HOME COMMUNITY

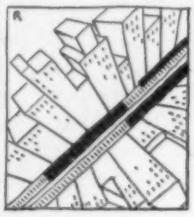
"What'll it be, Gentlemen?"

Remember that greeting? And that he-man glass with its brimming, deep brown "collar," rich as whipped cream? . . . Here's something that'll bring those dear, dead days alive again—a genuine "Chicago Schooner"! It's the old-time heavy stemmed glass and it holds 32 ounces—a full quart! What better gift for the proud possessor of a private bar? Set of six, $10; one doz., $18. Just send your cheque to Jerry's Grandson. We'll pay the charges.

JERRY'S GRANDSON
432 North Franklin St.
Syracuse, New York

NEW APARTMENTS

East Side, West Side—
Life in Madison Avenue
—And Across the Park



REACHING into the blue above Madison Avenue, the tower of the new Carlyle, 35 East Seventy-sixth Street, contains some of the pleasantest hotel suites you will find in town. The whole place is pleasant, anyway; Mrs. George Draper has outdone herself in Empire and eighteenth-century English decoration, and the resulting combination of shiny black surfaces, gold stripes, arrows and stars, mirrors, marbleized surfaces, and colors at once restful and brilliant—like bright green and deep saffron—is entirely successful. The entrance foyers, restaurant, and other public rooms are charming; and the unusually astute management has remembered that you aren't going to live in them, so there are perfectly grand suites: sitting-rooms with huge, squashy chintz-covered couches and armchairs, nice rambling tables suitable for lamps, poker games, or small dinners, amusing flower prints in lacquer-red frames, really good-looking lamps and lighting fixtures, and curtains that have charm as well as variety.

YOU can have pretty nearly anything in the way of hotel accommodations: from one room, bath, serving pantry, lots of closets, and a foyer big enough to greet somebody in, to four, five, six, or even nine rooms, with baths and other accoutrements. The latter sort of thing is in the tower, is apt to have a large piece of roof-terrace, and to cost up to $20,000 a year in rent; but that is the exception. In general, rooms in the Carlyle rent for (this is approximate) $2,000 a year apiece, without furniture but including all hotel service. Add $500 a year to the price of each room if it is to be rented furnished. You can, however, find very nice one-room apartments for less than $2,000 a year at the sides of the building.

The Carlyle—to judge by the atmosphere and the size of the rooms—is intended for those who live in hotels from choice, and not because they ran away from their families and are doing penance in cubicles. Rooms may be had on daily, weekly, monthly, or yearly rental bases (leases for yearly terms), for which you see Douglas L. Elliman & Company. Otherwise, you deal with the management, in the lobby of the Carlyle.

OVER at 145 Central Park West, with an overwhelming view of the Park, is the San Remo, erected on the site of the old hotel of that familiar name. This is not one of the houses you use to illustrate your point when arguing that rents are lower on the West Side. An eighteen-room duplex, for example, with (literally) more unbroken roof-terrace space than I remember seeing anywhere before, all paved with hewn-slate flags, is $21,000 a year. In it is the usual array of living-room, library, dining-room, and service department on the first floor, and sleeping quarters above. This apartment also has a servants' hall and a Gargantuan pantry, really bigger than the kitchen.

Each main master's bedroom in this house has a very good combination bath and dressing-room—now coming rapidly to the fore as bait for prospects; of course, every bedroom has a bath. Personally, I didn't care much for the tiles—mottled green, yellow, or tan—but maybe I am querulous. The general plan of the apartments is good: no complicated entrances and exits to rooms, and really remarkable light and sun everywhere. A good deal of overpowering marble and gold has been used in the entrance foyers, and lighting fixtures of corresponding character, but, all in all, the San Remo is a very splendid apartment house.

The rents range from $4,200, for six rooms, up to the $21,000 I have mentioned, for the eighteen-room duplex, with corresponding rentals throughout. L. J. Phillips & Company, 134 West Seventy-second Street, are the agents. —PENTHOUSE

•

SEVERANCE

Where once was beauty, let there be
The sharp and acid taste of steel.
Better that we should cut and see
The bared and naked truth and feel
Never the old delight again,
Never the heartbreak in the side,
Than that we should endure this pain
Of forcing life in what has died.

—FRANCES M. FROST

HOLD 'EM, POSTAL!

C. B. Allsopp, commercial vice-president of the Postal Company, who evolved the plan of establishing telegraph service in gasoline stations along the roads, made the proposal to the league and worked out the details of the plan to sell theatre tickets through Postal offices.—*News item.*

MY DEAR MR. ALLSOPP:

MAY I, from the sidelines, call encouragement to you and the other members of the old Postal team, praising the courage which stopped the enemy when they seemed most irresistible, and animated the new offensive which has now begun? How glad you must be now that you did not admit defeat when it seemed inevitable, but put your backs to the gasoline stations and crashed into the big red, or United Cigar Stores, team, carrying the theatre tickets far into the enemy territory. How happy it must make you to remember that you did not pause after you had added gasoline to telegrams but continued, through oil and free air, to the drama. It was the logical step, wasn't it?

There, only yesterday, was the United, unchecked in its advance toward the sale of absolutely everything. It had just added a new edition of Dickens to its soda fountain and it seemed that nothing could stop it. And there were you—merely a telegraph company, in the business of selling telegrams. What a contrast! And what a start they had on you! Scarcely a man is now alive who remembers when the United Cigar Stores sold cigars, but even children remember when you accepted telegrams—just telegrams, and never an order for five gallons of Ethyl, in Row M on the side.

IT dawned upon us suddenly, this Postal renaissance. Never will I forget the day when, worn out by my efforts to get a package of cigarettes from the United, I staggered out, carrying Shakespeare's complete works and a lawn-mower, and went for a long ride in the country to quiet my nerves. I rode and rode, Mr. Allsopp, and finally stopped at a gas station for some gas. A man came out in a bright new uniform. "Gas," I directed. "Pink gas?" he inquired. "Blue? Heliotrope? Super-Special Double X Extra Dry Ethyl?" I merely said "Yes," and he filled the tank.

"Oil?" he asked, then. "Water? Drain your crankcase? Fix your flats? Spray your springs? Alemite your bearings? Check your battery? Wash your car? Send your telegrams?"

I woke up with that, Mr. Allsopp, sensing progress. And, as he explained what Postal had done and as I sent telegrams, I recognized the beginning of the struggle for supremacy in the selling of odds and ends. I drove by United Cigar stores as I returned and looked at them pityingly. They seemed to droop, Mr. Allsopp. Their windows still were gay with cocktail-shakers, sewing machines, electric toasters, and papier-mâché sandwiches, with here and there a pipe for decorative purposes, but the hand of doom was upon them. "The Postal is awake!" I whispered to myself. "The battle is on!"

I BELIEVED in Postal, Mr. Allsopp, yet I was hardly prepared for the dash and courage which led you to snatch theatre tickets from under the very noses of the opposition. The United clerks, faintly visible behind the piles of new detective stories, were depressed about it for weeks. They shook their heads sadly. "The United ain't what it used to be," one of them confided to me. "We're missing things. First gasoline and now tickets. I don't know what the management can be thinking of. They're not what they were in the old days." And they're not, either. You have them on the run. There's not a gas station in a block of them. They even let the new package meats go to the groceries without a struggle.

Nor do I doubt that you will go on to bigger and better things, Mr. Allsopp, after consolidating your present gains. You must, of course, get out a list of the ten best plays—"Postal's Picked Plays," I'd call it—as a companion to "Five Hundred Snappy Telegrams for All Occasions." But you'll know how to do that; trust old Postal. And then what? Big things, I'm sure. More worlds conquered. Nothing can stop you now.

YOU won't, in view of this bright future, mind if I send my few telegrams Western Union, will you? I'd rather like to know that, when I send your No. 11—"Merry Christmas to the dear ones at home this Christmas time"—my parents won't get a quart of oil and two tickets to the Belmont Theatre. They might not understand that it was really progress.

Faithfully yours,
RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

A happy bountiful day

EAT your Thanksgiving dinner at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Enjoy the luxury of the day in comfort . . . at a price that is reasonable. A brisk walk along the shore. A ride on the beach. A game of squash. Or maybe just a snooze in the sun on the Ocean Deck, with the sea air blowing. Then, a bountiful dinner that you will long remember. Come for the week-end. On the ocean. Garage. Write for information. *Fall and winter rates now in effect.*

American and European Plans

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall
ATLANTIC CITY

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

LONDON LETTER

LONDON, Nov. 12

IT was entirely by accident that I stumbled, on my way to lunch, upon the opening of Parliament, when, in common with several thousand of my fellow-burghers, I found my progress arrested in St. James's Park. There were, of course, the inevitable concomitants: thousands of women who had been waiting there all day, unhappy infants in prams, program-sellers, vendors of brass replicas of the Royal coach, all jammed tightly on the sidewalk.

I rather suspected that Parliament had already been opened and the procession was on its way back, though as the Beefeaters and the Guards' band and all the panoply and splendor were marching round and round the Victoria Memorial, it was rather difficult to tell. Cars kept coming down from Hyde Park Corner to become involved in the ceremonies and be shooed back by mounted police. Other cars came up behind them, horns yelled, gears screeched, and the horses of the policemen leaped into the air. Then a large cart-horse of subversive tendencies lay down in the road and refused to be moved. The Royal coach lumbered up, a really preposterous equipage with immense naked Neptunes dotted about: a display of gilded and well-nourished anatomy that would have made Rubens weep. It was empty, so the postilions and grooms and heralds had to pass slowly through a barrage of Cockney facetiousness. The bands played, the colors waved, the hungry watchers removed their hats, the past retreated into the past, and the ordinary business of life resumed.

LONDON has grown so used to order that a sporadic outbreak of gun-waving in the remoteness of Suburbia filled us, not with alarm, but with the vapors of selfrighteousness. The papers have been very full these days—of advice and encouragement to Chicago. For it turned out that these suburban guns were not guns at all, but water pistols, and gas pistols, and other toys. You cannot buy a revolver in England with any ease. In a few cases where the gun actually was a lethal weapon, it had been imported from Ireland, and was empty. In only one instance was the revolver loaded, and though it had never been fired, its owner was forthwith cast into a dungeon, from which he will reappear in 1937.

These are stern measures, and they please us greatly. The leader-writers grow lyrical, the nation is puffed with pride, and "On the Spot" is making a fortune for Edgar Wallace. Even the *Times* is not above making capital of the business, with studious accounts of Chicago gang warfare, and hints on how to pronounce "Capone." All in all, the revival of public interest in guns would seem to show the time is ripe for some real gunmen to come over here and take us down a peg or two. We are growing too comfortable in our old age.

THOSE who follow the rambling lucubrations of this department may remember some enthusiastic references to the formation of an English ballet society to be known as the Camargo, after a French lady of that name who lived once upon a time in Paris.

Now I have to take most of my paean back. The first performance of the society was most brilliant so far as the audience was concerned, but disappointing in other ways. The scenery was not by Augustus John, and the *pièce de résistance* dealt with the painful subject of a dentist's parlor, which is amusing only if you are one of those rare souls whom contemplation of the painful exalts to heights of artistic appreciation. Surely it was the great mistake of the Russians that they confused childishness with high art; and in any case the Russians did it better. They gave the impression of being a careless and intellectual group of *émigrés* who could afford to be idiotic while the world fell in ruins behind the wings.

However, there is talk of another society to be formed with similar objects in view; and, at all events, it is good to know that in London the ballet is still very much alive.

MAURICE LAMBERT, brother of Constant Lambert, who conducted the Camargo's ballet, has one of the most startling of the exhibits in the London Group exhibition at the Burlington Galleries: a bronze, and distinctly bow-legged, woman waving an infant before her. It is called "Dancing Mother," and it's yours for three hundred pounds. The London Group are the people who despise the Royal Academy and all its works and pomps; though, looking around the Galleries, it's difficult to see why. Most of them seemed perfectly normal to me.

There was one exhibitor, however, Paule Vézelay, with a distinctly original point of view. I was particularly entranced with a piece called, quite charmingly, "Nudes." It consisted of a series of interweaving lines, quite like those drawn around the firm name on tailors' announcements. "Vesuvius in Eruption," by E. Burra, was also nice. It was formed of bits cut from the illustrated papers and pasted together; a gentleman's blue serge suit with the works of an alarm clock for the head; and so on. You can buy this for fourteen guineas, or you can make one yourself in your spare time. How Mr. Burra must hate the Royal Academy!

HARRODS has opened a new barbershop that gives one a rather alarming glimpse into the mechanized future. It's underground, and the whole place—ceilings, floor, and walls—is made of black celluloid. The basins are black, and the barbers wear black trimmings. Everything except the barbers is mechanical. Your chair makes convulsive movements to get you into a better position. The clippers descend on you clipping madly through no human agency. As your hair falls to the ground, it slides silently into the maw of a machine. Instead of blowing down your neck, as any decent barber should, your attendant applies a little nozzle that squirts a fiendish breath on you. Even the unguents spray themselves.

There is but one jarring note: Sitting in this inferno of modernity, one is struck by the inappropriate and ludicrous respectability of the customers. But perhaps Hell is like that.—A. G.

•

Instead of diving at Dorais' legs, he ran at him and threw his arms around his neck, stopping him dead. If I had to curb Mr. Albie Booth's enthusiasm in a match against Notre Dame, that's how it would be done.—*Knute Rockne in Collier's for October 25.*

Albie Booth, Eli's elusive ball carrier, was knocked out on his first play of the game in the second period. The stunning charge of the Army tacklers had centered on his head and he was carried off the field on a stretcher.—*The Herald Tribune, October 26.*

Hmm. *Collier's* has a West Point subscriber, eh?

THE INTERVIEW

"PROFESSOR OTWAY, I represent the *Daily Orange and Blue*—that's our college paper—and we fellows on the *Orange and Blue* felt that your views on contemporary problems would be of great interest to the student body. I mean, if you would care to give me your views on contemporary problems and all like that, why the student body would be deeply interested. And I tell you it would mean a lot to me, too, personally, Professor Otway, in my competition for managing editor. I'm just twenty-five inches behind another fellow, Professor Otway, and if I can get a good interview, gee! it would mean a lot to me, but of course I wouldn't want that to sway or influence you in any way, shape, or manner, but maybe you wouldn't mind telling me your opinion of the youth of today."

"My opinion of the youth of today?"

"Yes—I mean, what is youth thinking about, and is youth in revolt against old standards, and is it jazz-mad, and companionate marriage, and all like that."

"AH. Let me order my thoughts for a moment. Yes, my young friend, youth is in revolt today. But not, as is commonly asserted, in revolt against authority. Rather youth is in revolt against the absence of authority. Lest this seem paradoxical, let me explain myself. The college generations of today have been unconsciously shaped in the disorganization and disillusionment that followed the war. As children you suffered from the despair of your parents, who saw their high hopes and ideals of 1917 undone in the selfish nationalistic treaty of 1919, and who cried 'We have been deluded!'"

"Do you spell that d-i-double-l or d-e-double-l?"

"D-e-l. And the parents, losing their faith in human and divine justice, relapsed into a money-mad, jazz-mad materialism. And in the atmosphere of these faithless, hopeless homes, wherein the pleasure of the moment is recognized as the only tangible good, a new generation came into being, inheriting no confidence in any virtue save the virtue of success, no moral and ethical doctrine save the old Epicurean counsel of despair: 'Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die!'"

"Gee, that's great, Professor Otway!"

"What?"

"That's a swell line, Professor Otway! Who said that last crack, Professor Otway?"

"Epicurus."

"Oh, Greek. I presented Spanish for entrance. Two 'p's?"

"One. But now see what is taking place. Youth recognizes the insufficiency of this negative philosophy and perceives its logical flaws. And youth turns away from it unsatisfied, craving a sturdy structure of belief, demanding affirmation, a spiritual organization of a mechanistic universe. Do you not find this attitude a general one?"

"Oh gee! yes, Professor Otway, oh gee! yes, you betcha."

"I THOUGHT so. This new spirit appears in various forms and under various names, but the spirit is there, to be recognized by any observer at all versed in reading the minds of the young. Witness the extraordinary success of the new Humanism, an intellectual doctrine so much in conformity with youth's need of militant authority that it has become, one may almost say, the aesthetic creed of the undergraduate of today."

"Just exactly what is this Humanism, Professor Otway? That would interest the student body."

"Why, I find it a little hard to sum it up in a sentence. It depends upon whether one inclines toward the interpretations of Babbitt, or More, or Eliot."

"Just exactly who are Babbitt and More and Eliot, Professor Otway?"

"They are probably the three most eminent protagonists of Humanism."

"Just exactly what is a protagonist, Professor Otway?"

"Oh dear me. Well, anyway, it remains true that youth of today is demanding affirmation. All my investigations and observations point unmistakably to that fact."

"Well, that's fine, Professor Otway. The student body will certainly be glad to have these facts. I certainly do appreciate your kindness, and thanks a lot. But what I would appreciate a lot if it isn't asking too much would be for you to tell the student body in about three inches if co-eds are really immoral." —MORRIS BISHOP

•

In the Adrian news last week the marriage of Miss Pearl Heffner and E. C. Roberts was announced. The name of Mr. Roberts should have been George Miller.—*Buckhannon (W. Va.) Record.*

But that isn't his fault.

A

GIFT LIST

..for those who do their Christmas shopping early

for

Poetry* _____

History* _____

Biography* _____

Travel* _____

Rare Book* _____

Fiction* _____

Children's Books* _____

Book Ends* _____

Desk Set* _____

Leather Novelty* _____

Gold Pencil* _____

Fountain Pen* _____

Stationery* _____

*You supply the name.. we'll supply the gift..!

BRENTANO'S

1 West 47th Street, New York

Phone Bryant 5700

Fifth Ave. at 27th St. Broadway at 78th St. Madison Ave. at 70th St.

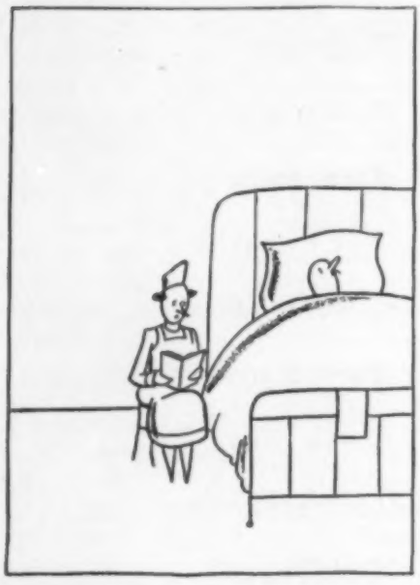
Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh Washington

RECENT BOOKS

Rich Fantasy—White Russians—Well-Mannered Novel—
Sob Ballads — American Thought — Politicians — Frost

JUST as I was about to go into a gloom about the future of the English novel, along comes "The Water Gipsies," by A. P. Herbert, and sends my spirits soaring. For this is one of those grand books that gladden and entertain; here are the smile and the sob, the tears and the laughter. Here, in short, is a good novel, written with wit, imagination, and taste.

Mr. Herbert has had the great audacity to write a fantastic, whimsical novel without getting arty and modern about it. It is, to summarize, the story of a glorified housemaid and her almost imaginary love affairs. The housemaid has formed her entire notion of life from the cinemas; she is always seeking the Great Moment, the Big Event—in capital letters. Life is eternally failing her because it always falls short of Cecil B. de Mille. Her honest suitor offers her the warmed-over comfort of respectability; her radical lover promises uneasy adventure. The artist, whom she idealizes, loves her for her beauty alone. Through these unsatisfactory affairs and through the routine of her hopeless work, the housemaid moves like a queen incognito.



As all old fogies will remember, Sir James Barrie once had the gift of endowing perfectly commonplace women with magic and of describing small events with legendary beauty. Well, Mr. Herbert has caught this same trick. Moreover, he gives substance to his book by anchoring it to a picturesque background; "The Water Gipsies" concerns the men and women who live on the little canals and waterways of England. They have the eager and amusing seafaring ways of children playing at boating on a pond in the park.

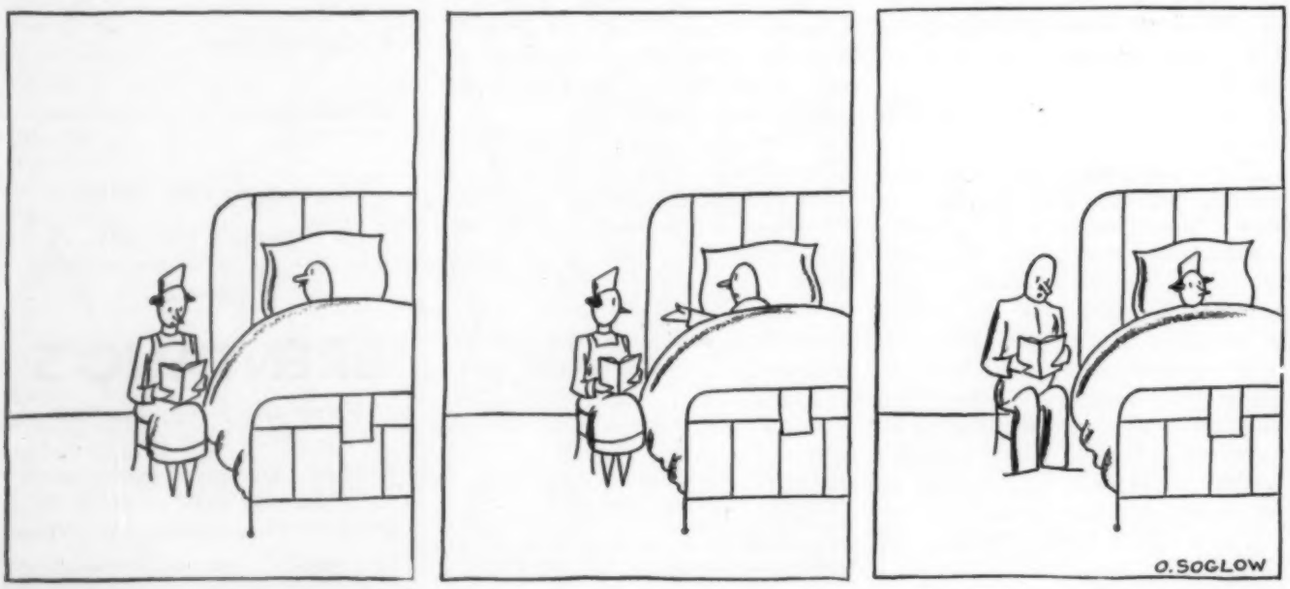
This book, incidentally, has been very popular in England, where Mr. Herbert is held in reverence as one of the brightest spirits of *Punch*. I hope that it will be rousingly received over here.

THEN, too, there is more cheering news from England in Stella Benson's novel, "The Far-Away Bride." The book, to be enjoyed most, must be read in topsy-turvy sequences. First you must turn to the appendix, which is a reprinting of the Story of Tobit from the Apocrypha. Then you must read the foreword, in which Miss Benson explains how, during a visit to Manchuria, she was impressed by the similarity between the situations of the White Russians in that corner of the world and the Lost Tribes of Israel.

All this sounds formidable, but it sets you on firm ground to appreciate Miss Benson's singularly imaginative and powerful story of a Russian family in exile. The Malinins are beset by Chinese and Koreans, misunderstood by Japanese, and patronized by the white missionaries. They have, too, their family drama, which is a remarkable study of a mother, her son, and the daughter-in-law.

The ease with which Miss Benson has projected herself into a Russian novel is really amazing. The book does not read like the work of an onlooker; it is like a very excellent translation of a Russian work.

"A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES," by Mary Borden, is more worldly reading. It purports to be the autobiography of an Anglicized American girl who went to London, became involved in an icy love affair with an elderly statesman, and suffered, as a consequence, from psychic headaches. The lady also relates the drama of her friend, Maggie, who marries a class-ridden En-



ASTROLOGY

Under which Sign of the Zodiac were You Born?

ASTROLOGY, ancient science of character delineation, now guides smart women in the selection of their parfum.

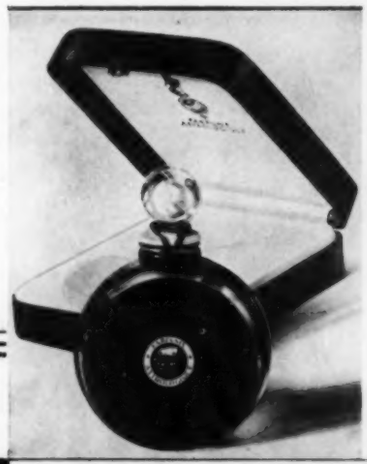
For parfum is a spiritual garment. Like a smart gown it must "fit" its wearer, giving harmonious expression to her individuality. To wear the wrong parfum is as unbecoming as to wear the wrong gown.

In Parfums Astrologique a master parfumer of France gives mystic expression to the twelve types of "astral personality" as decreed by the twelve Signs of the Zodiac.

For you, there is an exquisite *odeur* all your own... distilled from your natal flower group ... poetically interpreting your innermost charm ... Intensifying your personality.

Choose *your* Parfum Astrologique by your Zodiac Sign. For Christmas, give a jewel-like flacon of this most exclusive and personal of parfums.

A fascinating brochure on the astrological interpretation of personality may be had on request at any of the stores listed below



ARIES March 22nd to April 21st

Charm—wit—beauty with daring originality is Madame born under this sign. Parfum Astrologique ARIES reflects these sparkling qualities—a wine-like air of spring—with a vivid awareness of life which effectively nullifies that deep passionate jealousy of Madame ARIES. For, with her astrological scent, madame is irresistible, and jealous impulses melt away in the spring-like warmth and gaiety of her effervescent laughter.

TAURUS April 21st to May 22nd

Loving—independent—adorable—careless of conventional opinion—Madame of TAURUS may win the homage of the world. Romance then—is the keynote of Parfum Astrologique TAURUS. Dashing—light-hearted—compressing in one crystalline drop all the romance of music, dancing and poetry—this mystic scent enhances madame's strange fascination, expresses her true Love nature.

GEMINI May 22nd to June 22nd

Versatile—witty—restless as the ocean tides—impulsively generous is Madame of GEMINI. For her, Parfum Astrologique GEMINI is a blend of delightful scents—mysterious—changeable—imaginative. Astrologers believe that the wearer of this mystic odeur will avoid the misunderstandings to which the complex GEMINI nature is often subjected.

CANCER June 22nd to July 24th

June and moonlight—gaiety and laughter—a delicate sensuousness—Madame of CANCER dances lightly on the surface of life—yet conceals a warm heart beneath her sparkling "joy of life." For her, Parfum Astrologique CANCER is an odeur of fragrance and laughter—sparkling zestfulness—with an undertone of seriousness. A mystic armour against wounds to your very sensitive nature.

LEO July 24th to August 24th

The surging life force of the tawny lion—the deep home instinct of the gracious chatelaine—the inner need for warm affection—characterizes Madame of LEO. And, in Parfum Astrologique LEO, these complimenting characteristics have been skilfully caught. The steady calms of a deep nature with just a suggestion of wild ferocity.

VIRGO August 24th to September 24th

Epicurean in taste—efficient in home management—upright—spirituelle minds—the daughters of VIRGO hold aloft the chalice of purity and are the embodiment of womanly ideals. Parfum Astrologique VIRGO expresses the subtle delicacy—charm and wit of this personality—magnetic by its very spirituality, expressing every mood of the VIRGO temperament.

PISCES February 20th to March 22nd

The daughters of Pisces will be found among leaders of business—game hunters—world travelers. They are ideal wives and mothers—with excellent taste—yet often subject to depression and the tyranny of tears. For them Parfum Astrologique PISCES is a cheering magic talisman—an essence for leaders—giving added courage and elan.

AQUARIUS January 21 to February 20th

Cultured—gracious—refined—the women of Aquarius are truly to the manner born. For them Parfum Astrologique AQUARIUS is redolent, in its lovely essence, of the brilliant drawing room gathering—yet subtle and delicate in its appeal to suit the natural refinement and simplicity of its wearer. Where smart people gather—this beautiful boquet will breathe of a gracious, magnetic personality.

CAPRICORN December 23 to January 21

Madame who is efficient, kindly and wise—who holds her opinions firmly—who, all unconscious displays the innate superiority of her charm—is indelibly stamped as a daughter of Capricorn. Her Parfum Astrologique CAPRICORN is a charming essence not quite languorously sensuous nor yet chastely spirituelle—with a marked expression of the intellectual.

SAGITTARIUS Nov. 23 to Dec. 23rd

The mystery of the Mona Lisa smile—the woman of whom one is never quite "sure"—these are the daughters of Sagittarius. Intellectual conversationalists—sportswomen—they typify a healthy femininity. Their Parfum Astrologique SAGITTARIUS is lightly mysterious yet with a note of activity—a symbolic odeur, reputed to offset that impetuous burst of temper that marks Sagittarius women.

SCORPIO October 24th to November 23rd

Brilliant—scintillant—witty satirists—clever actresses, Scorpio's women are "artistes in amour." Life is a thrilling adventure for them, though they may hide behind a cold dignified exterior. For them Parfum Astrologique SCORPIO is a liberating essence—unlocking the flood gates of their exotic and romantic inner nature. A most powerful ally—a fitting accompaniment to an active life.

LIBRA September 24th to October 24th

Today gay and happy—tomorrow melancholy and depressed—high strung—careless of mere "things"—such is Madame born under Libra. To her Parfum Astrologique LIBRA gives the "balance" she needs. An harmonious, soul-satisfying scent—a symphonic poem for the senses—enhancing that little dash of ego that gives Libra's ladies a piquant appeal.

Parfums Astrologique are priced in the U. S. A. from $5 *to* $50.
Purse flacon $4.50

PARFUMS ASTROLOGIQUE

Presented by:

New York City
BONWIT TELLER
SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE
SAKS—34th STREET
JOHN WANAMAKER

Brooklyn, N. Y.
ALLISON'S ST. GEORGE HOTEL

Chicago, Ill.
SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE

Cincinnati, Ohio
H. & S. POGUE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio
THE HALLE BROS. CO.

Columbus, Ohio
F. & R. LAZARUS & CO.

Denver, Colo.
THE DENVER DRY GOODS CO.

Hartford. Conn.
SAGE-ALLEN & CO.

Houston, Texas
LEVY BROS. DRY GOODS CO.

Kansas City, Mo.
HARZFELD'S, INC.

Oklahoma City, Okla.
RORABAUGH-BROWN DRY GOODS CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOSEPH HORNE CO.

Portland, Ore.
B. F. SCHLESINGER & SONS.

St. Paul, Minn.
FIELD-SCHLICK, INC.

Tulsa, Okla.
BROWN-DUNKIN CO.

Youngstown, Ohio
THE G. M. McKELVEY CO.

glishman, with the usual uncertain results.

Miss Borden rather disturbs the smoothness of her novel by introducing a Finnish gentleman, named Tawaska, who awakens the soul of her heroine by behaving like Parsifal. Tawaska, to me, was unconvincing; but then so was Parsifal. I liked best the Edwardian statesman, who is uncannily real.

Anyway, this is a very pleasant novel of manners—and good manners, too. It has an agreeable air of disillusionment and a glamorous disenchantment. If the title puzzles you, it may help you to know that those eyes which are almost white indicate a peculiar indifference to romantic emotions. And there's a helpful thought!

MR. OLIVER ONIONS, in "The Open Secret," writes as one who is, at any minute, about to reveal great profundities. But I could not find his story because of the plot. Mr. Onions would make you feel the complexities of social life in the European turmoil. So he writes of two young Englishmen who become involved in the dark doings of the Russians. The plot rushes pell-mell all over the place; there is something happening every minute, and you are never very clear as to the whys and wherefores. The romance is frantic and Mr. Onions' special form of humor is weighted down by the Edgar Wallace-ish proceedings.

AS for "Cinderella's Daughter," I can only say that if you like Mr. John Erskine, here is your meat. Mr. Erskine is up to his old tricks; in this book, he gives you a collection of the sequels and consequences of famous legends and fairy stories. For instance, Cinderella marries her Prince, doesn't get on with him very well, and has a daughter who refuses to go to dances. And you are given an account of what happened in the Earl's household just after Lady Godiva's famous ride. There is, to me, about Mr. Erskine's work a touch of Sunday-syndicate humor with a college education.

HOWEVER, I can be wholehearted about Isaac Goldberg's "Tin Pan Alley," which is a well-informed and excellently written history of modern American music. In the brief story of Charles K. Harris, who hung out a sign announcing "Songs Written to Order," Mr. Goldberg has interpolated some good musical criticism. Moreover, the book is filled with references to songs that make you give away your age. For instance, I was delighted to find him paying passing tribute to that old classic, "I'm livin' easy, eatin' pork chops greasy." The book, with its information, its intelligent judgment, and its fine assembling of facts, is easily the best of the chronicles of Tin Pan Alley.

CLARENCE H. KNAPP's collection of sob ballads, "I'm Sorry if I Have Offended," is also one of the best of the humorous volumes. If you don't know Mr. Knapp's utterly ridiculous ballads, you have been reading this magazine in vain. And if you do know them, the book needs no further word from me. —A. W. S.

• •

I REALLY think you ought to read Vernon Louis Parrington's "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America," as you should read, and may very well have read, his two preceding volumes: "The Colonial Mind" and "The Romantic Revolution in America." The three make up his series, "Main Currents in American Thought," a historical study of what might rather tritely be called the American cultural background. This final volume was left short of completion when the author was killed, about a year ago, in a motor-car accident in England. The book, then, is posthumous, and its continuity is pieced out here and there with lecture notes and other marginalia. It suffers but little from that cause, however. It stops at the beginning of the century, instead of going on to the present day, as planned;

and that may be a good thing, for the Professor's enthusiasms might have vitiated his judgment of his near contemporaries. Moreover, the completed portion amply covers the Civil War and the decade after, a period which —with its expansionism, its rush toward industrialization, its urbanization —Professor Parrington undoubtedly saw as a sort of fulcrum, on which various forces operated to swing the country away from its original ideal of a decentralized agrarian democracy.

There is, of course, hardly any need of stressing the book's importance as to subject matter. It is one of the two or three really informed attempts at a comprehensive study of what we as Americans are, culturally and ethically, and why. Though Professor Parrington's main effort was to trace the development of American literature, he also endeavored to uncover the roots of each separate outgrowth in the political and economic soil of the time; and all this is so nicely balanced that you can take it either as a history of the nation's literature in terms of its polity, or vice versa, as your own chief interest inclines. As to Professor Parrington himself, he was confessedly a liberal Jeffersonian in outlook, and had probably somewhere near his heart a mildly Utopian regret that we have not retained the small-town-and-farm spirit the country had in its earlier days. You may take issue with him, at least on the ground that his ideals are so far away from reality as to offer no solution of, but rather merely a contrast with, our present social form. Nevertheless, you can hardly fail to enjoy his book (if you go in at all for the weightier sort of reading, that is) as you would enjoy a conversation with a man of brilliant mind, thoroughly informed on his subject yet never pedantic, a keen, cool reasoner, yet apt at times with an epigram.

IF you care to go still more deeply into the American background, there are two or three other books having to do with much the same period. One is "Nelson W. Aldrich," by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, an extremely exhaustive and painstaking biography of that very sharp and very dogmatic Senator from Rhode Island. As to material, the book is not so capably got together as Parrington's. Moreover, Dr. Stephenson just doesn't write anywhere nearly so well. However, the book is made up almost entirely of matter hitherto unpublished, is copiously documented and, if you are a student of American

politics, will undoubtedly be valuable.

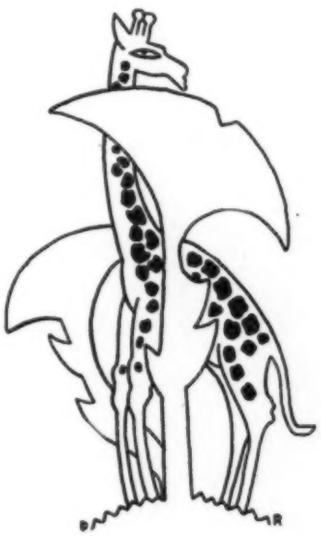
Another book is "Thomas B. Reed, Parliamentarian," by William A. Robinson. Reed, of course, was Speaker of the House during almost the same period in which Aldrich was Republican leader of the Senate, and both held somewhat similar political theories. Reed, however, was a flaring, burly-witted sort of fellow, while the other was dry, austere; this, with the fact that Mr. Robinson permits himself more drama in the presentation, makes his biography somewhat easier reading. Still more or less for the student, however.

Mark Sullivan's book, "Pre-War America," the third volume in his "Our Times" series, is also published. It is, in a sense, a companion to the Parrington book, except that where the Professor turned to his library, the journalist merely opened his scrapbook, glanced over old scandals, political imbroglios, quoted old songs. It's loosely written, not at all profound, but entertaining.

SO much for Americana, except to mention "Individualism, Old and New," by John Dewey, in which the venerable philosopher takes up a problem about which we probably should worry more: the submergence of the individual in modern society. Most writers, conservative or radical, tend to idealize either the situation or their remedy. Dewey, the pragmatist, accepts the situation and attempts to analyze it.

Georg Brandes' "Voltaire," translated by Otto Kruger and Pierce Butler, has been issued, in two volumes. It is about the only life, at once learned and readable, of that amazing man published in recent years.

Then there are "My Yesterdays,"



DO YOU SMOKE STEADILY WHEN BORED STIFF?

♦♦♦♦ KEEP MOUTH-HAPPY WITH COOLER SMOKE!

When you're cornered for two dull hours or more... do you lessen the ordeal with cigarettes? Here's a fine chance to smoke through your first Spud pack! Your mind is all the more free to realize how Spud's cooler smoke keeps your mouth and throat in their natural moist-cool comfort... to sense how Spud's clean, cooler smoke holds and heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Thus your boredom turns to thrill... you discover Spud, this grand inimitable freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

SUPER CITY
by HARRY HERSHFIELD

SUPER-CITY, Harry Hershfield's ripping story of New York is big stuff about the big city.
SID SKOLSKY—Daily News

SUPER-CITY paints a comprehensive picture of New York—with the moving picture possibilities graded three stars.
GEORGE BRITT—Telegram

Everywhere 2.50

THE ELF PUBLISHERS, Inc.
New York

OPEN EVENINGS
MARCONI BROS. Inc.
114 EAST 59TH St.
Tel. Volunteer 4026 N. Y. City

MUSIC!
If it's new or old MARCONI has it.
A complete stock of all makes of Records
Both Classical & Popular
Phone orders promptly filled—we ship to all parts of the world.

VICTROLAS
RECORDS
RADIOS

The music you want when you want it!

Modern Bed-Living Room $664.50

This price includes everything—Furniture, Curtains, Carpets and Lamps. Call and see the room, and then compare.

O. Charles Meyer & Co. Inc.
66 & 79 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y. Est. 1878

by Lord Frederick Hamilton, a reprint in one volume of the diplomat's three books of memoirs, which had a considerable popularity several years ago; and "Since Then," by Sir Philip Gibbs. The former is made up of chatty, graceful gossip about court life and common doings in Europe before the war; the latter is a melodramatic recital of the dramatic events since the war.

LET us, before we forget it, just put in a note announcing that Ernest Hemingway's first book, "In Our Time," so long out of print in its American edition and so expensive a collector's item in its European, has just now been issued in a new printing. It was heartily kicked about when it first came out six years ago (I remember Hemingway murderously wondering what Mencken meant by calling it "cloacal"), but if you've missed it, you missed some of the finest writing he's done. This edition has also a very keen critical introduction by Edmund Wilson. —R. M. C.

RANDOM HOUSE has done a very good job with a limited autographed edition of the "Collected Poems" of Robert Frost, and for those who aren't lucky enough to get a copy, Henry Holt has just brought out the same thing in a trade edition. There are few people in this country who have written anything more worth collecting than Frost. This book has six poems in addition to everything that has been in previous volumes. Looking through it one can see with half an eye that this is a poet, a poet subject, like all poets, to weaknesses and limitations, but a poet, none the less, who has a more distinct quality than any other man writing in this country today. One thing which this book makes clear, a thing which I have long believed to be true, is the fact that Frost is, for all the celebrity of his "North of Boston" narratives, primarily our foremost lyricist. Take a look at "To Earthward" if you don't believe me. —R. H.

•

WALDEN, Mass., Oct. 24 (AP)—The ushers of the Maplewood Methodist Episcopal Church, who scandalized the congregation by whistling while taking up the collection at the eightieth anniversary service of the church, were restored to good social standing today when the pastor, the Rev. Duane B. Aldrich, explained their strange behavior. The pastor had instructed the ushers to whistle every time a dollar bill or more was dropped into the plates.—*The Sun.*

It's more fun to boo the nickels.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

THE FAR-AWAY BRIDE, by Stella Benson (*Harper*). A great story of an exiled Russian family in Manchuria.

THE WATER GIPSIES, by A. P. Herbert (*Doubleday, Doran*). Imaginative and humorous story of the romantic life of a London housemaid. You'll not want to miss it.

A WOMAN WITH WHITE EYES, by Mary Borden (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which a world-weary lady recites the story of her disillusioned life.

THE OPEN SECRET, by Oliver Onions (*Houghton Mifflin*). Rather frantic novel about political turmoil in Europe.

CINDERELLA'S DAUGHTER, by John Erskine (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Mr. Erskine tells what happened after the happy endings of some famous fairy tales.

IN OUR TIME, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). A reprint of early sketches in the style that made the author famous.

STRIKE!, by Mary Heaton Vorse (*Liveright*). A sympathetic reporter tells a touchingly beautiful story of a strike in a Southern textile mill.

CLAUDINE AT SCHOOL, by Colette and Willy (*A. & C. Boni*). Naughty, wise, and witty chronicle of the doings in a French provincial school.

SEVEN DAYS' DARKNESS, by Gunnar Gunnarson (*Macmillan*). Icelandic tragedy, written with striking imaginative power.

WOMEN AND MONKS, by Joseph Kallinikov (*Harcourt, Brace*). The goings-on in a Russian monastery town. Intolerably long.

SUCCESS, by Lion Feuchtwanger (*Viking*). A long, ponderous, but tremendously engrossing drama of modern Munich.

PHILIPPA, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). Another modern girl makes a nuisance of herself, in a very genteel novel.

CERTAIN PEOPLE, by Edith Wharton (*Appleton*). Excellent collection of short stories by a lady who knows her stuff.

THE JOHN RIDDELL MURDER CASE, by John Riddell (Corey Ford) (*Scribner*). A lot of kidding. Pictures by Covarrubias.

DOG STORIES, by John Held, Jr. (*Vanguard*). Fine, unsentimental, and well-told stories, with elegant pictures.

SONG OF THE WHEATFIELDS, by Ferenc Móra (*Brewer & Warren*). An earthy tale of Hungarian peasantry.

STAYING WITH RELATIONS, by Rose Macaulay (*Liveright*). The gayest of the new novels. Please read it.

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH, by Martha Ostenso (*Dodd, Mead*). A story of family tyranny, excellently written.

MOSAIC, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). A witty and gaily colored picture of a flamboyant lady. Continuing, of course, the drama of the Matriarch's family.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY, by Margaret Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*). More about the Sangers: this time Caryll and Sebastian are the chief actors in a fascinating story.

HE DONE HER WRONG, by Milt Gross (*Doubleday, Doran*). The Great American Novel, done in almost talking pictures.

THE DEEPENING STREAM, by Dorothy Canfield (*Harcourt, Brace*). A serene, sensitive novel about a charming woman.

MISS MOLE, by E. H. Young (*Harcourt, Brace*). The drama of a super-servant. A real and living picture of one of the season's best heroines.

MEMOIRS OF AN INFANTRY OFFICER, by

Siegfried Sassoon (*Coward-McCann*). George Sherston, the English fox-hunting gentleman, goes to war.

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (*Doubleday, Doran*). The wickedest and most amusing of current novels. In which literary idols are shaken out of their niches.

QUIET STREET, by Michael Ossorgin (*Dial Press*). The novel of the Russian Revolution that you have been waiting for.

GREEN ISLE, by Alice Duer Miller (*Dodd, Mead*). Shrewd and excellently written novel of a virtuous heroine deftly exposed by the author.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (*Holt*). Another excellent novel of muffled feminine emotions by the author of "Dusty Answer."

MYSTERIES

THE CASE OF THE MISSING SANDALS, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Crime Club*). . . . CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*). . . . THE SNAKE OF LUVERCY, by Maurice Renard (*Dutton*). . . . MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S MYSTERY BOOK (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . FOUR FAULTLESS FELONS, by G. K. Chesterton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE MURDER AT THE VICARAGE, by Agatha Christie (*Dodd, Mead*).

GENERAL

THE BEGINNINGS OF CRITICAL REALISM IN AMERICA, by Vernon Louis Parrington (*Harcourt, Brace*). Final volume, covering the period 1860-1900, in the author's series "Main Currents in American Thought." Profound, but very readable.

PRE-WAR AMERICA, by Mark Sullivan (*Scribner*). Third of "Our Times" series. Scrapbook account of the country's antics.

VOLTAIRE, by Georg Brandes (*A. & C. Boni*). Life of the world's great wit. Authoritative and entertaining.

COLLECTED POEMS, by Robert Frost (*Henry Holt*). The first complete collection of the work of one who is beginning to look like our most important poet. Random House has published the same collection in a limited, autographed edition.

TIN PAN ALLEY, by Isaac Goldberg (*John Day*). Readable and informative history of modern American music.

I'M SORRY IF I HAVE OFFENDED, by Clarence H. Knapp (*Putnam*). Mr. Knapp's famous sob ballads collected in one volume, with pictures by Donald Streeter.

PICASSO, by Maud Dale (*Knopf*). A clear and brief outline of the painter's life and work, with fifty illustrations.

THE VILLAGE BOOK, by Henry Williamson (*Dutton*). Beautifully written chronicle of life in an English rural community.

NEW YORK, by Paul Morand (*Henry Holt*). A cosmopolite sees New York.

THE THIRD NEW YORKER ALBUM (*Doubleday, Doran*). Do your Christmas shopping early!

LICHEE NUTS, by Edgar Lee Masters (*Liveright*). Some witty poems that you can't afford to miss.

THE WANDERER OF LIVERPOOL, by John Masefield (*Macmillan*). Masefield's first book since he was made Poet Laureate. Important principally for that reason.

THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA, by George S. Chappell (*Stokes*). Very funny. Pictures by O. Soglow.

WHEN SHIPS WERE SHIPS, by Capt. William Morris Barnes (*A. & C. Boni*). The tale of an ancient mariner.

DOUBLOONS, by Charles B. Driscoll (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Businesslike but exciting stories of buried treasure.

SECRET SERVICE, by Major-General Sir George Aston (*Cosmopolitan*). Good stories of spies, with directions on how to invent codes and ciphers at home.

CAMERA OBSCURA, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). Collection of his newspaper pieces. Only if you are, or were, a Bolitho fan.

GREAT STORIES OF REAL LIFE (*Cape & Smith*). An omnibus volume of fifty-seven stories of crime and romance retold by distinguished writers of mystery tales.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER, by Francis Yeats-Brown (*Viking*). An Englishman falls under the enchantment of India and writes about it glowingly.

THE TREASURER'S REPORT (And Other Aspects of Community Singing), by Robert Benchley (*Harper*). Naturally you'll want it. Pictures by Gluyas Williams.

JEB STUART, by Capt. John W. Thomason, Jr. (*Scribner*). A particularly glamorous picture of the gonfalonier of the Confederacy.

CHICAGO SURRENDERS, by Edward Dean Sullivan (*Vanguard*). The lowdown on the Jake Lingle case. Swell reading.

THE THIRD DEGREE, by Emanuel H. Lavine (*Vanguard*). Exposing certain medieval practices in police circles.

FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, by Havelock Ellis (*Houghton Mifflin*). Some great essays collected in one volume.

SINS OF NEW YORK, by Edward Van Every (*Stokes*). A hundred and twenty prints from the *Police Gazette*, which ought to entice you.

SWIFT, by Carl Van Doren (*Viking*). Intelligent *causerie* on the famous Dean.

AS WE WERE, by E. F. Benson (*Longmans, Green*). Gossip of Victoria's day, by the son of an archbishop.

R. v. R., by Hendrik Willem Van Loon (*Liveright*). Mr. Van Loon, in the guise of an imaginary ancestor, writes a diary that is also an excellent biography of Rembrandt.

TWO YEARS, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). The Odyssey of an Irishman, and a study in unrest.

BEASTS CALLED WILD, by André Demaison, translated by Guy Endore (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Superb stories of African animals.

PEARLS, ARMS AND HASHISH, by Henri de Monfried, as told to Ida Treat (*Coward-McCann*). A Red Sea smuggler tells his adventures without melodrama, but with plenty of excitement.

THREE VIRGINS OF HAWORTH, by Emilie and Georges Romieu (*Dutton*). The pitiful tale of the Brontë sisters. Doesn't try to wring out pathos but succeeds.

THE END OF THE WORLD, by Geoffrey Dennis (*Simon & Schuster*). Prose poem full of wonder and terror. Enough to scare you out of your wits.

•

FERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From a review in the Brooklyn Citizen*]

The greatly tempted is no mean exhorter in his own right, but when Satan, in the person of no less an actress than Lenore Ulric, newly emigrated from a sojourn in Hollywood, heaves in sight, he forgets his Bible and his mouth-filling phrases, and goes berserk with love and passion. Those who have seen Miss Ulric will easily understand this.

NO 55 EAST 55

ENGLISH BOOK SHOP

announces

an exhibition of

ROCKWELL-KENTIANA

that shall include besides the better known books and prints innumerable obscure and interesting items and a large group of hitherto unshown water-color sketches and drawings—to form a comprehensive survey of Rockwell Kent's contributions as artist and writer to book making

opening November 24

Number 55 East 55 · New York

TREASURER'S REPORT

and other aspects of community singing

A BRAND NEW BOOK by

Robert Benchley

Take Wednesday or Thursday off and buy a copy. Turn to *Cleaning Out the Desk* or *Another Uncle Edith Christmas Story* or *Football Rules or Whatever They Are* or any of thirty odd gems and get a good laugh. How long since you had a good laugh on a Wednesday or a Thursday? Pictures galore by galorious Gluyas Williams.

$2.00 HARPERS

To Sublet at Great Sacrifice

33 E. 70 STREET

(best Lenox Hill section)

10 rooms—4 baths—high ceilings—exceptional closets—wood-burning fireplace—lease expires October 1932—any reasonable offer accepted—telephone Regent 3821

THE YUMURI VALLEY BETWEEN HAVANA AND MATANZAS, CUBA

When Rex Beach Saw The Yumuri

CUBA . . . that island of enchantment in the Near Tropics . . . bearing scars and traditions from the dimming centuries . . . breathing the fragrance of romance . . . hugging brave memories of Columbus and subsequent gay adventurers . . . has captured and held the imagination of many writers . . . who know the emotion of her beauty . . . the fascination of her many-sided life. Rex Beach, who has followed the gleam of picturesque adventure beyond many horizons, has felt Cuba's challenge to our human capacity for beauty. In his romantic story of Cuba, "Rainbow's End", Mr. Beach describes the famous Yumuri Valley in this appreciative passage:

"In all probability your first view of the valley of the Yumuri will be from the Hermitage of Montserrate . . . Once there, you overlook the fairest sight in all Christendom—'the loveliest valley in the world', as Humboldt called it—for the Yumuri nestles right at your feet, a vale of pure delight, a glimpse of Paradise that bewilders the eye and fills the soul with ecstasy.

"It is larger than it seems at first sight; through it meanders the river, coiling and uncoiling, hidden here and there by jungle growths, and seeking final outlet through a cleft in the wall not unlike a crack in the side of a painted bowl. The place seems to have been fashioned as a dwelling place for dryads and hamadryads . . . and all the fabled spirits of forest and stream. Fairy hands tinted its steep slopes and carpeted its level floor with the richest of green brocades. Nowhere is there a clash of color; nowhere does a naked hillside or monstrous jut of rock obtrude to mar its placid beauty; nowhere can you see a crude, disfiguring mark of man's handiwork—there are only fields and bowers, with an occasional thatched roof faded gray by the sun.

"Royal palms, most perfect of trees, are scattered everywhere. They stand alone or in stately groves, their lush fronds drooping like gigantic ostrich plumes . . . In all Cuba, island of bewitching vistas, there is no other Yumuri, and in all the wide world, perhaps, there is no valley of moods and aspects so varying. You should see it at evening, all warm and slumberous, all gold and green and purple; or at early dawn, when the mists are fading like pale memories of dreams . . . or again, during a tempest, when it is a caldron of whirling vapors and when the palm trees bend like coryphees . . . But whatever the time of day or the season of the year at which you visit it, the Yumuri will render you wordless with delight, and you will vow that it is the happiest valley men's eyes have ever looked upon."

The Yumuri Valley is one of the many enchantments with which you can round out your winter vacation in Cuba. Via the new Cuban Central Highway you can now motor from Havana through Yumuri and the rest of the countryside as far as Santiago . . nearly 800 miles. Days of sports and nights of gayety in the brilliant capital can be varied with these delightful excursions into rural Cuba Libre.

CUBA

Year-Round Playground of the Americas

For information, literature, etc., any Cuban Consulate, and ticket office, or Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana.

DRAIN

Colder days will soon be here. The oil you used this summer should not be expected to fully protect your engine in the frosty days to come. Besides, that oil may have been exposed to considerable wear and mileage—enough to render it less than completely effective.

FILL

Fill your car with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco golden Motor Oil—longer-lasting, crack-proof. Alert, free-flowing at zero, this revolutionary new golden motor oil will reduce winter engine wear to a minimum.

then

LISTEN

After an etching by Morgan Dennis

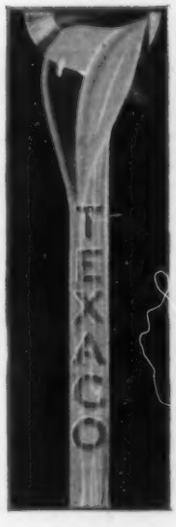
HEAR the difference! Sheathed in a clean, velvety film of the new Texaco, every moving part of your engine glides smoothly, easily, quietly. Gone are the complaining engine murmurs that speak of needless wear; in their place, the steady rhythmic hum of a perfectly lubricated engine.

"How," you ask, "can this new Texaco make so much difference in the sound of my engine?" Because it is full-bodied and crack-proof! It protects thoroughly, completely, from the first cold thrust of flashing pistons to the last mile of a long, fast drive. It is free from all cold-sensitive impurities—free from all hard-carbon-forming elements.

Drain and refill with the correct winter grade of the new Texaco Motor Oil—*then listen!* That new quietness means that in the crankcase of your engine is a tougher, longer-lasting motor oil that cuts dollars from your lubrication expense and adds miles to the life of your car. This new motor oil is available in all of our 48 States under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products, including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial, Railroad, Marine and Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing



TEXACO

THE NEW

© 1930, The Texas Company

TEXACO MOTOR OIL LONGER-LASTING "CRACK-PROOF"

REF. STACK

ATWATER KENT RADIO

WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE

Let your eyes and ears alike rejoice!

See this harmonious beauty—hear this rare performance

HERE in the new Atwater Kent are the year's four important developments—the Golden Voice, the Quick-Vision Dial, perfected Tone Control, and the new trend in design.

Any *one* of these great advancements would tax the creative abilities of most manufacturers. Atwater Kent achieves them *all* in a single season.

Note how swiftly, how easily and accurately you tune in your station with this exclusive Quick-Vision Dial—the radio dial with all stations always in sight and equally separated from end to end. Reads as easily as a clock. No other radio has it.

MODEL 70
Lowboy. Finished in American walnut, with matched butt walnut front panel and apron.

MODEL 74
Table. Finished in American walnut. All four sides are finished. It may thus be placed anywhere in room.

Listen to the Golden Voice—the glowing, living, throbbing tones of the actual performers, on near or distant station—vocal or instrumental program—high notes or low.

Now get the most from any program—with perfected tone control, emphasizing bass or treble at a touch of your fingers—four definite shadings of the Golden Voice.

Observe this harmonious simplicity of design. Its home-like friendliness makes it the kind of radio you like to live with.

See and hear this new Atwater Kent with the Golden Voice today and find out how easy it is to own—through modest time payments.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4720 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MODEL 76
Highboy with sliding doors. Finished in American walnut. Matched butt walnut doors and front panels.

MODEL 75
Radio - Phonograph Combination. Finished in American walnut. Ample and accessible record compartment.